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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People



Vol. LIV

JULY 1926

New Series No. 11

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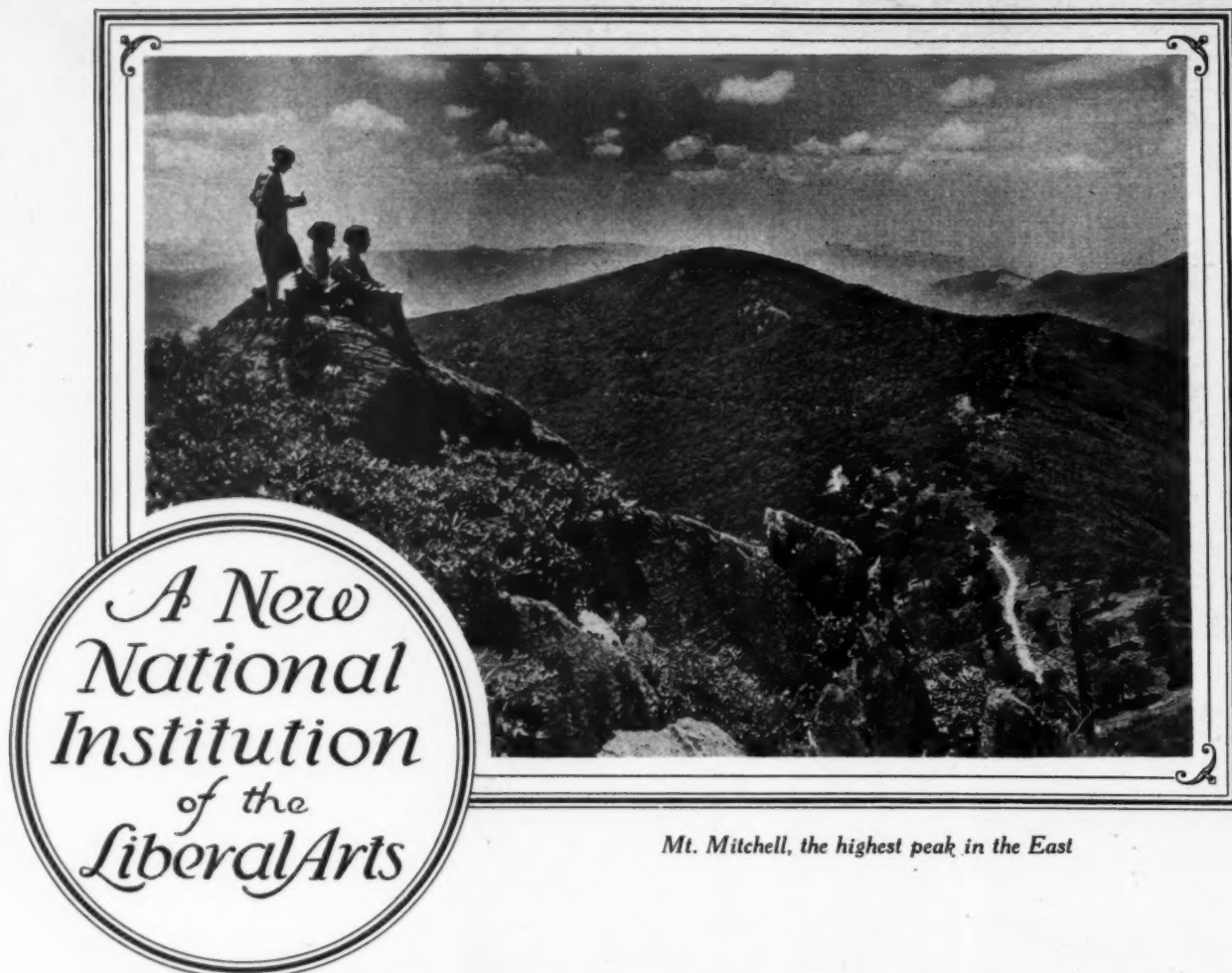
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Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



BUBBLE, bubble, trouble, the presidential political caldron for 1928 fairly sizzled in the closing days of the session. The hearing on the Pennsylvania primaries was the topline in hearings. The ships of candidates are already appearing in the offing. Results in the primaries and elections in November will clarify the atmosphere. Favorite sons have begun to indicate that "Barkus is willing." The callers at the White House are quizzed thoroughly for a look or sign which might indicate that Calvin Coolidge has a notion that he will be nominated in 1928, and round out his seven years in the executive chair with another four years. Thus far the sphinx has not spoken. The President is attending strictly to business and looking forward to a rest in the Adirondacks, although he may make some hay in the fields of the old farm in Vermont betimes. The Maple Sugar Special and the senatorial contest in Vermont served to mix things up politically in his native state. Massachusetts, his residential state, will have a senatorial campaign this fall in which his friend, Senator William M. Butler, will likely be nominated and presented as the Republican candidate for senatorial honors, and a spoken or written endorsement will not be necessary in this instance.

Senator James Watson got by with his troubles in the Hoosier State, but Senator Pepper, Senator McKinley and Senator Cummins, as World Court crusaders, have fallen outside the primary breastwires with no election troubles to bother them further this fall.

The cool weather in Washington for the month served to prolong the session well toward the 4th of July. No one seems to be eager to go home while summer resort weather prevails in the capitol city. The Haugen Bill remained a bone of contention during the rare days in June. Senator Borah was walking down the avenue at a brisk pace, as if already in training for a speaking tour that may have some bearing on the presidential situation two years hence. Resisting bureau and lecture offers that might to curb his opinions, William E. Borah remains a thoroughly unbridled Senator whose movements are followed with keen interest by political observers who insist there is a presidential bee buzzing around thereabouts.

* * *

YEARS ago I reverently touched the Liberty Bell, and imagined I could feel the tingle of the vibrations that proclaimed liberty to the world and the creation of a new Republic. At the 150th Anniversary of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, President Coolidge will be the orator of the day. The Fourth of July is his own, as well as the Nation's birthday. For a century and a half the Declaration of Independence has been read and re-read on the natal day of the Republic. Patriotic songs have been sung, firecrackers have whizzed, fireworks have flamed in commemorating an epoch-marking day in history. Philadelphia is indissolubly associated with the beginning of the real U. S. A. It was here that the Constitution of the United States was adopted; it was here that the ideals of the American Revolutionary heroes crystal-

lized into reality. The old bell, cracked though it is, radiates an inspiration that is as impressive as the message the ringing tones of the old liberty bell proclaimed in 1776.

* * *

WHEN the procession, headed by Mayor Freeland Kendrick, Secretary Kellogg and Secretary Hoover, moved down Broad Street, on the opening day they passed through a giant arch. Over that arch was a giant liberty bell in myriad colored lights, radiant as the sunshine, resplendent as an oriflamme by day, shining out as a pillar of fire by night.

In the great stadium, with a capacity for seating 100,000 people, the orations were heard to the remotest corner. The choir of one thousand voices sung "Unfold Ye Portals" and



The historic Liberty Bell, the symbol of America's independence, is playing a prominent part in the Sesqui-Centennial at Philadelphia

"The Star Spangled Banner." The massed bands played, and the army, the navy and the marines paraded on the green, with the flags of all nations flying as if proudly from the ramparts of some old city, waving a greeting to the great throng represented in that sea of faces.

Diplomats attired in silk hats, cut-away coats, kerchiefs, gloves, spats, exact and correct attire, were present and commented in their many tongues concerning the picture before them. It was not the building, not the grassy plot, the imposing stadium, it was that great sea of eager, intent, intelligent American faces, radiant with enthusiasm as they looked upon the stars and stripes and sang heartily, that most impressed them.

The flags of the various nations were dipped as the representative of that country entered. Roaring salutes greeted the members of the Cabinet, making a real Fourth of July occasion. Skyrockets and fireworks glared at high noon, indicating that Americans are even turning night into day and day into night, in order to have a celebration under the smile of sunny skies, and in the light of stars, which seemed to reflect the loving smile of the Creator on this Birthday of our Republic.

During the opening exercises held on that Memorial Day there was silence of a minute. With heads bowed, the honored dead were remembered. The impressive hush was broken by

coln fell. Here the telephone was exhibited as a toy; the electric light was unknown; phonographs, automobiles, bicycles, typewriters were still in the nebulous dream of a young Republic. They called the giant Corliss engine of 1400 horse power the wonder of the world as concentration of power. Now that power has been multiplied a hundred times, and electricity harnessing the falling waters with the tremendous T. N. T. vitality and speed is associated with modern industrial development of millions of horse power.

There were no lines of distinction in that great auditorium between those who work for wages and those representing the billions of wealth. It was a living, breathing picture of democracy nurtured in the light of liberty and intelligence that echoed for all time in the ringing tones of the Liberty Bell.

* * *

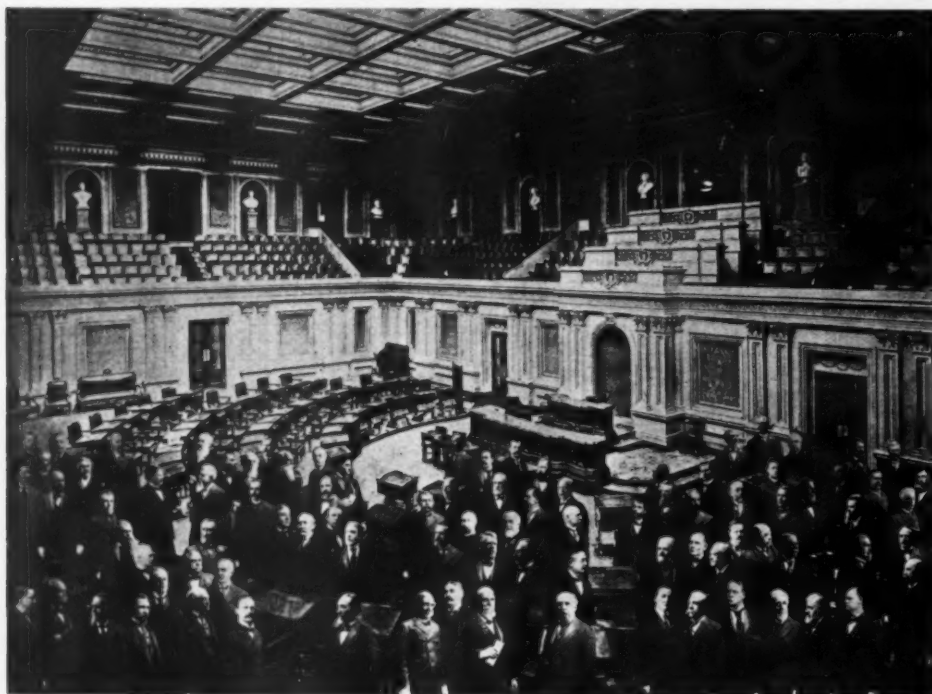
IN the cloistered quietude of a committee room I found an old photograph taken of the United States Senate twenty-eight years ago. There stood, grouped together on the Senate floor, faces almost as familiar to the people as Babe Ruth is today. To my young eyes they were great men, and some of them could be called statesmen while yet they lived. Among them were those whose careers have a place in history. A roll call of the Senate twenty-eight years ago included names that were read about and talked about as much as the passing "movie" heroes and radio favorites. There was no lack of personalities in those days. I wonder sometimes if primaries and direct elections are not responsible for the change in the character of the men who occupy seats in the Senate.

In those days there was construction work to do in building railroads and opening channels of commerce. We were still borrowing money from Europe. The Panama Canal was yet to be built, great territories of the west, southwest and northwest were to be explored, exploited and developed. The echoes of the pork barrel rolling down the floor of the Senate was an incident of the closing days of a session when each Senator was constantly brought back to earth with the realization that something must be done for constituents in Uncle Sam's generous distribution for rivers and harbors. Many new rivers and harbors were discovered and declared navigable when the shadow of the pork barrel appeared.

In the old days these Senators could sit on the sofa with constituents in the "marble room" without suspicion, and talk matters over face to face. The superficial halo of distinction has come since Senators are elected directly by the people. The thresholds they preserve have been extended until the stately senator of today is safely barricaded as far as the new quarantine regulation can provide.

The group shown on the floor of the Senate twenty-eight years ago in photographs deftly pasted upon a photograph, discussed the Spanish-American war and questions that marked a turning point in the history of the nation.

Each war seems to mark a distinctive era in Congressional history. The Civil War had its memories of ante-bellum days;



A group photograph made up of Senators who responded to the roll in 1898



Roll Call of the United States Senate twenty-eight years ago

the drone of an aeroplane overhead, as if bringing its message of a new time out of the very expanse of the heavens now being bridged as nations are brought closer and closer together in the annihilation of time and space.

The buff and blue of the Sesqui-Centennial police was even impressive. The Shriners were present, and with red fez and brilliant uniforms of green, gold and red, made it seem like a mingling of Occident and Orient, as the tasseled caps dotted the great mass of people.

There were many people there who were at the Centennial Exposition in 1876, fifty years previous, eleven years after Lin-

the Spanish war has its distinctive markings of Insular possessions, a new world. The spectre of imperialism was made a political issue. The World War is gradually revealing widely distinctive changes that have come to pass since 1917. While it is true that the world is moving forward and general conditions are indisputably better today than they were in the old times, yet the law of compensation operates. What is gained in one way has been lost in another. While the net gain may be much to the advantage of the people at large, there is no gainsaying the fact that the strong and rugged personnel in the Senate and in Congress thirty years ago is no longer apparent and does not so impress the people.

Thousands, tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of voters cannot name their congressman or senator. One cynic from Massachusetts insisted that there were one hundred thousand people in that enlightened state who could not offhand tell who they voted for in Congress less than two years ago, or who was representing them in Congress, and many were puzzled in trying to name the Senators. A test was made right then and there on the spot, and only three out of ten men and women assembled could recall the name of the vice-president they voted for eight years ago, all of which seems to indicate there is a field for political education. It is not to be wondered at when we had the complexities of modern life with the telephone, radio, automobile and sports demanding more and more attention. There is more earned leisure in the United States than in any other nation in the world, and yet what is the net result in increased average intelligence on national affairs?

* * *

FROM the gallery of the Senate I looked upon a rather prosy session. The old wheels were creeping along like an old wind mill on Cape Cod grinding grist in a lazy breeze. There were no outbursts of temper or flights of oratory. The members were pulling together the tangled threads of various bills after they had run the gauntlet of amendments, or in the crux "to be reported" out of the committees' strong box and see the light of day on the floor of the Senate.

With this constant flux of men, women, motions and notions at Washington, there is nothing so difficult to find in New York as yesterday's newspaper, or the name of a best seller, or the name of a theatrical hit on Broadway a year ago.

Faster, faster we move, and one generation pushes the other off the sidewalk merrily and moves on until their time comes. And then the fade out! The cynical decree—the end—of what?

* * *

A FEMINIST movement has been sweeping through Egypt. Our ideas relative to the fair sex of the Orient have advanced little beyond the most elementary stage. Nothing was heard of the rebellion of Egyptian womanhood previous to the year 1919. That year is given as the date of the awakening of Egypt, and a feminist movement is closely connected with this phase of Egyptian history.

Until recently the women of Egypt were granted no right of intercession in public affairs. According to ancient traditions, woman is the slave of man, and her role in life approximated that which Nietzsche set for her in his world of "supermen." But dating from the inception of the nationalist movement, it was observed that a great upheaval was taking place. Egyptian women, like their Turkish sisters, were beginning to enjoy, in some cases at least, the sacred and inalienable rights of womanhood.

No sooner was the armistice signed than Egypt appealed to her vast population. Men and women, old and young, one and all responded to the call, and it was this national bloc which was later to cause England to grant her first concessions.

Hand in hand the men and women of Egypt worked for a common purpose. Side by side with the Wafd Committee, headed by Zaghloul Pasha, arose the feminist Committee pre-

sided over by Madame Hoda Charaoui, whose husband had been a devoted follower of the Zaghloul movement.

In this movement many wealthy and educated women of the country joined with a heartfelt interest.

A strong mutual sentiment seemed to bind these women together with "hoops of steel." In 1921, there came a breach in the heart of the Wafd, in spite of the influence of the contending factions, in spite of the persuasive appeals of both wings. Despite the actions and attitude of their husbands, who but a short while before were acknowledged on every hand to be their lords and masters, the Egyptian women managed to preserve their integrity, to keep united.

The harmony among the Egyptian ladies lasted only until the rise to power of Zaghloul Pasha. Then their ranks, too,



Commander Andrews of the President's yacht, the Mayflower, showing the President a real compass

became disrupted. The Egyptian women had begun to branch off from their main purpose. They had long since ceased to fight merely for their own rights; they no longer interested themselves in the political questions alone; they had organized propaganda for education and social emancipation. There were rumors of conferences to consider ways and means of waging war against the illiterate class of the fair sex, against ignorance and its baneful effects on the hygienic conditions of the poorer classes—a school and a workshop were even founded for that purpose. There was a time when it was legitimately expected that the feminist movement would become extensive. Those who were so enthusiastically crusading for the rights of womanhood; for those sacred and inalienable privileges which they so much desired; for the enlightenment of the ignorant and the emancipation of those whose progress toward a better status or condition in life was prevented by the malignancy of a "vicious circle," were now busy quarreling over the respective merits and demerits of this or that leader, of this or that bill,

of this or that movement—in the sphere of politics. Had they given their attention to matters vital to their government—to matters of statecraft—they might have succeeded better. The affairs to which they gave their undivided attention and over which they wrangled so vehemently caused a division in their ranks over matters political, pure and simple.

THE last Annual Radio Conference in Washington took the first definite steps toward clearing the air of the chaotic conditions now existing. They passed a resolution urging the Department of Commerce not to license any more broadcasting



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George Bruce Cortelyou, who occupied three Cabinet positions and served under three Presidents, now president of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York

stations in congested areas, and likewise passed a resolution asking that radio be placed under direct governmental control. This placed on Secretary's Hoover's shoulders a far greater responsibility than he cared to assume. According to the resolution, the Secretary of Commerce is to refuse to issue a license for broadcasting, if, in his opinion, the person desiring the license will not render a benefit to the public. The resolution further states that no monopoly in radio communication shall be permitted; that the Secretary may evoked a license for failure on the part of the licensee to maintain regular service; and that re-broadcasting of programmes shall be prohibited except with the permission of the originating station. In what is considered a step toward the eventual banning of regenerative or oscillating sets, the body passed a resolution recommending that at some definite and reasonable future date, the manufacture and sale of all radiating receivers for broadcasting reception be

discontinued. The classification of A and B stations may be discontinued stations merely designated by their power and wave length.

IT seemed like old times to see the figure of George Bruce Cortelyou on Pennsylvania Avenue once more. His career in Washington was eventful. He held three cabinet positions under three Presidents. He was Secretary of the Treasury, Postmaster General and the first Secretary of Commerce. He first came into prominence as secretary to William McKinley. Organizing the White House staff on a business basis, he inaugurated the system of answering every letter on the day it was received, and arranged for stenographers to interchange their notes. He was himself an expert stenographer, and as the initial Secretary of Commerce organized that bureau most efficiently. What a floodtide of memories must have passed through his mind during those few hours in Washington. He is now President of the New York Consolidated Gas Company, and with him are some of those who helped him with his strenuous work in Washington. He is trustee of the New England Conservatory of Music, himself a musician of some note, while his son, Bruce Cortelyou, has achieved distinction as a composer. The same quiet, genial way that won friends in Washington, the close friend of Roosevelt and McKinley, he never allowed a disgruntled person to leave in making a call on a chief, and initiated the tradition in early days of taking shorthand notes on his cuff when a sheet of paper was not available. They still call him "General" a reminder of his service as "Postmaster General," in which department he was working when called to the White House by McKinley.

ABOARD the "Mayflower" Commander Andrews is at his best. He has been the naval aide of Presidents and was with President Harding on his tour to Alaska. On the "Mayflower," in his weekly excursions down the Potomac, Commander Andrews has given President Coolidge an insight into all the mysteries of modern navigation, showing him how to box the compass. Gliding down the placid waters of the Potomac, the "Mayflower" presents a picture of restfulness, and never passes the tomb of Washington, or his birthplace, without a Presidential salute. While the President is in the Adirondacks, the "Mayflower" will rest at anchor awaiting the activities of another session of Congress and then "full steam" ahead at the executive office.

MANY radio fans will hear President Coolidge's Fourth of July oration who can recall the days of 1876 when the Centennial was opened. Think of the millions of people who will hear the words of the president of the country created by the Declaration of Independence compared to those who heard the ringing tones of the Liberty Bell when it announced the birth of the Republic. Calvin Coolidge might well be called the first Radio President. His voice is familiar to more people than that of any president who ever occupied the executive chair. Pictures now fly on the wings of Mercury and are printed in newspapers within a few hours after Old Sol records the event through the lense. It is beyond the ken of man to contemplate what will come to pass in the next half century that will roll around before the second centennial of the republic is observed.

THE development of airway service goes bravely on in the expansion of new mail routes, regardless of the fate of the bill providing appropriations for development of aviation in the army and navy. The Boston and New York planes are carrying five hundred pounds, loaded to capacity. The longest route is from Seattle to Los Angeles. The Florida Airways established their regular service from Miami to Tampa and Jacksonville. Aviation is now supplementing rapid railroad travel in the dispatch of fast mail. A very large proportion of passenger travel between New York and Chicago are on extra fare trains, and it may be reasonably expected, with added safety, luxury and speed, air travel passenger traffic by airways will develop tremendously within the next ten years. Aviation has

already become something more than mere airy discussion. Bond houses are financing the airway companies as a distinctive phase of transportation. Aviation securities have a real mundane market—the exploration of the skies have only begun.

SOMETIME following his great bereavement in the loss of his son, I saw President Coolidge and his father sitting together in the executive office. It is a picture that will never be forgotten. In the corner sat the late Colonel Coolidge smoking placidly while his son was working at his desk. They had evidently been conversing at long range, and even as I entered, although neither was saying a word, they were communing in silence, a picture of filial devotion and more far-reaching than any demonstration of affection could portray. A perfect understanding between that father and son was reflected. In the greetings, there was little to betray in the faces of these two men the great sorrow in their hearts in the loss of Calvin, Jr. All through their lives, and especially from earliest boyhood, Calvin Coolidge, now president, was the confidant of his father who depended upon him, relied upon him, believed in him. When Calvin set out to do something he knew it would be done, and whenever he said anything he knew it was true. In the reserved New England Spartan spirit of the Green Mountain boys there was a warm affection. They seemed to come closer together after the death of the mother of a future president. In his reference to his son, by the late Colonel Coolidge there was nothing that would indicate an expression of family pride. When his son took the oath of office as President of the United States in the light of a kerosene lamp in the old home at Plymouth, the simplicity of the home was not disturbed.

THE memory of two hours of my existence makes me dizzy—even to look at notes written at an altitude of over nine thousand feet—nearly two miles in the air. When Mike Brady, the pilot, after spiraling up and down for hours trying to find the top of the fog bank and searching for a rift in the clouds or a ceiling below in that flight across Florida, April 9, 1926, looked back at me I understood that it might be my last cigarette. There was only enough gas for another half hour and no happy landing in prospect. We were in one of Henry Ford's metal monoplanes christened "Miss St. Petersburg." Of all my flying experiences, this was the one time when even the passing seconds were leaden. Moments were silver linings of hope and eternity appeared golden. Up and down we shot without a compass to guide, neither going to the right or left, for that might have landed us in the Gulf or out in the Atlantic. There is one thing you feel in the air, if you can stay up long enough—that you will have to die sometime.

"All right," shouted Mike, "if the engine and gas holds out. We will have to make a break for the bottom."

Down we went as the engine retarded. It was like sinking through a cake of ice, bringing the most lonesome, gruesome feeling of being lost in a desert in the sky—not a living thing visible above or below and a long way from earth. I smoked a few cigarettes with Bartlett while Mike careened up and down with a face dripping with heavy mist and an icy fog.

The April showers were due and I looked longingly at the calendar of days past, present and future as I began my notes. Circling around and around to find a landing, there was a longing to sniff the vegetation of earth. There was no low ceiling, and we brushed the tree tops. A railroad station and a saw mill looked like a haven, but Mike was scouting carefully. Even a fair ground and race track was inviting, but there were trees and stumps in the way, so we kept on circling around like a bird in distress. The people in Sarasota came out wondering where we were going to land. Finally Mike observed a lonely real estate development in the mist below and down we circled. When the engine slackened and we descended, there was a sigh of relief.

Whirling around and around, the plane made a quick dash, driving through slush and water, ripping up lot stakes right and left. Never mind—we were again on earth! What boot it if the mud was knee deep? We were on land, good old mother earth, and out of the eternity of fog. After dinner we tried to get off, but it was useless as there was not enough of a runway to lift the big metal "leviathan" off the soft ground. The mud-spattered machine was then dragged to a hard-surface

boulevard. The road was patrolled two thousand feet as a runway, and from the boulevard the ascent was easily made.

Sixty-nine miles to Tampa was covered in twenty-two minutes. The plane careened over scores of deep air pockets and through a few misty islands of fog, but Tampa below was resting serene on the shores of the bay like a swan at ease. A glorious scene was Tampa nestling in the glow of approaching sunset. The glory of that sunset was reflected in the golden pools of water from recent rain reflecting in a pine forest. A detail view of the newly created Davis Island was as clear as the plot on the map as we dropped to one thousand feet.

Major Reed Chambers, the third ranking ace of the World



Mike Brady, Bartlett and the Editor of the National Magazine at the "honey-moon hour" before "hopping off," waiting for "contact on-off" of the good ship "Miss St. Petersburg" of the Florida Airways Mail Service. It was this staunch rudder that saved the day

War, met us at the landing at Tampa. "I was never so worried in all my life," he said. "I felt hopeless when I thought of you in that bank of fog. Mike, you pulled through wonderfully."

Mike admitted it was as tough a job of piloting as he had ever experienced in all his aerial navigation.

Bright and early we started out the next morning and flew along in the very same sky, now clear and bright, but with air pockets that made bumpy sailing; but the fog had lifted, and we were happy and swimming among fleecy clouds. I looked again at my notes written in the aeroplane, and I find that it began with the signal, "Contact, off" until the engine started off madly on the test. The feeling of moving gently upward was scarcely perceptible, and reaching the normal flying height of twenty-five hundred feet, we settled down to "look the landscape o'er" with a feeling that we humans after all are a small part of the earth below, and but a speck in the heavens above.

Florida, or any other territory, is never fully known until seen from the air. Below us as we hopped off from Comfort Field near Coral Gables, the trees, flowers and recent developments looked like a fairyland in the witching tenderness of early dawn. We could even fancy palaces mirrored in the clouds that were on the blue prints below. It was indeed a dream land. Coral Gables, with its miles of boulevards, streets, and groves of grape-fruit and orange trees, stood out in military precision like an old settled city, instead of a product of four years. The great Plaza recalled scenes in Paris about the Arc de Triomphe. On we flew toward Palm Beach and along the gold coast, viewing a net work of canals suggesting Holland. Flower-embowered houses dotted the banks of the waterways. Where lateral canals appeared, crops were growing at a Florida pace. The hummocks of the Everglades stood out like islands in a sea of mottled green and revealing great stretches of the blackest of black earth.

There was a rough landing in Fort Myers and a few bumps in crossing the river and inlet. The heavy rains left great puddles



Here is where the Army aviators are figuring out strategy and the mysteries of the air

of water that reflected the sun like mirrors. The straight white lines of wide boulevards and the old wagon roads circling and winding through the pines, to the old cattle ranges of the inland indicated the old and new routes.

The flight over Punta Gorda revealed the Charlotte Harbor hotel standing out like a Spanish castle. The clear light of the noon-day sun made it possible to even see the fish as we flew low over the water, passing the beach at El Jobe-An. The heavy rain for three days was followed by a hot sun, and Old Sol was lifting the water out of the earth bodily in a solid content of heavy fog. When we came down from the miles of fog and could smell the green again, it was a refreshing reminder of good old Mother Earth and her bounties. The sniff of vegetation after the dampness of the clouds, where the odor of growing things is lacking, makes a landing welcome, even in "soupy" weather, as they called it. For a time it felt as if we had struck the Grand Banks of the sky. Nothing strikes more terror to the heart of a pilot aboard ship, in an automobile, or an aeroplane, than a fog, the eternal terror of transportation and the peril of all navigation.

* * *

WITH the close of the first session of the Sixty-ninth Congress, Speaker Nicholas Longworth was extended hearty congratulations by his colleagues. Leader John Q. Tilson also received his mete of praise for his work as Floor Leader. The House of Representatives has functioned well thus far in its history. The dispatch of business has been made at a record pace.

The adjournment may afford the members an opportunity to return home and look after the political inclosures and exposures to prepare for the active off-year of the Congressional campaign which is regarded as a barometer for the presidential campaign to follow in '28. There are in the House a number of representatives who are following in the footsteps of predecessors in their advance toward taking a seat in the Senate, a coveted promotion; but the main issue in the closing hours is to get the little cedar box packed and get back home.

* * *

MENTION the word "sanctum" and it is all-appealing to the average editor, and when the little book entitled "Songs of the Sanctum. Legends and Lyrics of Newspaperdom" reached my desk, I ceased looking over bills, specifications and other mundane things and drifted for a moment in the realm of poetry. The book contains verse which has been written and

appeared at various times in New York well known publications. The author is James C. McNally. The poems have an appeal to the humanities and varieties, and there is a sprightly style that tingles with the spirit of the day. This little volume probably contains more poems about newspapers and newspaperdom than any book of verse extant.

It is dedicated to Walter Scott of New York, a prince of good fellows, and one who has already been a liberal patron for the muse. There are poems written concerning Henry Watterson, Sam Bowles and other eminent journalists. What greater praise can man have than to be remembered in the lyrics and legends of his craft.

* * *

APOLL has been taken at various times as to the titles of books which Congressmen read, and the result was an interesting symposium. It was stated by some who even pretended to read literature that John Galsworthy was the popular novelist. His forthcoming novel, "The Silver Spoon," is a succession of a series of adventures which occur to his imaginary Forsythe family. "The Silver Spoon" is a title that has been suggested as a symbol or emblem for a modern senatorial primaries campaign.

When I was in London last fall, John Galsworthy was busy looking after new plays. Essentially a playwright, his dramatic work shone out conspicuously. He is much more popular with the electorate of England on the hustings than his contemporary "H. G." Wells, who seems to succeed in about everything else except being elected to office.

Galsworthy's genius being recognized in Washington, we have little to fear for the literary standards of Washington, although there is a persistent majority who insist that wild west, adventure, mystery and detective stories come first. There are a few who recognize Kathleen Norris, Edna Ferber and Fannie Hurst as entitled to literary honors.

* * *

WHILE the buildings at Philadelphia might not be all that could be expected, there are structures there that surpass in interest anything that could be builded in modern times. Old Independence Hall, and Carpenter's Hall, nestle near the same parks and trees where the signers of the Declaration of Independence rallied forth and fanned themselves on those hot days, when Thomas Jefferson was sitting up and burning the midnight candles, penning the Declaration of Independence with a large quill pen.

The Inside Story of Warren Harding's Nomination

How Presidents Have Been Nominated

*A sketch of some of the activities of the versatile Director of War Finance Corporation.
A chief factor in introducing Harding's triumph in 1920. His amazing
escape from death in airplane*

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WHEN I read the entertaining accounts of the flights over the North Pole by Byrd, Bennett, Amundsen and Ellsworth, I am reminded of a memorable, though unexploited, aerial journey by Colonel Fred Starek, of Washington, three years ago, when some of the safety devices now in use were not available. Since the summer of 1922 Mr. Starek has been a director of the War Finance Corporation, the half-billion-dollar bank established by the Federal Government, first, to assist in financing the war and, later, to save agriculture from complete ruin, and whose operations passed the billion-dollar mark, I believe.

In March, 1923, he started on an official trip through the South and Southwest, covering eight thousand miles, and lasting six weeks, and most of it was by airplane. He had some astounding experiences, went smilingly into dangers which appalled his pilots (trained military aviators), and today, notwithstanding its admitted perils, prefers an open airplane to a taxi. He feels safer five or ten thousand feet up than down on a city street.

Repeatedly I have tried to persuade him to relate the story of his eventful trip, but he always succeeds in evading me. It is the same when I ask for the inside story of Warren G. Harding's campaign for the Presidential nomination in 1919-1920. He knows as much about it as any one, had much to do with bringing it about, and was credited by the late President with being a chief factor in landing him in the White House. Later he was offered, but declined, more offices than anybody I know or heard of, yet silence has been his response to my requests for that remarkable chapter in our political history. I am still hopeful of getting it some day.

Director Starek is a National Guard Colonel, but has put the silencer on that, too. He was primarily responsible for persuading Harding to get into the race in 1920; he labored with him from February 1919 until Christmas, when the Senator finally threw his hat into the ring, somewhat hopelessly, I dare say. When, by April, 1920, he had accumulated less than forty out of a possible thousand delegates, had only thirty sure votes in his own Ohio delegation of 48, and his cause seemed lost, Colonel Starek convinced him he would still be nominated in June, having made certain alliances unknown to the Senator, but when explained to him, changed his despair to confidence in the final outcome.

I am always amused when I read various versions of how Harding got the nomination at Chicago. What a story to keep locked up for six years! True, it belongs to Fred Starek, for he worked entirely alone, paid all the expenses of the enterprise, and refused reimbursement, just as during the campaign which followed, when Warren Harding induced him to go to Marion, Ohio, as his personal confidential representative, he devoted eight or nine months more to his friend's interests, but refused to go on the

National Committee's pay roll, even declining ordinary expenses.

Nor is that all. When President Harding went to Texas and thence to Panama for a six-week's rest, he deputized Colonel Starek to get him a line-up for his Cabinet. It may have been unfortunate that the President-elect deviated somewhat from that list, but how would you like to know why Hughes was picked for Secretary of State instead of Elihu Root. Fred Starek does. He also knows why Mellon was selected for the Treasury, after General Charles G. Dawes, now Vice President, was on the slate. He knows why Hoover did not become Secretary of the Interior instead of Fall, also why Denby went into the Navy Department in place of Lowden, and the conditions under which Will H. Hays became Postmaster General.

Imagine a man being the custodian of such appetizing political data and keeping it on ice so long!

Then imagine the same man refusing eight or ten of the most attractive public offices in the President's gift and resisting the latter's urgings for fifteen months before yielding and accepting one comparatively less conspicuous. "Who's Who in America" contains a list of what these proffers were. There is a suggestion of an ambassadorship or two, without specifying the foreign capitals. It is stated that Houghton, now in London, would not have been assigned to Berlin, whence he was promoted to St. James, had Fred Starek cared to go there; that ex-Senator Piles of Washington State would not be in the diplomatic service if the Colonel had a hankering for South America, where fabulously rich oil fields are being developed. I also know John Mitchell, a St. Paul banker, went on the Federal Reserve Board at Washington because Fred Starek put aside that honor; that he passed up the Federal Trade Commission, and the Brazilian Exposition Commission, and there were others, still. And then, after declining several times over a period of four months a directorship of the War Finance Corporation, which was offered to him, he succumbed to the President's appeal to stay in Washington near

him and to "give public expression to my high esteem for you"—to quote from President Harding himself.

THE same quality of self-effacement applies to his air-trip. I have only the highspots from the aviator's reports, but they provide a thrilling picture, as you will see. Amundsen's dirigible



Fred Starek, War Finance Director

"Norge" in its travel from Rome to the Pole, went about as far as Fred Starek has travelled and encountered no more actual perils. Listen to Gates, an Army lieutenant, or captain, who piloted him over 5,000 miles and contributed to a record no civilian official of the government has ever approached.

"We saw him skimming along a field of mud and water toward our two ships in a bespattered farmer's jitney he had commandeered on Rice Road, seven or eight miles out of Houston, Texas,

when his taxi had bumped into a ditch, nearly breaking his nose. Although it was the middle of March, he wore a straw hat he had purchased in St. Augustine, Florida, where he had been in conference with President Harding, and never thought it would be out of season in the West. It was drizzling, and we told him it was against orders to take off in the rain. He said it was imperative to be in Fort Worth (three hundred and fifty miles away) that afternoon for a conference with bankers and officials of the War Finance Commission. He had never been up in an army plane before and didn't realize the danger of flying with the visibility poor (on account of the rain), but he asked us to go. We dissembled

"Twelve or thirteen thousand feet," Gates replied.

"Over the top of them," said he gayly.

The second ship took the lowlands, thousands of feet below, and was lost to sight much of the time. Fourteen thousand feet up Fred Starek climbed—on top of the world in Texas. At 11,000 feet or so, the propeller suddenly stopped. Trouble—and the pilot's face blanched. Four ships had made forced landings in the Southwestern mountains and been destroyed, with their occupants, in the preceding three or four months. Landing on a mountain side is sure destruction. Gates turned the plane toward Mexico, calculating escape from death might be

his eyes when he got dizzy, and saved his. Although they traveled at an altitude of eighty-five hundred feet, the alkali dust rose in a steady cloud, and they looked as though they had been in a flour mill when they finally landed.

Up and down the Southwestern country he flew with various pilots, always on official business of great importance. The pilots say he labored sixteen and eighteen hours a day and was so tired he would fall asleep in the plane afterward. Once he made a record, traveling along the Mexican border at the rate of two hundred and thirty-four miles an hour, this remarkable speed made possible by a gale from the West, that time in his favor. He has had other forced landings than the one referred to, has gone through other storms, has faced many dangers unflinchingly, and, notwithstanding its discomforts and perils, would rather ride in an open plane than in the most palatial passenger train. He is the civilian hero of the Army Air Service.

I have known Fred A. Starek for a quarter of a century, since he came to Washington from Cleveland as the correspondent of Ohio's leading newspaper because two friends of his were in seats of power there—President McKinley and Senator Hanna. He was a brilliant correspondent, and took on other papers from time to time, eventually becoming associated with the late John R. McLean, owner of the great newspapers in Cincinnati and Washington. One subject to which he paid particular attention was government finance, and so proficient did he become that, when Roosevelt was President, he was offered what is now known as the under-secretaryship of the treasury. I know he would have succeeded to the secretaryship before Roosevelt's term ended, and had he accepted that office would have been the youngest head of the Treasury in our history.

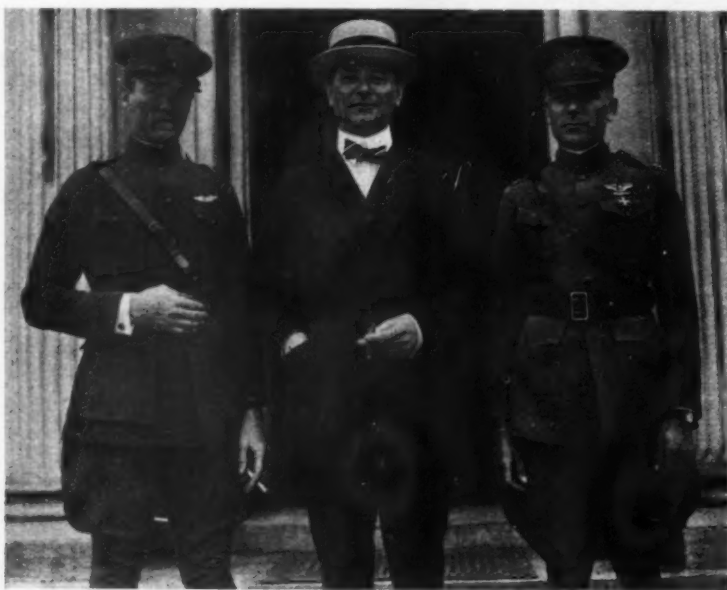
Later President Taft appointed him National Bank Examiner of the city of New York, then on a fee basis, the emoluments exceeding the stipend of every officer of the government except the President. Scarcely had he begun that work when Roosevelt became a candidate against Taft, and Colonel Starek resigned to go to the latter's aid. He could have returned to the profitable position in New York, but instead resumed his association with Mr. McLean and later took an option on the *Washington Post*. This he was about to close when McLean died, suddenly. Litigation over the estate, lasting nearly two years, ultimately prevented the consummation of this transaction which was very close to his heart.

There is something about Fred Starek which I can say about few other men of achievement whom I know. Though aggressive, resourceful and versatile, he possesses an innate modesty which is fast becoming a lost virtue. It truly may be said of him that he hides his light under a bushel. Intimate as have been his relations with leaders of public and financial life, helpful as he has been to such men, he goes his own way modestly, unobtrusively, though confidently. Never in the newspapers!

Thirty months ago we saw him emerge from the White House, after a conference with President Coolidge, spreading an aroma suggestive of a hospital operation and showing the usual evidences of broken bones, such as bandages, etc. On a confidential mission, perhaps; the correspondents could only guess.

If I had a friend with presidential aspirations, I would commandeer Fred Starek if I wanted to know something concerning how candidates were named for the presidency.

Fred Starek, with Captain Charles Bubb and Lieutenant Bryon Gates, after the memorable flight across Texas



for half an hour while his impatience mounted. Since he wouldn't listen to our weather arguments, we tried demurring because of shortage of gas. He helped us carry an additional supply across the sloppy field, though he was dressed like a tourist. A veritable tyro, he finally shamed us into starting, first permitting us to strap him in behind, but positively refusing a parachute. We were filled with misgiving, on account of the weather, but he was smiling as we took off.

"It was a three-and-a-half-hour trip, barring adverse winds or an accident. It continued to rain, only harder. Then the sky began to darken. Before an hour passed the sky was ink-black from horizon to zenith, and seemed to be descending to smother us. Something new to us was about to happen. I feared the worst. It came all of a sudden. A cloud burst! Never such a downpour did I see. It came like a cataract, and with it a fierce wind, driving our ships almost out of control. I was scared, let me tell you. I looked back at the Colonel, and through the water pouring over him he smiled roguishly, I thought, but certainly he was not frightened. We managed to ride out the storm, which lasted over an hour, and eventually landed him in Fort Worth in time for his meeting, drenched, but cheerful."

Next day the aviators flew Colonel Starek to Kelly Field, and the day following they took off for El Paso, nearly six hundred miles over a rugged and dangerous mountain range, the Sierra Blancar, for a non-stop flight, for he was in a hurry again.

"How high are the highest peaks," he inquired?

possible if they could land in the Rio Grande. A high wind from the frontier drove him back. He said his prayers and trusted to Providence. He was out of gas! The high altitude saved them, for they succeeded in volplaning eighteen or twenty miles and landed in an alfalfa field with a thud, but without damage, a miraculous thing. They were sixty-five miles from El Paso, and miles from human habitation. Rescue ships from Fort Bliss later conveyed them to their destination. Fred Starek wore no parachute on this trip, either. You would think he had enough, wouldn't you? His appetite was merely sharpened.

Undaunted, a few days later, in the teeth of a hundred-and-fifty-mile typhoon from the New Mexico desert, he started for Albuquerque to attend another important conference with bankers and stockman, who were in desperate straits as a result of the drouth. Ordinarily this trip could be made in two or two-and-a-half hours. It was five hours before they emerged from the gale. Though the plane's speedometer registered one hundred miles an hour, it actually was going backward part of the time. Lieutenant Sullivan, an intrepid pilot, said afterward he feared most of the time that the ship would be dashed to pieces against one of a dozen peaks of the Organ Mountains, through which they passed. At one stage, when he thought destruction was imminent he started to strip off his parachute to hand to the Colonel. The official waved it aside, indicating he would go down with the ship, if so fated. Later he naively said he'd have been afraid to jump.

The pilot lost his stomach twice, so maddeningly did the plane plunge. The Colonel closed

Spoken Words For Sale

Louis J. Alber, word merchant! Plain and fancy thoughts uttered by celebrated people—sold in bulk!

By TOM A. BURKE

THAT isn't exactly the sign that appears on the entrance door of his suite of offices in Cleveland, Ohio, yet it wouldn't take a great leap of the imagination to translate it into just that language.

As a matter of fact the sign reads: "Louis J. Alber—Manager of Lecture Celebrities," a sign that has graced his office door for just about twenty years. In the early days of his career as a lecture impresario there may have been a smattering of fiction about the wording of his calling. Mr. Alber knew this as well as any one, but he just had to look that sign in the face twice a day in getting in and out of his office. To him it was a rather inspiring slogan, like the commercial "wise-cracks" of today, such as "Service Pays!" "Do it Now!" and similar bronze mottoes that adorn the desk of the modern high-pressure business man.

Well, to begin with, Alber had everything except the celebrities, so he fixed his eyes on the stars and pinned his ear to the ground—a rather difficult feat—physically speaking. A contortionist or a cock-eyed man might get away with this nicely, but Alber's only contortions are on the golf links, and he looks right out straight at you if ever a man did. He figured, however, that this was the only way to pick celebrities for the lecture platform. There were plenty of celebrities and plenty of speakers—but few of the celebrities could speak and few of the speakers were celebrities. This was—and still is—one of the big problems in selling the spoken word.

There is no longer any fiction in Alber's slogan "Manager of Lecture Celebrities." Today he manages the platform tours of a group of men and women who are such real stars that their names alone put Alber himself in the Celebrity

ing his career, they've been under the personal management of this noted hunter of big game in the lecture field. "I'm one of Mr. Alber's trained seals, too," said Fannie Hurst some time ago, in



LOUIS J. ALBER
Manager of Lecture Celebrities

discussing her lecture pilot with another member of Mr. Alber's mental menagerie.

Just notice a few of some fifty famous speakers he is handling for next season. There's Prince William of Sweden, second son of Gustaf V., reigning monarch of that country. Prince William is the first Prince of a royal household to make an American lecture tour—and how Alber got him to do it is a mystery which will be explained later. There's Roy Chapman Andrews, famous explorer, who found and owns the world's supply of perfectly preserved dinosaur eggs; there's Stefansson of Arctic fame, and Dr. Grenfell, Labrador's renowned medical missionary. There's Captain John B. Noel of the last Mt. Everest Expedition, with movies made on the top of the world. There's Burton Holmes, dean of the travelogue men; there's Dr. Harlow Shapley, Harvard's eminent astronomer; Lowell Thomas, observer with, and confidant of Colonel Lawrence in Arabia, a young American who saw the Crescent of the Turk fade before the glory of the Cross at Palestine; and there's Princess Murat with a late story of Indo-China. How's that for a travel and exploration list?

And other fields will be made to stand out through the talks of Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, America's famous preacher; through Glenn

Frank, now president of Wisconsin University, who started his platform work under Mr. Alber's management some fourteen years ago; through Fannie Hurst, one of the real lecture "finds" of recent years; Stephen Leacock, creator of an international chuckle; Whiting Williams, explorer of the mind of the laborer; Will Irwin, "ace" of correspondents; Mark Sullivan, the recognized political prophet of America; Lothrop Stoddard, Hon. Josephus Daniels, Ida M. Tarbell, Fred Kelly, George Creel, Albert Edward Wiggam—all of them folks you read about in the day's news—and all of them people who have achieved prominence in their particular line of work and who can discuss their findings in an interesting manner.

"Today is the day of the news-bearer," said Mr. Alber recently. "Audiences are more than ever alert in their quest for the Golden Fleece of Knowledge. They want to hear interpreters of history in the making; analysis of the vast racial and social movements confronting the world. They want modern science interpreted in language of the layman. They love tales of absorbing adventure—providing it is news—and hence our big list of explorers and travel romanticists. They want to hear the torch-bearers in the advance of education and religion. They want to hear the leaders in all lines of modern learning. In short, audiences insist on keeping abreast of the times. In my judgment the most helpful information today is the spoken work of the man of achievement."

It was in 1906 that Alber landed his first celebrity—Edward Bok. He didn't wait for Mr. Bok to come in voluntarily and register in his Celebrity book. No sir—Alber went right out after Mr. Bok and got his name on the dotted line



PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN

class. President, prince, senator, explorer, author, sculptor, scientist, educator, theologian—they've written their names on high with the flourish of genius, and at some time or other dur-



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

That has been Mr. Alber's method ever since. He's a direct action advocate in that respect. In 1913 he surprised the country at large by signing Vice-President Marshall up for a lecture tour—

while Mr. Marshall was vice-president of the United States. He certainly uprooted precedent in daring to do such a thing but the tour was a tremendous success and Mr. Marshall was not



RAY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

impeached, even though his political opponents waxed rather warm for a while. Several years before landing the vice-president, he signed up Ian Maclaren, Scotland's great preacher and writer; Sam Jones, Senator Ben Tillman, Jacob



TOM A. BURKE

Riis, George R. Wendling, Father Vaughan, and he also closed up one of William Jennings Bryan's first lecture contracts. He had the gift of sensing a man's worth and prominence in public life, usually just a little while before the worthy candidate had reached the peak of his career, and

consequently was able to get in on the ground floor a little ahead of his competitors.

Last year he wanted to "borrow" Lieutenant Jack Harding from Uncle Sam's army, just after that plucky young man had flown around an astonished world. On the theory that the story belonged to the American people and that they were entitled to have it first-hand from one of the six intrepid flyers, he boldly went directly to President Coolidge about the matter. He received a courteous and evidently a favorable hearing, for "Smiling Jack" made a successful ten weeks' lecture tour for Mr. Alber shortly thereafter.

He pursued the same plan in signing up Prince William of Sweden last January. The Prince is a noted big-game hunter, a scientist of standing and a writer of real talent. Alber had watched his career since 1922 when the Prince headed an expedition into African jungles for the Swedish National Museum. Last year he learned that the Prince was a man of education who spoke English fluently, and had spoken before many gatherings in his native Sweden. Then Alber wanted him—and went after him. First he secured the consent of King Gustaf before ever a word was said to the Prince. This royal "okeh" was given after much correspondence and cables. The rest was easy—and Prince William will tell his experiences here next January and February on the lecture platform.

Temperament among the lecture stars? Alber says he hasn't run across any of it in some twenty years. The fact that his people stay with him year after year, would indicate that they like their "chief" and have a high regard for him as a manager and a man. "The nicest feature of my work is, and always has been, the rather close personal association with fine minds and finer people," he says. "Judge Taft, Irvin S. Cobb, Stefansson, Dr. Cadman, Andrews, Leacock, Mark Sullivan, Will Irwin—they're real men,—just as were the late Tom Marshall, Bob La-Follette, Russell Conwell and others who have passed on in recent years."

About a year ago appeared the interesting life story of Ida M. Tarbell in one of the leading magazines of America. Along toward the end of the interview, after a typically modest account of her remarkable achievements, appeared this paragraph:

"Then Mr. Alber come to see me—and I impulsively signed a contract to lecture for seven weeks. Nothing has ever made me feel so humble. Nothing ever brought me so close to the minds and lives of human beings. In no other way could I have gained the understanding which, in some measure, I think I now have of the people of this country. And with it has come an added respect for their fundamental good sense, a

greater confidence in their sanity and judgment, and more faith in their intelligence and sincerity."

Of course this paragraph pleased Mr. Alber.



IRWIN COBB

He had always felt that his work was worthwhile, from the standpoint of bringing news, knowledge and inspiration to the men and women of Main Street. He had rather felt it might be a good thing for the "Celebrity" as well, but no one had

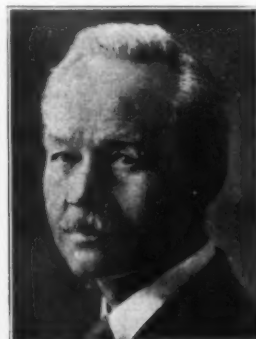


VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

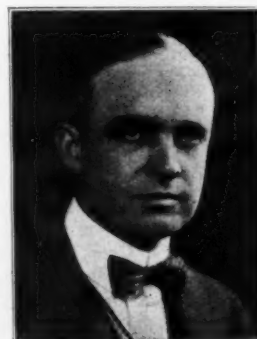
ever said so in such a clear, frank manner. And since the appearance of Miss Tarbell's article he has quoted that particular paragraph more than once—when something was needed to persuade some notable that he should come out of the Temple of Learning and tell his story from the steps.



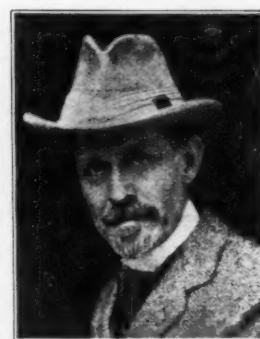
WILL IRWIN



DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL



GLENN FRANK



BURTON HOLMES

Howard Elliott of the East and West

A glimpse of the career and philosophy of Howard Elliott, chairman of the Northern Pacific board, whose railroad experience spans a continent from coast to coast

THE ideals and integrity of the Pilgrim fathers have been projected into modern industrial development. When John Eliot, "The Apostle to the Indians," settled at Natick, Massachusetts, in 1631, Bible in hand he fared forth to convert the Indians to Christianity. Little thought this sturdy soul that one of his direct descendants would become the chairman of one of the great trans-continental railroads spanning the empire that was the red man's. In the mind of the pioneer-divine there was no conception of such a thing as a railroad.

From a distinguished line of early pioneers Howard Elliott, C. E., LL. D., has descended. Joseph Eliot, son of the Apostle, like his father, a minister, was one of the first colonists to emigrate to Connecticut and settled at Guilford. His wife was the granddaughter of the first and third governors of the Connecticut colony—John Haines and George Wyllys. It was on the Wyllys farm that the famous Charter Oak, blown down in 1856, in which the colonial charter, called for by Sir Edmund Andros, was said to be hidden, grew and flung its seed.

Many prominent business men in New York City have been born in other parts of the country and drifted to New York as they grew older. Howard Elliott, chairman of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, happened to be born in New York, and after a great many years west of the Mississippi River, came back to his native city. Born just a year before the Civil War plunged the nation into turmoil, the son of Charles Wyllys and Mary White, Elliott reversed the Greelian process and came "down East" to gain the advantage of a New England education. At the Cambridge High School he prepared for college, entering the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, since supplemented by the Harvard Engineering School, and graduating in 1881 with the degree of Civil Engineer. In 1916 he was given the honorary degree of LL.D. by Middlebury College. In 1924, a similar degree was given by Trinity College, where Mr. Elliott made the annual Commencement address, which was printed by the college and distributed widely.

Before he graduated, Mr. Elliott served for a time as rodman with an engineering corps on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. During the summer of 1881 he was with the Mt. Savage Fire Brick Company in Maryland, making a complete underground map of their very large clay and coal workings. Then in the autumn of 1881 he was a clerk in the office of the vice-president of the Burlington road. His ambition being boundless and his ability matching his ambition, by 1887 he had risen to the office of general freight and passenger agent of the St. Louis, Keokuk and Northwestern Railroad, living at Keokuk, Iowa. In 1896 he became general manager of four roads of the Burlington System, living in St. Louis, from which office he rose to the second vice-presidency of

the C. B. & Q. Railroad Company in 1901, and became president of the Northern Pacific Railway Company two years later, living in St. Paul from 1903 to 1913.

In the autumn of 1913 he was asked to come to New England and help settle the muddled transportation situation there. He was chairman and president of the New Haven System from 1913 to 1917 and negotiated a settlement with the United States government that was seeking to disrupt the system as it then existed. He also supervised the plans for a comprehensive



Howard Elliott, Chairman of the Northern Pacific R. R. Board

system of improvements that added to the capacity of the road, and developed an organization for carrying on the work. His health failed somewhat in 1917 and under the advice of his doctors he resigned, although continuing as a director. From April 15 to December 28, 1917, he was a member of the "Railroads' War Board," which helped to co-ordinate the work of the government and of the railroads.

Since that time he has served on the board of directors, as chairman and as president of various roads, becoming chairman of the Northern Pacific Railway Company in 1917. He is at the present time a director of about a dozen railroads and financial corporations.

"Fate decreed that I should drift into the financial, commercial and administrative branches of railroad management," states Mr. Elliott, "but I have found my training as an engineer of inestimable value to me in railroad work. I consider the shield of the American Society of Civil Engineers one of my most cherished possessions. My engineering education and limited amount of actual work in the field are most helpful in coming to conclusions and in approving plans for numerous pieces of work."

As a speaker of ability, he receives frequent requests for his services at affairs of importance throughout the country, and has addressed engineering societies, colleges and college clubs, as well as meetings of business men, all through the Pacific Northwest and in New York and New England.

To the youth of today he presents some very sound advice with regard to the future both of themselves and the nation:

"You may feel," he asserts, "that opportunities now to make a name or fortune are not what they were when your father or your grandfather started out. It is true conditions are different and there is not the same chance for the rapid accumulation of great fortunes as there was when the natural resources of the country were undeveloped and open to bold, strong men. But never were opportunities greater than today for intelligent, level-headed, hard-working men of high character to work, not only for themselves and those dependent upon them, but for the nation, in an effort to manage wisely the complicated machinery of government and all forms of industry so that there will be a minimum of lost motion in national life, and a maximum benefit to all. Any life work selected with this as the guiding principle and pursued with industry, intelligence and tenacity of purpose, will produce adequate material benefit to the individual himself, and the direct and indirect benefits—material, moral, and spiritual—of such a well-spent life upon the present generation and upon posterity will be far-reaching."

Howard Elliott is by no means one of those who see no great advancement in the future for our nation. We are far from the ultimate stage in development, he thinks.

"Marvelous as the development of the last one hundred years has been," he states, "the accumulated knowledge and ingenuity of the American man will find new fields for work. There is practically no limit to the material growth possible in the United States."

The railroad executive leaned back in his chair and tapped significantly upon the desk top as he declared emphatically:

"Youth will have great opportunities in the world and in this United States of ours, made up of beautiful and fertile prairies and valleys, vast plains, magnificent forests, great rivers, populous and industrious cities, with churches, schools, and

Continued on page 465

The Stirring Story of Charlotte, North Carolina

The Queen City of the Carolinas

Located in Mecklenburg County where a Declaration of Independence was issued in 1775

CHARLOTTE, on the Piedmont Plateau, with a population of 75,000, is a well balanced community, in which manufacturing, farming, wholesaling, retailing, and tourist interests, give the city an economic stability rarely found in fast-growing centers.

The city is well-planned, with wide streets, a well-defined business center, surrounding residential suburbs, and amusement and recreational facilities. Hard surfaced roads of the most modern type radiate from Charlotte in seven directions, while it is served by four railway systems and many bus lines. It has a trading area with a population of 4,240,148, within a radius of 150 miles.

Strategically located in the very heart of the two Carolinas—the center of the most rapidly developing area in the United States—Charlotte is looked upon by many as the Queen City of the South. Surrounded by magnificent farming lands, hundreds of great manufacturing plants operated by the largest hydro-electric development in the nation, with its leadership in the southern textile trades, while assuming the role of distributor to most of the Carolinas, parts of Georgia, Tennessee, and Virginia, this premier city of Western North Carolina is destined to become a great metropolis.

The mild winter climate of Charlotte, with almost total freedom from snow and ice, with its cool summer temperatures, due to its location on the Piedmont Plateau, add to its tourist interests as well as its desirability as a permanent home for those who want to settle down and earn a living.

Added to the attractions of climate, Charlotte has seven fine hotels, with 1,063 rooms, including the new million and a half dollar Hotel Charlotte. Pinehurst, winter golf capital of the U. S. A.; Blowing Rock with its wonderful Mayview Manor; Chimney Rock, America's most spectacular monolith—all are within easy reach of the tourists headquarters in Charlotte, while the city boasts of two country clubs, the Myers Park Club and the Charlotte Country Club, each having fine eighteen-hole golf courses, with golfing privileges the year around.

Charlotte, and Mecklenburg County of which it is the seat of government, comprise a region rich in historic interest. The early settlers came in three waves—the Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania and Virginia; the Germans from the same parts of the country, the English, Scotch, Germans, Huguenots and Swiss from the South by way of Charleston and Georgetown. Charlotte, named for Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Achwerin, wife of George the Third, was incorporated in 1768. The citizens of the town, in convention assembled, electrified by the news of the Battle of Lexington, made the first declaration of Independence from the British Crown, known as the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, on May 20, 1775. While headquartered in the town, Cornwallis named it "The

Hornet's Nest," on account of the activities of the Patriots. Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States, was born in Mecklenburg County, while James K. Polk, eleventh President of the United States was born at Pineville, just outside of Charlotte. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate Government, held his last meeting of the Confederate Cabinet in Charlotte, April 20, 1865.

FROM initial deposits of \$1,426.45 in 1901 to deposits of \$14,600,000, in 1926, is the record of growth for the American Trust Company of Charlotte, North Carolina, the second largest bank in the state and first in many other ways.

Organized with a capital of \$29,600 twenty-five years ago, backed by George Stephens of Asheville and W. H. Wood, now its president,



Home of the American Trust Company

the American Trust Company now has a capital of \$1,200,000 with total resources of \$18,465,678.10, and surplus and undivided profits of \$975,370.78. During that period it has paid dividends aggregating \$1,117,303.97 to its stockholders.

Starting out as boys together, these two North Carolina giants—W. H. Wood, a tower of strength in Charlotte, and George Stephens, part owner of the *Asheville Citizen* and a moneyed magnate in the "Land of the Sky,"—had more faith in themselves when they started the American Trust Company than the public had in their bank (witness the initial deposits of only \$1,426.45 in a city of some 16,000 people, the population of Charlotte in 1901.)

In this venture, George Stephens, still a director of the American Trust Company, became the president, although Mr. Wood—now president—was the experienced banker of the two. He had

served eight years prior to that as an employee of the Wachovia Bank and Trust Co., at Winston-Salem, and was the first clerk hired by that institution when it started business. Thus Mr. Wood's background as a banker covers a period of about thirty-three years, within the Tarheel State exclusively, during the era of its greatest development.

About twenty-five years ago, when these two boys opened the doors of the American Trust Company to receive the \$1,426.45 that a city with a population of 16,000 generously offered them for safe-keeping—less than 10 cents per capita—bankers everywhere were old men, with gray hair, bald heads, and austere faces, generally men of means, and old family connections. The very idea of these two young men opening a bank here was a town joke. But now this institution has an average of \$200 on deposit from more than 70,000 people—the population of Charlotte today—while its present deposits aggregate more than any three other banks of the city combined, and the whole attitude of banks and bankers has been revised accordingly.

Although Mr. Wood has never been anything but a banker, he lacks the aloofness and reserve of the average executive of today. Seated in the open, where all persons can see him as they enter the bank, one gets the impression he is reception clerk for the institution, because of his pleasant greeting for all. On closer acquaintance, however, it is quite evident he is a banker from the top of his head to the tips of his toes. With Mr. Wood, as the first contact, as you enter the American Trust Company, you feel that his personality and his ideas of banking circulate throughout the whole institution.

Thus in a period when national ideas as well as southern ideas of banking underwent a great change—a change from the austere banker of old to the young and progressive banker of today—the American Trust Company of Charlotte kept up with the tide, if indeed it did not accelerate the movement. In this community at least, and throughout the Carolinas generally, it has been an outstanding financial institution, part and parcel of the great industrial growth of the South. Located in Charlotte, the banking center of the two Carolinas, with aggregate resources of \$63,000,000, or more, it has assumed a leadership that entitles it to the praise which it gets.

In its trust department, this institution does a large fiduciary business, in the nature of handling of estates, as agent, executor, or administrator, serving as guardian of minor children, incompetent persons, and others, while also acting as receiver of insolvent corporations. The American Trust Company is one of the pioneers in North Carolina in that line of business, which is handled in addition to regular banking accounts.

W. H. Wood, president of this premier Carolina bank, was born in Elkin, North Carolina, about fifty-three years ago. He is recognized throughout the South as one of its most able bankers.

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A Realtor Who Observes Heaven's First Law

It was a case of "Greek meeting Greek" when the writer interviewed Gray Gorham of Asheville, former newspaper man, who has put system into his large real estate business

By CHRISTOPHER PAPE

ORDER is heaven's first law," said Pope, while Milton, in "Paradise Lost" tells us of how "order sprung from disorder" in a universe of chaos. From the time of the thunder lizard of the jungle, to the present day of men with great thinking machines in their heads, the process of establishing better order in all things marks the improvement stages of the world.

That principle holds true also with writers. The first tales that men wrote wandered over much territory and lacked the directness and unity of present day letters. In other words, when we interview a man now we have to get a slant on him, and stick to that slant in an orderly fashion, from beginning to end, like a preacher sticks to a text.

Thus with that precept in mind, I approached Gray Gorham, successful realtor of Asheville, North Carolina, a most orderly man, who prides himself on the efficiency and system which has built up the Gray Gorham Organization, of which he is the head—a real estate office with a large personnel that is run in an orderly fashion. Gray Gorham was formerly a successful newspaper man of Asheville, where he started as a cub reporter about twenty years ago. Following that career for fifteen years he knew such men as O. Henry and has interviewed such celebrities as Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Alexander Graham Bell.

It was therefore a case of "Greek meeting Greek" when I sat down to interview Gray Gorham, a man who knows much about the business of interviewing. I could do no bungling.

As I entered the office I noted that everything was done according to Hoyle. Mr. Gorham himself was immaculately dressed, and everyone of his dark hairs seemed to lay exactly where it was put on his well-shaped head. His slightly prominent nose, his gray eyes, his strong mouth and chin, his broad shoulders, and his one hundred and seventy-seven pounds avoirdupois, with an altitude of about five-foot-ten, all seem to balance a well ordered physique.

At his desk there was order too, not a paper thereon seeming to lie out of place, while on the walls of his private office the portraits of such notables as O. Henry and others aforementioned hung as orderly as if they had grown there like an apple on a tree. With that subject as my "text" then, I asked Mr. Gorham about his system of putting order into a large real estate enterprise, with some forty salesmen, many departments, and other modern wrinkles of the business.

"I feel that the real estate business is a profession, the same as medicine, engineering, teaching, or anything else. I have therefore tried to reduce it to the order of a science or profession in my organization," he began. "As realty work is carried on today it runs into so many branches that no one can specialize in all of them. I look upon investments in real estate exactly the same as investments in stocks and bonds and it is my

purpose to advise with my clients about real property commitments the same as bankers advise with customers about securities. For that reason, I put experts at the head of all of our departments, such as acreage, residential property, business sites, and all other phases of the profession as I have departmentalized the work in an orderly way. Thus when our organization

the local papers. He also got out the first booklet published by a broker—only owners of suburban residential tracts having issued such literature before.

Before a property is placed on the Gorham list it is thoroughly gone over by one of their trained men who is quick to find any hidden defects. This organization will not sell a parcel of real estate to a prospective buyer for more than its value represents. It is one of the fundamental policies of this concern to sell only such realty as



Mountains and valley near Asheville, North Carolina

serves a customer, that person is assured the services of a specialist in whatever branch it falls. And I am pleased to say that in the five years of our life no one has ever lost any money on realty dealings with us. In short, we are so thoroughly organized that we look after a property taken on by any of our customers from the time it is purchased until it is disposed of at a profit, if purchased for investment purposes, the same as bankers clip their customers' coupons and safeguard bonds."

When Mr. Gorham went into the real estate business it was more or less hit or miss. Up to that time all of the local realtors had offices in the attics of buildings, with their names on boards at the entrance below, and they hid their advertising in the "want ad" section of the newspapers. But he changed all that, opening the first main-floor real estate headquarters in Asheville and running the first display advertising in

it conservatively believes can be resold at a profit within a reasonably short time.

As Mr. Gorham told me, Asheville is his home. He expects to live there the rest of his life. He wants to retain every customer permanently. And that, he claims, can only be done by giving honest and efficient service to all who come within his doors. Quoting this man verbatim again, he says:

"The same high qualities of character which you find in the personnel of a great banking house, obtains in our group of trained real estate workers. It is our policy to carry out in word and spirit every precept of high ideals in our line of work. We are realtors—and to be a realtor of the present day standard means that we have a profession, which must be lived up to the same as by other organized callings.

"Every one of the men and women who make up the Gorham Organization are experts in

Asheville real estate. They have had long training in their work. They are experienced in every phase of real estate practice throughout this region.

"Individually, they represent the very highest type of skill in the real estate profession. Collectively, they represent a unit of co-operative



View of Beaver Lake from the porch of one of the Lake View Park homes

help and knowledge which can overcome nearly any problem.

"And after all, the personal service of these specialists is all we have to sell," is the terse way Mr. Gorham ended this part of the interview.

The Gray Gorham Organization sells many properties as exclusive brokers, such as Biltmore Forest, Malvern Hills, the Grove Developments, Montford Hills, Colonial Heights, Lucerne Park, Gracelyn, and Oaklyn. It also specializes in acreage, insurance, business properties rentals, and all kindred real estate matters.

But it is beautiful Lake View where Mr. Gorham has his residence, a few minutes out from Asheville, of which development he is the general sales manager, and is the very apple of his eye. This suburb was planned by John Nolen, and is located in Beavertown Valley in a placid Blue Ridge Glen three miles long and one mile wide, with towering mountain ramparts to the north, east, and west of it, where industry shall never intrude. This is a very exclusive community, as orderly in its arrangement as Gray Gorham himself, where the laws of the Medes and the Persians prevail in the way of restrictions. Some of Asheville's finest homes are going up there.



Bottomless pools located near Asheville, North Carolina

Lake View is located at the only point at which the valley is broad enough to contain a considerable community, including the generous lake itself and an 18 hole golf course, planned by Donald Ross. An exceedingly important asset is the famous Dixie Highway, here a link of

the vast state-built-and-maintained motor road system of North Carolina, which passes through the heart of the property. But finest of all the charms of this place is its gently curving and undulating topography, almost like a succession of billowing waves, with homesites on the crests and winding streets and parkways between.

With the same seemingly aimless arrangement as the carved lines of a rich platinum mounting wound around a handsome diamond, the Boulevards of Lake View encircle the blue-white gem of sparkling waters that is the center and glory of the suburb.

The street-paving of this place is laid on a firm clay foundation, having a six-inch concrete base, reinforced curb and two-inch asphalt topping—all absolutely standard and lasting. Ample mains are also provided for supplying the pure and mineral-free Asheville water, fire plugs, and



Gray Gorham

sewers. All light and telephone connections are handled in underground conduits. The street lighting is effected by erecting artistic standards, especially designed to harmonize with the artistic atmosphere of Lake View. All is order, order, order, here, as I have tried to tell about Gray Gorham in an orderly way—as orderly as the portraits are hung on the walls of the Gorham office.

* * *

The Lake itself, covers sixty-seven acres, of which exactly one acre has been turned into a rock-walled bathing pool, with a generous sand beach and substantial bath-house. Every drop of water in that pool is filtered and sterilized and surface drainage has been carefully diverted. This pool has been pronounced by engineers as probably the largest and finest of its kind on earth.

Architects are engaged on plans for a handsome Country Club building, which will be finished in time for the opening of the golf course.

The Lake View Country Club will take over

all privileges of boating, fishing and bathing on the Lake, as well as golf and such other sports as may be chosen.

A charming Tea House is operated on the shores of Beaver Lake by the owners of the development.

Lake View is entirely removed from all exter-



Beaver Lake—a suburb of Asheville

nal conditions that would in any way impair its refinement and exclusiveness as a center of cultured homes. The safeguards thrown around it assure its desirability as a home location for all the years to come.

Thus Gray Gorham, a disciple of good order in all things, while still only thirty-five years old, has "arrived" twice already—once as a successful newspaperman and now as a realtor who has led his profession by putting that business on a high plane. Born at Adairville, Kentucky, he came to Asheville at the age of fifteen, climbing up through various steps of the local journalistic field, as a reporter and editor on two papers and later as part owner of another. During his newspaper days, his colleagues say, he did the work of five men, because he "Observed Heaven's first Law" then, too. Indeed, such was the methodical workings of his mind, according to reports, that he knew the names and addresses of every man, woman and child in Asheville in his reportorial days. And besides being a most orderly person he has always worked hard. In short, those two qualities, work and orderly methods of doing things, have brought these two laurels of success to him at a very early age.

Gray Gorham belongs to various social and civic clubs of Asheville. He is a delightful man



Sunset on Beaver Lake, with stone seat in the foreground, from Lake View Park office

to meet, clean-cut, upstanding, personable, with all of his bent for order. We spent a pleasant hour together, and I think that he will agree with me, when he reads this, as a man who knows good order in writing, that I got the right slant on him for this story.

"The Wiles of Western North Carolina"

A survey of the "Land of the Sky" amid the far-famed beauties of the mountains that cluster about Asheville in the heart of the Blue Ridge

BLUE skies overhead, a mass of green nestling in fleecy clouds, haloing the mountains of Western North Carolina is a setting that makes the refrain, "Land of the Sky," sing itself into the heart and mind of even the casual visitor. With this feeling comes the tingling spirit of a real pioneer—a freedom from all the restraint of the brick and mortar canyons of city streets. Amid this composite of mountain beauties, expressing height, breadth and expanse, there is a stunning silence that enthralls—the stillness that soothes the movie-wracked nerves. Driving along the superlative highways in this section, one drinks deep to the full of the natural beauty that God gave to the primeval glory of the Blue Ridge.

At a picturesque sharp bend of the road, I came upon the old weather-beaten home of Sam Crisson. For forty years he had never been to Asheville, forty miles away. The slender form of the mountaineer, with long whiskers, wearing a skull cap, standing at the door of his cabin under the giant walnut trees, with a brook rippling beneath was a picture of homey hospitality.

"Come in," and whatsoever he had he shared. It was not long before we were chatting like old friends.

"I done guess I was born just as the War went out," he continued in the colloquialism of the mountain. "My kinfolk are growed or gone, and I just live here by myself with no one to bother me."

That morning he was catching snakes for snake

oil and in a far off glen gathered genatin herb for medicinal purposes.

"You know, rattlers never strike 'til they coil. I don't let 'em coil. They never bite 'til they're sure you seed 'em first."

This seemed a fitting opening scene while on the way to Wildacres, a slightly eminence on the mountains where Thomas Dixon, the author of the "Birth of the Nation" is building a colony for artists and authors—those who delight to write, think and paint amid the beauties of Nature, in little chalets, rimmed with rustic balconies as if clinging to the mountain side, where the sweeping, enchanting vista of mountains and valleys inspires one with a feeling of being a'top o' the world.

Along the Catawba River, named for the Indian tribe, we whizzed in a motor at a speed that would have startled the earlier mountaineers, as they clambered up the rocky roads made by mountain creeks, fording the streams and climbing up the winding paths aflame with a mass of rhododendrons and mountain laurel. Dogwood in feathery white bloom celebrated the overture of a season of floral splendor.

Western North Carolina represents the golden mean of the varied climate of America. The rigors of the North and the tropic breath of the South are tempered twelve months in the year. Several thousand feet above the sea level, the vigorous and bracing air has wrought wonders in checking the dread fatalities of the white plague.

Sitting on the veranda of Fred L. Seely's Grove Park Inn in Asheville, under the shadow of

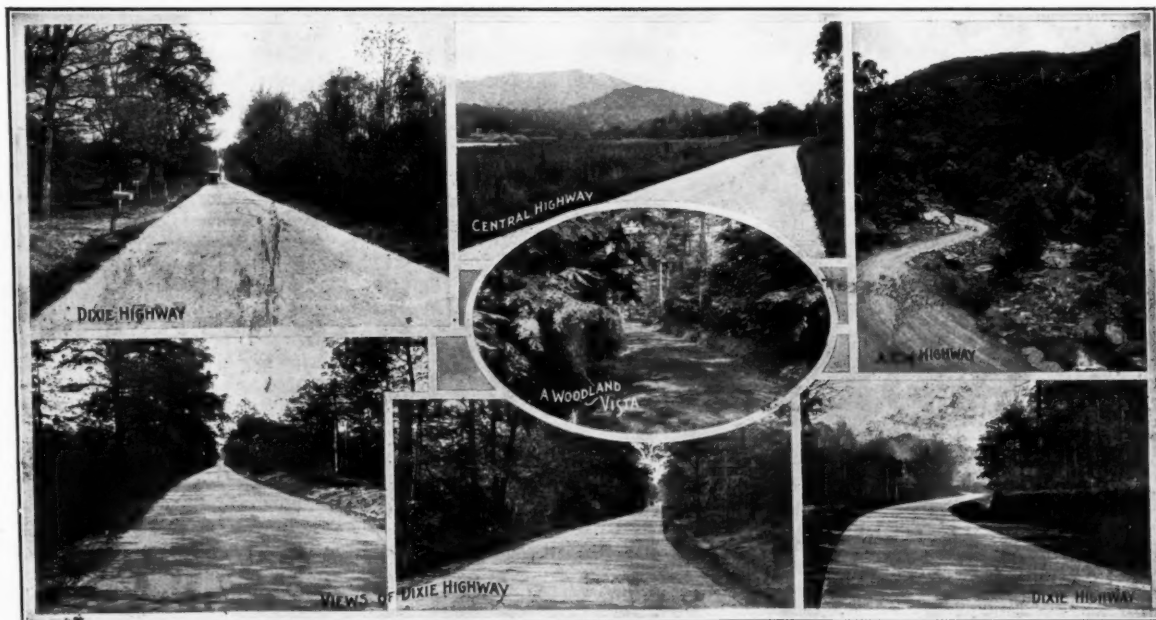
rugged walls so typical of the environment, I voted it one of the finest mountain resort hotels in all the world. At my side was my old friend, Francis A. Gudger, a native of Asheville, who quite agreed with me. With a reverential gesture, he pointed out Smith's Mountain, near at hand, named after his grandfather, Baccus Smith. To the west was the beautiful golf course of the Asheville Country Club, which was built on Baccus Smith's pre-war plantation then known as the "Glenverloch Farm." There was a reminiscent look in his eye as he continued:

"There I was born, there my mother was born, and there my grandfather lived and reared his family. Do you wonder that I love this country?"

The outstretched panorama was impressive, and for the time values of mere real estate were forgotten. There is just a tinge of resentment among some of the native sons at the rapidity of progress that threatens the beauty of the mountains, for they knew these scenes as children, in the natural splendor of primeval glory.

"Of course we must progress," continued this native son. "I am proud of the growth that Asheville and Western North Carolina is making and realize that our presentiments as to elimination of Nature's beauties are illfounded—and yet—our childhood memories create strong attachments for preserving intact the familiar scenes associated with the days of youth."

Western North Carolina is not of recent discovery. It has been known by white men for over one hundred and forty years as a haven of



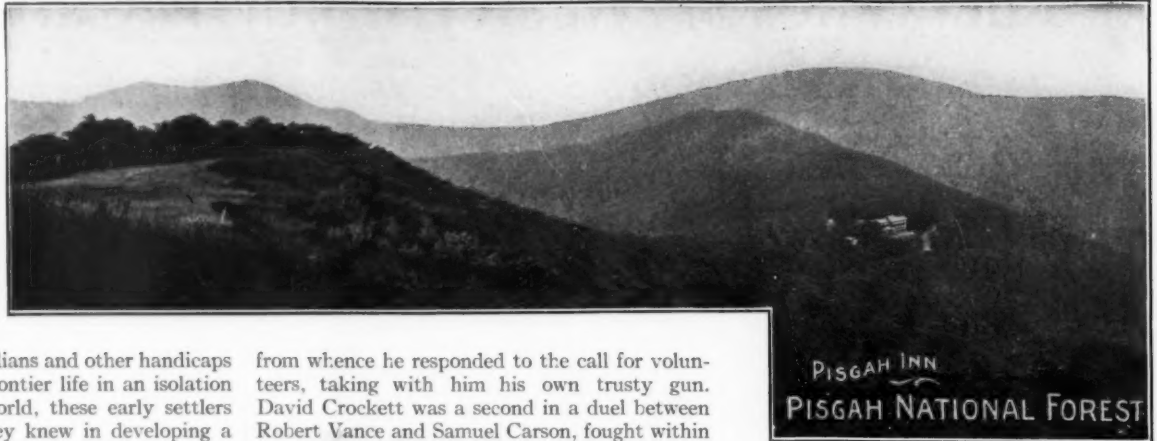
Western North Carolina Highway Scenes

restful beauty, and is still called "the land of the sky." In 1784 the pioneers pushed on through the barriers of the Blue Ridge and began settling on this peerless mountain plateau. Braving the

stirring adventures. On this very scene, years ago, appeared David Crockett as a bridegroom in buckskins to marry Miss Patton in Asheville. Later he moved to the mountains of Tennessee,

venture in selling town lots in Asheville records the fact that John Burton sold the first lot for a few shillings. The sum of \$5.00, or an English pound, purchased an acre of land close to the

Pisgah Forest Inn
in the
National Forest



dangers from hostile Indians and other handicaps associated with early frontier life in an isolation like that of another world, these early settlers builded better than they knew in developing a race of self-reliant Americans.

The first community organized in this locality was the County of Buncombe. The name may bring a smile in recalling the modern use of the word. The County was named for Colonel Edward Buncombe, a native of North Carolina and a soldier of the Revolution. The later adaptation of the word arose from an incident that occurred in the Sixteenth Congress, back in the early twenties of the last century. The Hon. Felix Walker, representing the Buncombe district was speaking on the Missouri question to a weary group of law makers on the floor of the House of Representatives. Taunting him as to terminal facilities in his speech, he continued the dull and uninteresting address by frankly admitting in a grim aside: "I am making a Buncombe speech for my constituents. Buncombe is necessary for my political future."

Since that time the practice has not been entirely abandoned on the floors of Congress, and "bunkum" has become a much-used word in the lexicon of politics.

Friend Gudger then made reference to the many prominent men identified with the growth of Asheville and North Carolina. There was Pritchard, Baird, Patton, Foster, Davidson, Lusk. The lives of every one of these men would furnish material for a romance filled with incidents of

from whence he responded to the call for volunteers, taking with him his own trusty gun. David Crockett was a second in a duel between Robert Vance and Samuel Carson, fought within sight of Asheville. The quarrel grew out of a political fight and Robert Vance fell on that occasion. Kit Carson was related to the scout who died with David Crockett in that heroic defense of the Alamo—the first sacrifice on the altar which brought into the Union California and the great states of the southwest.

As the capital and trading outpost of Western North Carolina, Asheville has long been a strategic point. While John Burton named the town of Asheville in honor of Governor Sam Ash, an outstanding personality in the early days, the community was originally known as Morristown, named in honor of William Morrison of Burk county. Some claim that the name Morristown was given the settlement in honor of William Morrison who decided a deadlock as to the location of the town. Others insist that two brothers, Zebulon and Beden Baird, who were among the first settlers and land holders, donated to the settlement a large tract of land for municipal purposes. The name Morristown was given because the two brothers originally hailed from Morristown, N. J., and desired to honor the old home town. Early in its history, Asheville was a composite settlement representing various sections of the country as it continues to be today.

Lighting a cigarette, my friend Gudger commented: "When I see the activity in sub-divisions and growing values, I am reminded that the first

public square. This would make it seem that the progress begun years ago had speeded up in these later days.

"Since the Civil War very few of the mountain people have moved away. The state has produced great men such as Zebulon Baird Vance, Governor Swain, and Jeter C. Pritchard, who were entirely home-reared. Few of the native highlanders have gone out into the world and become identified with national or international affairs because of the attachments of their homes, their birth towns and state.

"To those of us born and reared in this section, there is no other place that can provide just the same things we enjoy representing the equitable living conditions which have always prevailed here in the past years."

That afternoon I dined at "Victoria," the home of Mr. Gudger, the first pretentious residence built at Asheville. The thick walls of the old mansion are built of hand-made brick. Nestling by the roadside, amid majestic oaks, beautiful lawns and vines, the atmosphere of colonial days clusters about the broad eaves and spacious rooms of "Victoria", as it is called. It was built by James (known as "Jimmy") Smith, said to be the first white child born west of the Blue Ridge. The bricks were being laid when Napoleon was returning from the Isle of Elba. The old Guard were even flocking to the standard of the little Corporal exchanging the mystic counter sign "In the spring, the violets," that led on to that fateful day at Waterloo.

Lingering among these beautiful trees, loath to leave, I looked out on the glories of Mount Pisgah. The great, great grandfather of Mr. Gudger, James Gudger, might have had the distinction of being the first white child born in Asheville had it not been for the fact that the mother was sent away just before his birth on account of the marauding Cherokee Indians. Consequently I felt that I was talking with a direct descendant of a real pioneer of Western North Carolina in the person of my friend Francis A. Gudger.

During all these years Asheville has maintained its supremacy as capital of "the land of the sky." New blood has come and visitors who arrived recruited the growing list of home folks. Once under the charm of Western North Carolina, one feels an intense home-building impulse. The result has been a steady and consistent growth. Western North Carolina which has refused to be

Continued on page 452

The Biltmore
Forest Club—one
of the finest
of its kind in
the East



Plans that Have Bloomed *and* Borne Fruit

Starting his business career as a drug clerk, E. W. Grove is now acclaimed Asheville's master builder, with many local monuments to his credit—successful as a merchant and manufacturer, he later engaged in real estate, removing mountains when they are in the way

By LOUISE WEYAND

THE plans of E. W. Grove, Asheville's master builder, are like the gardens of Adonis, blooming one day and bearing fruit the next.

The statement may seem somewhat poetical but it refers to practical and successful achievement. With a business career of more than sixty years behind him, it is not likely that every flower in his garden has bloomed and borne fruit overnight, but as the result of good husbandry, he has at least plucked a generous crop of success from most of his undertakings.

Starting as a drug clerk in Paris, Tenn., where he was born in 1850, Mr. Grove lived through the tragic days of the Civil War, as well as the reconstruction period, with its reign of carpet-baggers and its depleted reserves of men and money. The seventy-six years of his life, as a merchant, a manufacturer, and a town builder, are almost as colorful as tales of the Arabian Nights.

Launching a business of his own at the age of twenty-two, with a capital of eight hundred dollars, he selected Paris, Tenn. as the right soil in which to make his infant enterprise bloom and bear fruit quickly. In ten years it was a flourishing garden—a prosperous drug store, with many clerks and a generous patronage.

With the impelling germ of genius in his veins his busy mind was experimenting with drugs and chemicals while others slept. He succeeded in isolating a certain alkaloid by-product in the manufacture of quinine, which up to that time had been discarded by quinine manufacturers, and with other ingredients, produced a famous medicine which became a household word.

* * *

Then came the Paris Medicine Company organized with the help of friends, located in St. Louis, and Bromo-Quinine-Laxative blossomed and bore fruit. Came this and came that in the way of commercial products from Mr. Grove's factories until his signature on a little box became familiar to the peoples of seven seas.

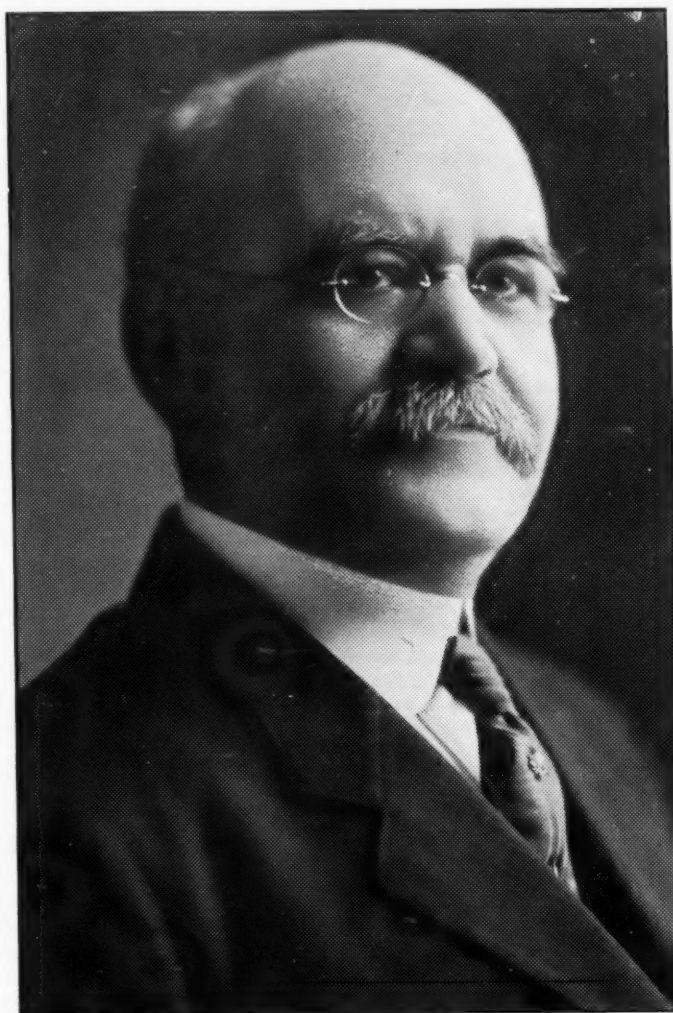
As a merchant and manufacturer Mr. Grove's achievements are known throughout the length and breadth of the land. Yet his modesty is such that now for the first time his picture is to appear in print. In that respect he recalled what Emerson recorded, that "nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed to be simple is to be great."

No matter how much a man shrinks from the limelight, when he removes mountains that are in the way of progress the world will learn about him. For that reason I cannot spare Mr. Grove, despite his dislike for publicity, in writing of the progress of Western North Carolina. His accomplishments elsewhere are notable but he is so much a part and parcel of this mountain region that he must have a place in the picture. It would be difficult to write of the great development of Asheville without mentioning E. W. Grove. Climbing the mountain town of Asheville as a tourist in 1900, Mr. Grove was greatly

benefitted in health and impressed by the unusual summer and fall climate, and the potential possibilities of developing the nearby resources.

Above this giant hotel structure Sunset Mountain towers loftily, to the top of which Mr. Grove

That Mr. Grove's plans bore fruit at least a hundred-fold may be seen by the fact that in the very heart of Asheville's business section, he created several million dollars in property values. The work on Sunset Mountain called for the removal of only a small portion of it, but gathering courage as he went along he later tackled Battery Park Mountain, cutting it out of the



E. W. Grove, Asheville's Master Builder

built a circular scenic highway, from which point there is an excellent view of Asheville, the French Broad and Swannanoa Rivers, threading the fertile valleys below like shining bands of silver in a setting of velvety green, as one descriptive writer put it. The mountains surrounding this section are the highest peaks east of the Mississippi River, and they are eternally veiled by a haze of heaven's own blue.

center of the town, with less ado than an ordinary person would make over removing a wart from his fore-finger.

About four years ago the famous old Battery Park Hotel was a wooden structure high up on top of a small mountain. Mr. Grove, with his customary far-sightedness, bought this mountain and hotel as well as the deep ravine which

penetrated the business part of the town. The mountain was moved into the ravine, as in early Biblical times, and today a large level area with lots bringing from \$1,500 to \$2,500 a front foot, and those on Coxe Avenue, formerly the worthless gully, selling at \$60 a foot, affords one of the most beautiful settings for stores, theatres and office buildings. Free parking space for 500 cars is an added feature to this development. The beautiful new Battery Park Hotel graces this site where one feels that he is truly in the Land of the Sky and that he can almost reach up and touch the clouds.

A mammoth structure covering the entire Battery Park Plaza is being built now by Mr. Grove. This unusual building will be 395 feet

polished and beautiful they were, worn so by the waters of many thousands of years. The thought occurred to this practical builder, that they might be sorted into uniform sizes and commercialized. The result of his experimentation may be seen in the great washing and sorting plant recently put in operation fourteen miles east of Asheville on the Swannanoa River. The Grove Sand and Gravel Company of Asheville is capable of assembling, sorting, washing and loading into cars a hundred tons of rock and gravel per hour. The Southern Railway has run a spur-track out there to take care of the large output.

A large amount of this symmetrical polished stone and gravel will be used in erecting buildings and making streets in the new, model townsite of

While taking exercise on the foot-trail up Sunset Mountain, his busy mind always speculating on the economics of life, he observed what later proved to be an immense deposit of remarkable building stone. With the help of Fred L. Seely, his son-in-law, this tract was acquired, a side of the mountain was cut away, and from the materials so acquired Grove Park Inn, one of the finest resort hotels in the world, was constructed. It was built by hand, in the good old-fashioned way, spacious, comfortable and wholesome, as Mr. Grove always builds.

Belief in patronizing home industry has occasioned the fitting out of Battery Park Hotel with furniture manufactured in North Carolina. Seventeen carloads of it he gathered from all parts of the state. Friends of his who have seen the building and its furnishings have said that it gives the impression of having been built for a city of half a million people. Mr. Grove was heard to reply that the Battery Park Hotel was built for a city of half a million people and Asheville would soon build a city to correspond with the hotel.

Framed by the lofty ruggedness of Sunset Mountain, is Grove Park Inn constructed of gigantic mountain boulders of fantastic shapes and odd formations. So pleasing to the eye is the famed Grove Park, for which Fred L. Seely, creative genius is responsible for its unusual architectural designs and impressive construction that I have heard people say how happy they would be to have even a glimpse of this handsome structure. From an engineering standpoint, it is as strong as if it were built of one massive rock—a veritable Gibraltar.

Two huge fireplaces at both ends of the lobby or main room capable of burning logs twelve feet long give that feeling of hominess and comfort which means so much to tourists. On many of the stones in these mighty columns are chiseled quotations from famous authors, reminding one of the Shakesperian lines regarding "sermons in stones." Love for the beautiful has inspired the placing in this room of a magnificent organ, and a daily concert of the masters is given.

For all who will to play, "Lake Eden" development was created by Mr. Grove. Around this gem of a lake rimmed with gentle slopes against the mountain background lies Lake Eden Camp, a select camp for girls, and nearby is an artists' camp and summer school operated by members of the faculty of the National Cathedral School of Washington, D. C. For the master builder has left no phase of human wants untouched in his dreams for a happy life.

The Swannanoa Valley, in which many of Mr. Grove's developments are located, has long been known as one of the most beautiful regions in all Appalachia. It has played a very important part in Western North Carolina history, too. Before the Revolutionary war, this valley was declared a neutral hunting ground between the Cherokee and Catawba Indians, after many bloody battles were fought for the possession of this fairest of the Blue Ridge Range. History tells how their famous peace council was held here in the "Garden of Eden" near Swannanoa—the Indian name for "beautiful."

Then hunters followed the first whites to cross the Blue Ridge into this section. In 1539, De Soto journeyed here. In 1776, General Rutherford and his colony came to take charge of the Indians' famous possessions. They explored all around the section which Mr. Grove has so beautifully modelled into Grovemont. Within a radius of fifty miles of this spot there

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Grove Park Inn, Asheville, North Carolina

long and 172 feet wide, with an arcade running through the center and supporting at the second floor a permanent roof garden, to be accessible at the north end by ornamental ramps and at other points by means of stairways and elevators. Rising from the center of this two-story building, a tower sixty feet square and nine stories high will harbor a large restaurant, a band stand, an exclusive club or small hotel and offices. The main building is being designed for shops and offices. It is estimated that this building will cost one million dollars, and Mr. Grove feels that its uniqueness will be an attraction for the City of Asheville.

The master builder began his Grove Park Development in 1905, when he acquired a considerable area of undeveloped property surrounding the Asheville Country Club and golf links, now a splendid residential section of hundreds of beautiful mountain-villa sites, dotted with spacious summer homes owned by wealthy people from all parts of the world.

Then there is The Manor, a hotel-series of magnificent homes nestled in a large and well-wooded private enclosure, where separate and distinct from each other, excellent hotel service is added to the comforts of one's own home. The highest type of men manage this estate, as it is always Mr. Grove's policy to surround himself with the most competent men obtainable.

Ever a student of nature, while wandering one day along the banks of the Swannanoa River, that silvery thread which winds its way through the Swannanoa Valley, Mr. Grove noticed a large number of round, smooth pebbles and boulders of various sizes in the bed of the river. High

Grovemont-on-Swannanoa, twelve miles east of Asheville on the paved state highway and half a mile from the present Southern Railway station of Swannanoa. The location is ideal—a broad plateau overlooking the valley with a beautiful mountain forest background from the reservoir of which comes the water supply for Grovemont. This has been laid out with ample space for lakes, parks, and gardens, with other necessary public improvements. The miniature lakes are a feature far-famed.

So thorough is Mr. Grove in his town planning, that city officials from all over the world—editors, national and state politicians—constantly write him for details of his work or journey in person to inspect his projects. The results he obtains in utilizing waste products, saving steps, economizing on space, bringing harmony into his creative world counts every time in making his promises bloom quickly and bear fruit.

In his preparations for building cities, Mr. Grove had observed that the average American city is a creature of chance and uncontrolled growth. As a rule, "it just happened." How seldom do we find a city that has been systematically planned by some far-sighted, courageous person, conscious of growth and future requirements! How often do we deplore American cities with their slums bulging up against palatial residential districts; narrow, irregular streets whose traffic problems are as a cross-word puzzle; and railroad stations that are only too often an entrance at the city's back door! Mr. Grove has seen and pondered over these things. His developments are all laid out with the utmost care and thought for future generations.

"Mine Host in Three Climes"

In adding the Battery Park Hotel, Asheville, to his list, Sherman Dennis now has hotels in Asbury Park, New Jersey; Asheville, North Carolina, and St. Petersburg, Florida, covering the ideal climate seasons of the year

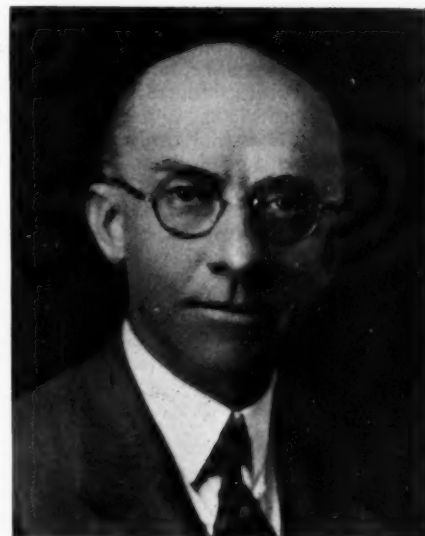
THERE are some men who grow into their business and professions so thoroughly that you cannot hear their names spoken without thinking of their calling. It would be difficult for me to recall the name of Sherman Dennis at any time without the picture of a first class hotel, where happiness and comfort and convenience prevail under a management that is in love with its work. His busy career has involved all the activities pertaining to looking after people with a "welcome to mine inn." What he has accomplished at the New Monterey Hotel in Asbury Park, was evidenced in his success in the management of the Princess Martha Hotel at St. Petersburg, Florida. He seems intuitively to understand what people want in the summer time and has succeeded in making a summer-time all the time in his hotel enterprises covering the latitudes of north and south.

In order to cover every possible vantage point and perfect cycle of climate for his large clientele of guests, he has leased the Battery Park at Asheville, which is the mid-center of this trio of hotels, reaching from Asbury Park on Jersey Coast in the good old summer time, moving south with the birds to Asheville, the farred mountain

has done so much for the city. He is fortunate indeed in securing two such men as Sherman Dennis, and his efficient assistant manager, W. H. Westwood, to operate this hostelry in Asheville, which has been for many years, a favored summer resort for southern people. The name of Battery Park has been associated with Asheville for many years. The new hotel, completed a short time ago by Mr. Grove at a cost of a million and a half is a modern fire proof structure, with two hundred and twenty rooms and baths, occupying the highest point of land in Asheville—a slightly eminence. The tide of travelers north and south find the "golden mean," as it were, here at Asheville the unquestioned leader among mountain resorts of the Southland. Transportation facilities and opportunities for golf and outdoor sports make Asheville, the objective point in a tour to and from the Southland.

In this strategic situation the new management assumed charge on April first with enthusiastic and definite plans to put Battery Park on the map and have it included in the itinerary of the wayfaring travelers seeking a high class hotel. Fortified with the experience of fifteen years, adapting himself to every need and requirement in these later days of advancement in hotel operations, the plans conceived by Mr. E. W. Grove when he built this gem of hostelries amid the fascinating scenery of the North Carolina mountains will be carried out providing a welcome change from the luxuriant tropical splendor of Florida to the tingling mountain air and energizing atmosphere of North Carolina. Then on to the new Monterey lying almost within the shadow of the great metropolis of New York, a rendezvous is provided for the good old summer time on the far famed Jersey seashore in the beautiful city of Asbury Park, which was one of the first great summer resorts in the country where people were taught the value of play and relaxation.

Looming up as a landmark in the slightly city of Asheville, the Battery Park is the center of activities in the building and development of a great city in the Southland. All around are the evidences of the determination to provide room for expansion. Mountains are removed by something more than faith. The magic transformation of the steam shovel that created the Panama Canal is at work. In all these changes of the landscape, nothing has interfered with the mountain views with which Asheville is surrounded. Impressive vistas surround the Battery Park Hotel on all four sides, and in the upper stories the



SHERMAN DENNIS

guests have the advantage point of a tower view in the peace and quiet of upper stories, while beneath in the lobbies are the seething activities incident to awakened energy concentrated upon the development of the "Land of the Sky," and Mine Host Westwood always at hand.

When some of the old timers from the southern states visited Asbury Park looking for the old wooden structure that used to adorn the summit in the city and found a handsome, fire-proof towering sky-scraper hotel in its stead, they simply gasped and "reckoned" that Asheville was now on her way to real metropolitan pretensions.



WALTER WESTWOOD

resort of the country of sapphire skies, on to the Princess Martha in St. Petersburg, Florida, under the turquoise blue of the sunshine state.

The new enterprise at Asheville is one where the guest going north or coming south can foregather and tarry a while in the atmosphere of "The House By the Side of the Road." The Battery Park is owned by Mr. E. W. Grove, who has for many years been an ardent lover of the mountain country in and around Asheville and



Battery Park Hotel, Asheville, North Carolina

Partial Payment Plan Proves Public Honest

Albert Leon of National Retail Furniture Association believes it an aid to better homes and a better nation

IN my experience, ninety-eight per cent of the people are honest, and most of the remaining two per cent would be, but for the force of circumstance," remarked Albert Leon.

Albert Leon ought to know, if anyone does, for he has built the successful furniture business of Albert Leon and Son of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, on a liberal credit policy.

"Although the partial payment system has become widely popular only within recent years,"



Albert Leon, who advanced from porter to president of the National Retail Furniture Association

he continued, "I have found evidence that the credit plan was used one hundred and eight years ago."

Mr. Leon is making this research in connection with a report he is preparing for the National Retail Furniture Association, of which he was formerly president and is now on the executive board. The report is a comprehensive survey of selling commodities on the installment plan.

"The installment plan, is in my belief, of great benefit to the working man," he announced, "because it encourages him to raise his standard of living and to furnish his home comfortably."

"Home life is the foundation of any nation. After visiting the homes of working men of various European countries and taking a trip around the world I found that nowhere are the homes as well and completely furnished nor is the home life better than in the United States."

Mr. Leon is a prominent advocate of the Better Homes Bureau, which is endeavoring to raise the standard of the American home. In order to keep the boys and girls at home in the present jazz age, he believes in making home more attractive so that it may successfully compete with the road house and dance hall.

"Taste in home furnishing has improved

By VIRGINIA W. UPDEGRAFF

greatly in the last few years," he pointed out, "due largely to the teaching of the magazines and women's clubs."

"Today the most modest home may look attractive, since even the cheaper merchandise reflects good taste. Manufacturers are reproducing period styles in grades of furniture that come within the means of the masses—of whom Abraham Lincoln said that the Lord must have loved them because he made so many of them," Mr. Leon added with a smile.

The handsome seven-story furniture display house of Albert Leon and Son is one of the largest and finest stores in New Jersey, and is known among furniture dealers and to the buying public as a splendid example of modern efficiency and progressive ideas. In connection with these show rooms and the large warehouses and finishing rooms, a fleet of motor cars and trucks provides prompt delivery service throughout central and southern New Jersey, and Staten Island, New York.

Due to this prompt delivery and to the unusually large and varied stock which Albert Leon and Son carry in their store and warehouses, they have earned a reputation for excellent service, not only living up to their slogan of "Everything for the Happy Home," but also supplying equipment to large office buildings, fraternal orders, schools, and other public institutions.

This extensive business far exceeds the dreams of the fourteen-year-old immigrant lad who landed in America with one dollar in his pocket, and started to work in a chair factory on Hudson Street, New York City, for the princely wages of \$3 a week.

"I used to carry the beer pails for the rest of the gang, and at fifteen I was champion tobacco chewer," Mr. Leon smiled broadly at his own defection from the accepted formula for "how to become successful." (Finding a smile in life is characteristic of the man. This quality—injecting good feeling into his relations with his customers, business associates, and employees alike—undoubtedly is one of the reasons for his success.)

From the chair factory Albert Leon transferred to the retail furniture business as a porter and general utility man in Newark, New Jersey.

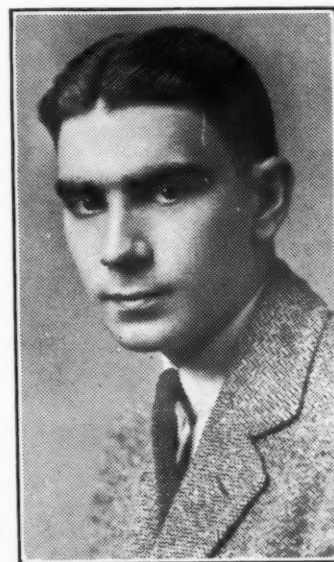
By the time he was nineteen he had graduated into salesmanship, and finally worked into the position of buyer of furniture and floor coverings for the large department store of L. Bamberger & Co. Later he became domestic and foreign buyer for N. Snellenberg & Co. of Philadelphia.

It was a momentous decision when Albert Leon determined to start out in business for himself, but the maxim "Luck is of your own making," which he hung beside his desk at that time, only put into words the inner conviction which years before had prompted him to seek

his fortune in the new world and has since constantly urged him on to greater endeavors.

After looking about for a growing city in which to locate, he finally opened a small two story furniture store in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, on May 6, 1905.

"My credit was my capital in those days," he said, "I was what they call a 'moral risk.'"



Marcus J. Leon joined his father in business after specialized training at Lafayette College and Columbia University

After eight years the business had increased to such an extent that he took over what was at that time the largest store building in Perth Amboy.

He outgrew this in turn, and in September, 1923, a few months after Marcus Leon had joined his father in business, Albert Leon and Son moved into their present fine store.

In addition to the Perth Amboy business, Mr. Leon organized the Green Furniture Company of Elizabeth, of which he is treasurer; the Lee Furniture Company of Newark, of which he is president; and the Art Furniture Company of Elizabeth, of which he is treasurer.

The single delivery wagon with which Albert Leon started in business twenty-one years ago has been transformed into a fleet of motor trucks, and more than two hundred people are employed in his four stores and warehouses.

The fact that most of his first employees are still in his service is sufficient comment on the loyal support Albert Leon has enlisted through his kindly consideration and encouragement.

From home furnishing his attention was drawn to home building, and as a result he organized the Perth Amboy Building and Loan Association, of which he has been President since its organization. He also helped to organize the Keyport

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An American "Think-Shop" a'Top 'o the World

Motoring there over North Carolina's smoothly paved roads which skirt the towering Blue Ridge peaks, our party looked down thoughtfully on deep canyons, verdant valleys, and beautiful mountain lakes, dining later with Thomas Dixon at Wildacres, where thinkers will foregather above the clouds

A "THINK-SHOP" for writers, artists, scientists, and other creative minds, above the clouds at Wildacres, North Carolina, surrounded by the loftiest tips of the Appalachian range, is the dream of Thomas Dixon, author of "The Clansman," "The Leopard's Spots," "The Birth of a Nation," and other noted literary works.

Far from the maddening crowds; far, far from the Latin Quarter; far, far, far from Greenwich Village, Thomas Dixon, favorite son of the South, will gather us under his literary wing, with high mountains to inspire us and nothing but the click of our typewriters and the songs of the birds to disturb our thoughts.

After wintering in Florida, where there are no high mountains on which to sit and think, this project of Thomas Dixon and his associates had a stronger appeal to me than anything else in the "Land of the Sky," the place in which I propose to summer. In fact, I am sorely in need of a thinking retreat, where I can be about as much alone as the last man on earth, plotting ways and means of meeting payments on lots I bought near Miami. Moreover, as I think things out slowly, a high mountain, such as Wildacres, would be a discouraging climb for the realtors who are ever and anon on my trail.

In that frame of mind in Asheville, I joined a party of "thinkers" who were bound for Wildacres, four thousand feet above sea level, in what is known as the Little Switzerland of America, with Mount Mitchell, monarch of the Appalachians, rising almost as much higher in the hazy blue just above it. I shall name none of this party, because writers, artists, and other geniuses shrink from publicity. First, we had with us the former managing editor of the *Asheville Citizen*; secondly, a member of the Pathe News Service; and, thirdly, which I think I should have put first, a lady of rare beauty with brains. Among those who took themselves less seriously were the sales-agent of Wildacres, who drove the car, a retired banker, and myself. On the way back Thomas Dixon, who takes himself less seriously than any of us, accompanied us.

It is a winding road, over smoothly paved highways, from Asheville to Wildacres. We started about eleven o'clock in the morning of a very bright day, in a large seven-passenger touring car, traveling at a rate of speed that would arouse the suspicion of a country constable. I clung to my seat at times, my heart in my shoes, looking down into the valley far below. The time consumed in travel out was less than two hours, a distance of fifty-four miles, with an elevation of two thousand feet for the trip, over a road that meanders like a mountain rivulet, midst scenic splendors unsurpassed anywhere.

Leaving Asheville behind, we were soon in Biltmore, and then speeding on through the beautiful Swannanoa Valley, fairest of all the Blue Ridge territory, once the happy hunting ground of the Cherokee and Catawba Indians.

By DIRK P. DEYOUNG

On all sides of us we heard the hum of industries, saw the mountain farmers at their labors, and peered up at more than a half a hundred mountain peaks towering high above us eternally draped in a veil of blue.

Along the way we passed the home of the Confederate soldier who fired the first shot in the Civil War. We also stopped at the humble cottage of a mountain snake doctor, a professional peculiar to those regions, where we took photographs of him and his house, and of ourselves grouped around it. He gave me a few details of his work—catching rattle-snakes for their oil,—and recounted some of his thrilling adventures in trapping those venomous reptiles.

And when we left this rugged old man of the hills he curtsied gallantly to the lady who accompanied us reminding her "that she was not hard to look at."

Then on up, up, up, panted the motor to Wildacres, "leaping like live thunder from peak to peak and from crag to crag" as we got farther and farther up into the clouds where Mr. Dixon is founding his colony of intellectuals. Our driver was merciless. The more I looked down into the yawning abysses below, the harder he stepped on the gas. But finally we reached Pompey's Knob—in the heart of Wildacres—from which point we could see more of the earth than Christ saw when Satan led Him to a high mount and tempted Him. The great amphitheatrical harbor of Rio de Janeiro, the splendors of Madeira, and other ports and landscapes which I have observed, faded into insignificance as I stood there hat in hand making obeisance to Nature's scenic masterpiece.

And as our party stood there, awed, charmed, thoughtful, speechless, in the presence of such sublime beauty, the famous author and playwright—Mr. Thomas Dixon—came up to us with the enthusiasm of his great soul, and with an encircling sweep of his long arm pointed out a surrounding "ocean of blue ridges which stretch in every direction as far as the eye can see and then melt into clouds or fade into the mists of the sky." Quoting from him—a much better writer than I am—he goes on further to say about Wildacres:

"Without this vision of sublime beauty one cannot realize the kind of world in which we move. We are strangers to the lure, the charm, the spell of earth. The first time I saw it (this view of the mountains from Pompey's Knob in the heart of Wildacres) I stood transfixed. The tears came resistlessly. For the first time in life I caught a glimpse of the enthralling mystery of Nature. I felt the elemental call of earth and sky. For years I had been buried beneath the rubbish of civilization. I lifted my head and breathed deeply. I felt myself a part of God's world. I no longer lived at a number on a crowded street of

a sweltering city. I lived in the universe in which my spirit had been born out of the mists of eternity. I came back into my inheritance. My soul began once more to breathe.

"Most people endure the monotony of life and die unconscious of the beautiful world through which they have passed. The American people are just waking from the struggle for the possession of things. They are finding their souls. And as they find them they begin to realize that man cannot live by bread alone."

It was nearly two o'clock then and the bread part of man's needs was making stronger demands on us. We were all still thinking, as people should do in a "Think-Shop," as Pompey's Knob with its forum and other intellectual surroundings will be, but it was more of feeding the "inner man."

That has been provided for, too, by the Mount Mitchell Association of Arts and Sciences, whose guests we were for the day, in the form of a southern barbecue, where we could see all of the roasts on the spits. Spreading a bountiful dinner before us—there were several other parties there too who had gone by different conveyances—we enjoyed a delightful repast on Pompey's Knob, where the sun generally shines and the air is as pure as it is in heaven. And there were after-dinner speeches which are always part and parcel of intellectual gatherings, especially in such an inspiring environment where stones and mountain crests have a language which the thinker understands.

I might go on indefinitely about Pompey's Knob and its family of higher peaks which surrounds it. It has the most peculiar setting I have ever seen. A sort of a table-like mountain about four thousand feet above sea-level, having an inverted sugar-bowl appearance, from the top of which you look down into deep valleys and streams and up to still loftier peaks on all sides, such as Mount Mitchell, rising to 6,711 feet, the Pisgah Forest Reserve, Black Mountain, and others of the mighty Appalachians. In the distance, too, is the forest primeval, as God made it, way back in the dim ages of time. There are the chestnut trees, monarchs of their kind; there are trout streams; there are great boulders; there is earth and all that dwells therein untainted by modern civilization. And there is the place where thinkers can think, where artists can paint, where scientists can experiment, where writers can dream, and where others can go and get close to the heart of nature. In short, Mr. Dixon plans to make Wildacres a great assembly ground, where men's thought and mode of living will be almost as free from the restraints of present day metropolitan life as our first parents were in the Garden of Eden. On the way home we discussed the project a great deal, and I got the impression that this noted lecturer and author of the South feels that America needs some such place as this as a "Think-Shop" for her creative minds. And this view is further emphasized in

the following paragraphs lifted from his recent utterances:

"Here (in these mountains) America must find the real sanitarium of our civilization. It must become, as the Switzerland of Europe has been for centuries, the second home of the men and women who do the creative thinking for the world of art, literature, philosophy, religion. As Byron, Rousseau, Gibbon, Shelley, Coleridge, Turner, Ruskin, Schiller, Manzoni, and Scott, found their homes in the mountains of Switzerland, here our poets, philosophers, dreamers, patriots, exiles—the bereaved, the reformer, the prophet, the hero must find the source of new life and strength. The happy and the thoughtless, the philosopher and the sick are here alike at home. To young and old, wise and foolish, the mountains bring their message of healing wisdom."

We can be cured of most of our ills by sound thinking. Thus in this "Think-Shop" men will again find themselves, and through a more natural outlook on life thus gained feed the springs of knowledge which will trickle down from there to the millions who live in the plains. Says Mr. Dixon again:

"In all the world there is no such rest as these mystic mountains bring to the human soul and body. In ten days one may live ten months."

"Their loveliness is inexhaustible. If we rise in the morning with the dawn and watch the gray mystery of the clouds sweeping up from the valley until the sun melts them once more into the infinite blue we feel that nothing could be more awe inspiring, more thrilling. When the sun floods the last gorge and ravine with the glory of noon we stand entranced with a new revelation of beauty. We never dreamed that a ravine could be so deep. We peer over the brink and feel the old impulse to lift our wings and fly. When the sun sinks at last behind Mt. Mitchell's grim summit and floods the heavens with purple and scarlet we realize as never before the immense range of nature's moods. We turn a new leaf in the book of life. The world in which we have lived a drab existence becomes an enchanted garden. In a flash—a blinding flash—we realize that to understand these mountains is to know, feel and understand both God and Humanity. To know and understand with a vision as tender, as wide, as mysterious as Life itself."

And, as we stood there together on Pompey's Knob monarchs of all the peaks we surveyed, we all felt as free and unconquerable in spirit as William Tell, the historic hero of Switzerland, and as inspired as our illustrious host, the author of "The Leopard's Spots," whose personality towers in Dixieland almost as majestically as the head of Mount Mitchell.

The Wildacres property consists of a thousand acres of primeval forest in the heart of the Little Switzerland district of North Carolina. It contains three mountain ridges, two valleys, six peaks, and three streams of crystal water. It reaches from the juncture of Three Mile and Armstrong Creeks, an elevation of 2,000 feet, to the Nettle Patch Crest of the Blue Ridge, over 4,000 feet high. The plot of ground is over seven miles long. Its ravines, hills, and valleys are covered with rich growth of dazzling wild flowers. In its forests are 136 varieties of trees and 174 different kinds of shrubs and flowers, says Mr. Dixon. Its wilderness is superb in untouched natural beauty. The entrance to the hotel grounds—Pompey's Knob—is over a brook through a dense thicket of Rhododendron from fifteen to twenty feet in height.

The property fronts southward on the National



Thomas Dixon standing in front of the executive offices of Wildacres, Asheville, North Carolina

Interior of unique reception room, Wildacres executive office, 61 Haywood Street, Asheville, North Carolina

A room in the Hotel Annex being built at Pompey's Knob, Wildacres, North Carolina

Pompey's Knob (foreground on right) central peak in Wildacres. In the distances may be seen Hawk's Bill and Table Rock mountains. In the opposite direction is Mount Mitchell, 6,711 feet high

Pisgah Forest Reserve, stretching from the slopes of Mount Mitchell to Blowing Rock. In this Forest Reserve, a short drive away, lies Lake James, the largest body of water in western North Carolina, the annual mecca of 5,000 fishermen, while Wildacres is watered by two trout

streams of entrancing beauty. There will be swimming pools, also at the foot of Spring Brook Falls.

Social life and bodily exercise will not be neglected at Wildacres either. Membership in each of the following ten clubs is included in the price of each homesite. Mr. Dixon does not believe in long-faced "thinkers." First, there is the Riding and Driving Club, which will keep stables for mountain horses trained for riding over trails; automobiles, and so on. Then, the Fishing and Camp Club, The Motor Boat and Canoe Club, the Golf Club, the Tennis Club, the Casino Club, The Trap and Rifle Club, the Drama and Music Club, the Cinema Club, and the Liberal Arts Club.

The Mount Mitchell Association of Arts and Sciences is the owner of Wildacres. Thomas Dixon is the President of that body, while Elliott Dangerfield and Henry W. Lanier are the vice-presidents. The treasurer is Norwood G. Carroll. This institution is fostering the idea of a summer assembly ground here to promote the liberal arts, without any restrictions on what sort of thinking is to be done in the "Think-Shop." The Advisory Board of the summer assembly includes such distinguished persons as: Judge Charles L. Guy, senior justice of the Supreme Court of New York; Thomas G. McLeod, governor of South Carolina; Cliff E. Walker, governor of Georgia; Harry B. Whitfield, governor of Mississippi; William J. Fields, governor of Kentucky; H. W. Chase, president of the University of North Carolina; Orson Lowell, president of the New York Artist's Guild; W. P. Few, president of Duke University; Edwin Markham, the American poet; William Louis Poteat, president of Wake Forest College, N. C.; William J. Martin, president of Davidson College, N. C.; E. C. Brooks, president of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Engineering; J. I. Foust, president of the North Carolina College for Women; Dr. Delia Dixon Carroll, Meredith College, N. C.; Philip Moeller, director of the New York Theatre Guild; State Senator W. W. Neal, of North Carolina; Nicholas Longworth, speaker, U. S. House of Representatives; and Lee S. Overman, U. S. Senator from North Carolina.

The colony at Wildacres, which is expected to have a population of 10,000 in a short time, is being recruited from all parts of the country. The ideal of the Association of Arts and Sciences will be the renewal of life through the inspiration of nature. The discussions to be held in the forum will not be over the heads of the people. They will not be bound by the fetters of the narrow-minded and they will not be allowed to degenerate into loose thinking.

It would seem as if national fame were in store for Wildacres. The character of the people backing the plan and the unusual idea of this mountain-top "Think-Shop" will appeal to a wide range of leaders in all walks of life.

This "Think-Shop" is easily accessible by rail and highway, yet is in the heart of the wildest mountain fastness of eastern America, where every road and street is a feat of engineering—not surveying. Great corps of workmen are now at work building roads, hotel, cottages, conveniences of modern life in the very cradle of primeval surroundings, where slopes and crags are the steepest ever reached by water-mains and electric wires. So high up—so very high—that mosquitoes cannot reach these thinkers up above the clouds.

A large building program for Wildacres is planned. The first unit is the hotel annex,

Continued on page 463

"Amid the Real Kinships of Plant Life"

Doctor Henry Nehrling, Caladium King

A day with the distinguished botanist in his tropical reserve amid his myriad varieties of Calladiums collected from all parts of the world

BEFORE me stood a man who had seen four score summers, but his eyes and movements reflected the activity of one in the prime of life. Doctor Henry Nehrling, noted ornithologist, botanist, and plant breeder, the recognized authority on all botanical subjects, was walking among his far-famed caladiums in

tion of palms and myriads of tropical plants have made his garden a veritable mecca for horticulturists all over the world.

The magic results he obtains are of wonder even to his fellow plantmen. The answer is evident in the way he fondles the petals of a flower or a leaf in his walks among them. They seem like human beings to him. One could almost fancy the trees and flowers nodding as he passed by, for does he not furnish them the fertilizer, the care, the water, and the sustenances that make life? His triumph in the amaryllis has already placed his name and fame high among the roll of plant breeders.

Every day seems to bring something new to Dr. Nehrling. Since 1922 he has concentrated upon his garden at Naples, where he lives in his little cottage among the trees, flowers, shrubs, representing over two thousand rare varieties, rivalling even Burbank. He started in life as a teacher, having taught school in Illinois, Missouri and Texas, and he has made a special study of plants and birds. He came to Gotha, Florida, in 1886, after resigning his position as custodian of the Milwaukee Public Museum, where he had maintained a large greenhouse, gathering plants from all over the world with an idea of transplanting them in Florida. He has the faculty of giving minute descriptions, and scientific names are as familiar to him as his telephone number.

It was due to a disaster to his garden in Gotha that impelled him to move farther south, where he could cultivate rubber and amaryllis, and pursue the development of his favorite caladiums, whose brilliant veins mark the tracery that defies all art. His collection of bamboos includes the greatest variety ever assembled in one nursery, and is at once the envy and delight of the average boy dreaming of an ideal fishing pole.

To hear him discuss his plants, one would think that the world was small. There were trees from Africa, Asia, Madagascar, Ceylon, South America—and the tropics of the world. Strange bed fellows are these trees gathered in this bit of Florida jungle. As the Doctor said:

"You know plants and trees like each other when they become acquainted. You see that little palm there is as sociable as can be with the flowers around about. Somehow I feel the kinship in plant life." He puffed on his cigar for a few moments and continued reflectively: "Wandering among my plants I can never conceive of an end to life that comes and goes as eternal as the sun."

While Florida was choking with prosperity and booms, Henry Nehrling was pursuing the even tenor of his way in the full glow of his four-score years, reading the secrets of Nature in his jungle retreat.

His studies on Florida plant life, published in the "American Eagle," printed at Estero, Florida, is a veritable text book on botany. He possesses the faculty of teaching botany without the repression and limitation of the printed page. There is a depth of feeling in his recital of the activities of his favorite plants that seems to bring one very close to Nature.

Contemporaneous with Luther Burbank, John Burroughs, and other geniuses who have come so close to the secrets and mysteries of Nature, Henry Nehrling remains the grand old man, the botanical sage who basks in the sunshine of his beloved Florida, watching day by day, even night by night, and hour by hour the magical results of sunshine and shower upon this bower of buds and blossoms, and the colorful shades of plants and verdant trees that he loves to call "The children of my life dreams in my study of botany."



One of the favorite companions of Dr. Nehrling

his garden at Naples, Florida, smoking a cigar—a picture of serene content. The rare species of caladiums spread out like a myriad of tapestry design; every color, tint and hue, the rare-veined aristocrats of foliage plant.

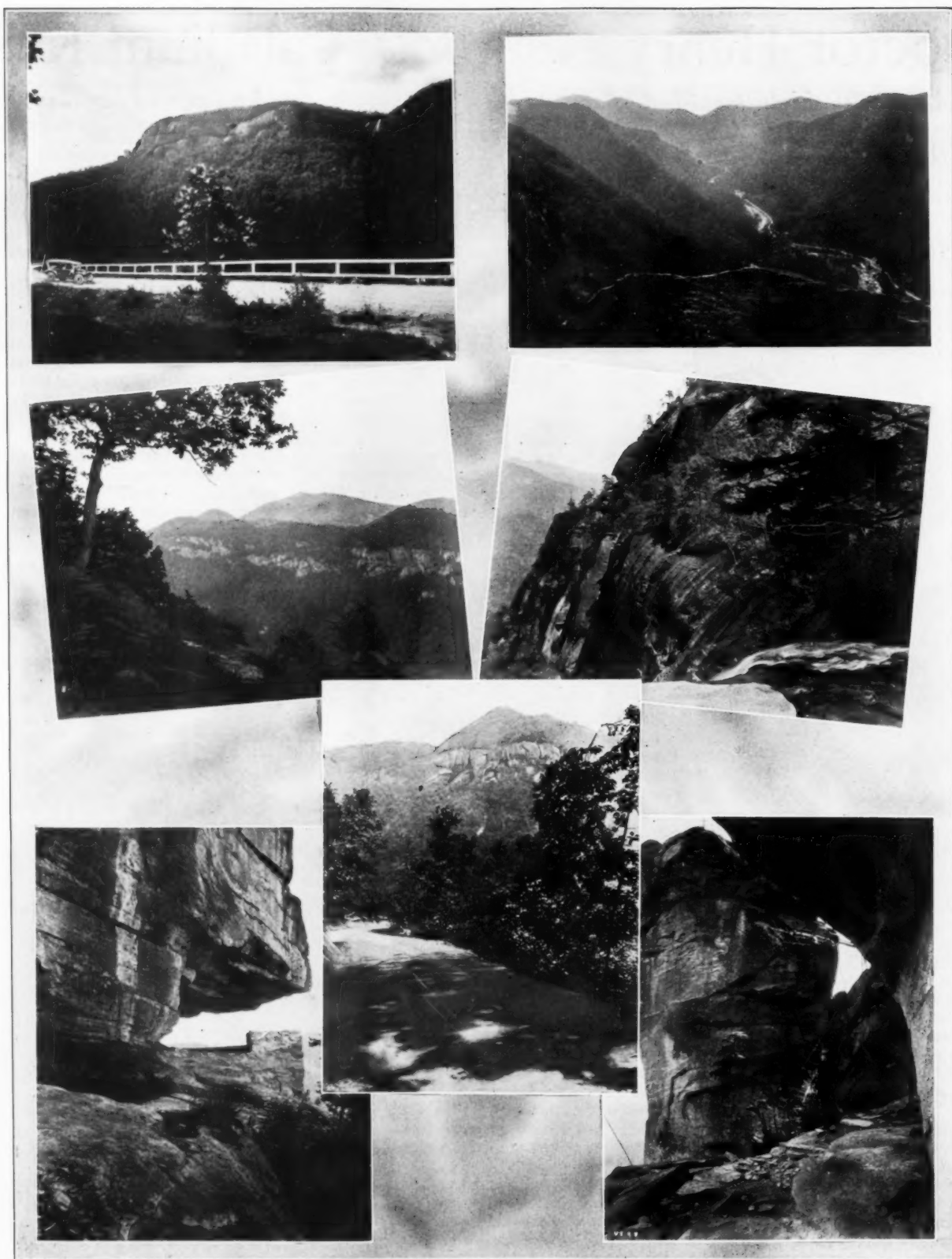
They send from all parts of the world for these caladiums.

In this bit of tropical jungle, he is able to grow nearly every tree that is known in the West Indies. His caladiums bring the very breath of the wildest tropics of Brazil and Central America, radiating a richness of color, a delicacy and variety of form that is fascinating.

In Sheboygan County, Wisconsin, on a farm in the northern woods, a boy was born who has brought new glory to the tropics of Florida. Of German parentage, he has exemplified the teutonic thoroughness in his work. Already a prominent botanical authority, during the Columbian Exposition in 1893 at Chicago, he broadened his studies by extensive experiment. His collec-



Doctor Henry Nehrling, noted ornithologist, botanist and plant breeder



WHERE THE "LAND OF THE SKY" WAS NAMED, IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

Inspiring Life Story of Dr. Lucius B. Morse

The president of Chimney Rock Mountain (incorporated) snatches most of his laurels from the jaws of seemingly inevitable failure by forcing his heart and nerve and sinew to serve their turn long after they are gone

AFTER an hour's talk with Dr. Lucius B. Morse, president of the Chimney Rock Mountains, Inc., a man who has won the laurels in his wreath despite impending failure, the following lines from Kipling's famous poem came to my mind:

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew,
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you,
Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!"

Like Jacob served fourteen years for the hand of Rachael, like Peary spent a life-time trying to reach the North Pole, and like Zane Grey wrote stories for seven years before one was published, Dr. Morse has struggled over twenty-four years to bring the Chimney Rock Mountains resort into being—a struggle that has consumed a quarter of a century. And Chimney Rock Mountains, in the resort line, is about the greatest thing on earth.

With the grizzly Terror stalking in his wake, one kidney removed, he lived as a young man in a tent among the sage-brush of Colorado and New Mexico, forcing his "heart and nerve and sinew" to keep him out of the way of the Grim Reaper of the T. B. gods, which was only a few paces behind him. It was the "will" in him that made his other parts hold on. Again in his ambition to make Chimney Rock Mountains, Inc., the greatest all-year resort in the world, struggling with it as Jacob wrestled with the angels, there were times when there was absolutely nothing to it except the resolute spirit of this frail man.

The life story of Dr. Lucius B. Morse is as inspiring as the view of the thousand hills, canyons, valleys, and streams that I saw from the heights of Chimney Rock. I talked with him for an hour at the administration building and saw him again at the Cliff Dweller's Inn, near the top of this nationally known mountain. Of fine make-up, very scholarly, of medium height, he does not appear overly strong. There is a restless energy about him that makes things vibrate when he moves or speaks, evidence evidencing that the will is the master of this man. Energetic waves come from this dynamic person as he talked of fights he has fought and won.

"I was tired of living in the desert, looking at nothing but cactus, sage-brush and barren waste, and decided to come to Asheville in 1900," Dr. Morse began the interview after he told me of his earlier background, as a graduate from the Chicago Homeopathic Medical School in 1897, his practice in St. Louis, and the place of his birth at Warrensburg, Illinois, November 14, 1871, and a few other biographical details. "I wanted to live where things grew without a water-pot—in God's country—the mountains of North Carolina."

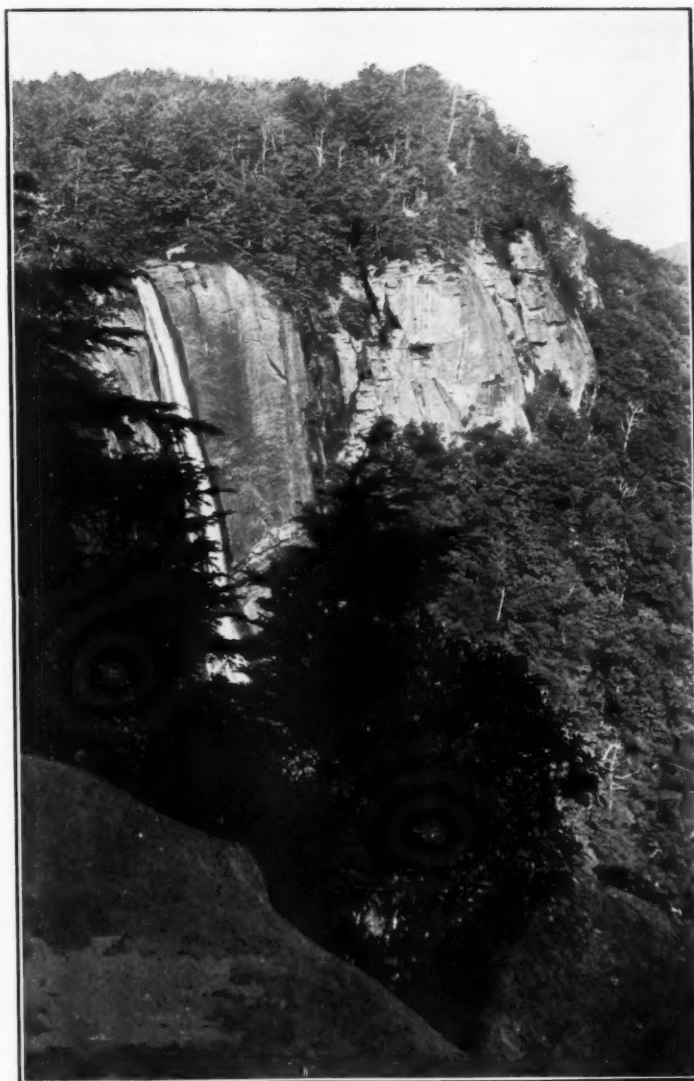
Coming to this section he practiced two years in Asheville before he purchased Chimney Rock, in partnership with his two brothers, for the sum of \$4,500. That was in 1902.

By ELIZABETH BINFORD

"Everyone said I was crazy," chuckled Dr. Morse, as he went on to tell about it. I was in his office then. Ordinarily I like to get people off in a corner by themselves when I ply them

confusion. His mind was as lucid and his words as well chosen as if he were on the rostrum before a great gathering. He was so fired with his vision, and so familiar with all of the details of his great undertaking, that we were all held spell-bound as he spoke.

"Buying Chimney Rock Mountain then was a



Hickory Nut Falls

with questions. But this time he had an audience. My assistant and two others were with me. I mention this because it has a bearing on the make-up of Dr. Morse. In spite of the others who could overhear my questions and his answers (which might upset others less self-disciplined) he showed no signs of uneasiness or

popular joke. I was considered wild at the time. It was nothing but rock, sands, fjords, and forest primeval. Nothing but mule-teams and mountain steers could climb to the top of it, where a moonshiner's still was located in the crevice of a high peak.

"I bought it then in the belief that the Seaboard

Air Line Railway would connect with this section of country, as there was an active movement on foot, through a promotion company, to hook up that system with some resort. But the officials of the Seaboard did not have the vision to co-operate in this railroad extension. I therefore went broke in New York trying to accomplish the impossible."

During the next two years, Dr. Morse went West again to recoupe his fortune, locating in Guthrie, Oklahoma, where he practiced medicine, and organized a city park movement. In this connection he lobbied a bill through the Legislature there and today the leading drive through the parks is Morse Drive.

Then came a period of promotive activity in the life of Dr. Morse. The Chimney Rock project did not die, however, during that interval; it only slept in the back of his head. He was planning for the necessary funds with which to carry his ideas through. Thus he became the secretary of a group of railroads in the making. At Hendersonville, North Carolina, in 1906, he became active in the Appalachian Interurban Railroad, again going to New York for the funds and again coming home broke.

playing with my pet idea—Chimney Rock. I continually gathered data for the great resort that I would some day make of that place.

"One of the things which contributed to my faith in this project was the remark of George E. Kessler, noted landscape artist, when I induced him to visit the property about 1907, who said: 'You have here at Chimney Rock the possibilities of bringing into existence a resort the like of which the world has not yet seen.'

"About 1913-14 a good many people, hearing of the fame of Chimney Rock through divers sources, began to walk up there. If they would walk, I reassured, they would ride, too. So in 1915, my brothers and I built a road, with a toll-house, and charged them to go up. On July 4, 1916, I had an official flag raising on the top of Chimney Rock. Eleven nights later came the famous flood, washing us all away, when six months' rain fell in one night." All was quickly rebuilt. The toll receipts were only \$600 the first year: in 1925 they totaled \$44,000.

"In 1920 I decided that I had to do one of two things—give up the practice of medicine or Chimney Rock. So I sold out my sanitarium and put everything into this development. And then began another struggle, with all the prob-



DR. LUCIUS MORSE

country—we did \$4,000,000 worth of financing before we ever sold a lot."

The acquisition of about 8400 acres of land in the vicinity of Chimney Rock Mountain, in the possession of many mountain farmers, in the center of which he is building a 1,500 acre lake—Lake Lure—probably the largest artificial resort lake in the world—was problem number one in his big dream, while problem number two was letting a contract for the power from the dam which is being built at a cost of approximately a million dollars. For twenty-two years this lake idea was the core of the visioned project, but before it could be managed many small holdings had to be acquired which took time and money. And before money could be acquired in a substantial way, the project had to show earning possibilities satisfactory to investors. Of the sale of stock, before it was in shape to appeal to bankers, Dr. Morse told another tale of the struggle.

In order to get options on about 180 tracts of land from about 100 different people, and the money to bind them, he had to spend days with the owners, and induce a number of his young business friends to "chip in" \$200 apiece as a starter. Again everybody thought he was crazy. Nobody thought he would ever get the sum needed to realize on the options either, once they were in hand. And it was only the great confidence the mountain people had in Dr. Morse, who had cared for them in their sickness, that enabled him to "bind" all those farms. In most cases he paid them twenty-five per cent more than the market value of the land for farming purposes. In one instance he paid a holder \$1,000 more than he asked for his land, believing that the farmer undervalued his property.

It was a Herculean task to get those 8400 acres around Chimney Rock Mountain under option, and another one to get the money with which to exercise those options. On January 1, 1923, thirty-three farms had to be paid for in one day. Officers of the company went out that day with five lawyers, five notaries, \$30,000 in cash, and the balance of \$136,000 in checks. When that was done they had less than \$500 left in the bank.

After that Dr. Morse had a complete survey made (in 1924) which showed ample water power. And in six months, by selling that power for ten years at \$70,000 per annum, he had the revenues in prospect for securing capital with which to finance the dam—the making of Lake Lure—the



America's most spectacular monolith looms heavenward 315 feet above the motor parking place high on Chimney Rock Mountain overlooking mammoth Lake Lure, now in the making. More than 75,000 visitors from all parts of the world during the past two years enjoyed this scenic treat

"Again I took up the practice of medicine," Dr. Morse picked up the thread of conversation. "And for thirteen years after that—until 1920—I conducted a sanitarium for tuberculosis, always

lems of financing a promotion which only those who try it appreciate. But with all the difficulties of raising money—and we are now as strongly entrenched as any development in the

bone and sinew of this great Chimney Rock Mountain Resort. With that contract in hand he could assure bankers of earnings from which to pay interest on bonds and dividends on preferred stock.

"That stabilized us," Dr. Morse summed up his experiences in financing Chimney Rock which covered a quarter of a century. "No matter what happened then, that dam was a certainty. We simply could not get the necessary money until we could show earning power, such as we got from our contract with the Blue Ridge Power Company for the right to utilize the water fall from the dam, to be completed August 1.

"But in all those years, I never lost the faith." As he spoke his blue eyes flashed, his lips tightened, he drew himself up in his chair, and his face shone like the sun that beamed through the windows, casting its rays down over the top of Chimney Rock, over shimmering pines and blossoming rhododendron.

In a flash of time—as a camera takes a picture—I looked out over the Chimney Rock Mountain development, where a half million dollars' worth of homesites were recently sold within two weeks of its opening to settlement, and I saw 600 men working—those men from whom the farms were bought—with eleven steam shovels, road-grading equipment, hundreds of mules; a veritable army of men and equipment preparing this resort according to the plans of the builder.

The Chimney Rock Mountain property, as it stands today, comprising about thirteen square miles, is a combination of mountains divided by the Rocky Broad River in a valley which is being converted into Lake Lure, with two thirds of the area of homesites all in the form of a great mountain amphitheater. The land which forms the bed of this lake is all cleared and the dam across the river will be ready to impound the water about August 1, 1926. There will be 150 miles of paved roads, winding throughout the hills and valleys, and there is already one road that leads from the base to the summit of Chimney Rock, terminating at the Cliff Dweller's Inn, where our party took luncheon.

One wall of this hotel is formed of the mountain cliff, a great granite stone chiseled off smoothly—the material which comprises most of the mountain foundation. In many of the structures going up on the property, patterned after the best European lake resort architecture, this rock is used in an infinite variety of ways, adding a touch of the unique, and making the whole a scenic resort playground of incomparable beauty, where the sublimity of the canyons of the West is softened and made friendly by the exquisite verdure of the Land of the Sky.

On these rocks leading up to the giant nonolith—Chimney Rock—we saw one endless variety of vegetation. Rhododendron, laurel, azalea and other flowering shrubs, a fascinating feature for the genuine nature-lover, while the giant hardwood trees and lofty conifers, dignify the more delicate beauty of the smaller plants. The view from the top of this mount, high in the heavens, is nearer to the skies than the old tower of Babel ascended.

Chimney Rock is a far-famed spot of scenic interest, with a climate of mountain valley mildness. It has the unique advantage of being in the "Thermal Belt" where frosts and dews are unknown and where figs ripen three times a year.

It is a spot of "rocks and rills" and many "pine-clad hills." It is twenty-five miles from Asheville, and nineteen miles from Hendersonville, on paved roads which increase traffic thereto. Dr. Morse was one of the early advocates of the excellent good roads system of North Carolina and helped frame the present highway bill.

Chimney Rock Mountains, Inc., taking over the holdings of Dr. Morse and his associates, was

give their sound advice and staunch support to the great project.

Modern city conveniences, hotels building up, one on the newly created Lake Lure; another, a \$2,000,000 structure is in early contemplation, the earlier village of Chimney Rock at the base of the mountain is beginning to grow like a Florida pumpkin. Soundly financed now, well past the experimental stage, the name and the



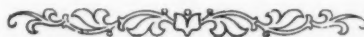
Rocky Broad River, turbulent and crystal clear, courses between gigantic boulders through famous Hickory Nut gorge to the Lake Lure basin where 1,500 acres will be inundated this summer. De Soto followed this water course in 1540 en route to the Mississippi

incorporated in November, 1923. The first two years of its corporate life were beset with many troubles. But the board of directors being men of splendid business and financial ability, they upheld the hands of the founder to the end. These men, among whom might be mentioned as outstanding figures Kenneth S. Tanner of Rutherfordton and Spindale, N. C.; J. H. Thomas of Forest City, Samuel E. Elmore of Spindale, and Willis J. Milner, Jr. of Asheville,—these men had the courage and faith in Chimney Rock Mountain to enable them to foresee the future and to

founder and the success of the project are alike spreading to many quarters. What was once the plaything of a "crazy man" is now the serious affair of many thousands.

It may have been just such men as these, whom Kipling had in mind when he wrote that immortal poem from which I quoted at the beginning and the quotation therefrom given below:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe one word about your loss.



"At Wildacres I am calling you to the Book of Real Life"

Thomas Dixon of Dixie

The creator of "The Clansman" and "Birth of the Nation" glories in his "Think-Shop," a' top o' the Western North Carolina Mountains where the famous "Wildacres" community is being developed

THOMAS DIXON, distinguished novelist, playwright and orator, defender and troubadour of Dixie, is the sage, the seer and the prophet of a new day in the South. For the past two decades he has lived most of the time in the North, but he has now returned to his native heath and is preaching a crusade for a return to Nature and the renewal of life through the inspiration of Nature in as earnest a manner as ever spoke old Peter the Hermit.

"I am calling you to take up the book of Life," Mr. Dixon declared, in his dramatic manner, to the many large audiences he addressed in North Carolina during April and May, 1923. "Look that book over," he said, "and see what is and what is not worth while. We must escape from some of the things we have been doing. These great cities of the World today are bleeding the nerve force, the life, out of you and giving you weaker people generation after generation. The human body is a radio receiving set. The human body in your great cities receives these terrific noises that pound the body and soul into a pulp. You have got to get out of that for a while and into the consciousness of a cleaner air. If you don't you are fighting an inevitable battle."

The South, Mr. Dixon believes, is now facing a new problem. It has solved the problem of its daily bread. The Southern people now face a far more difficult problem: the pursuit of happiness. Within the next thirty-five years, declares Mr. Dixon, the Southern people are going to establish their ideal of life and character. He believes it will beat the old, hard materialism of the past in the North, and that it is going to be a new and high ideal. "I am hoping," he says in an earnest manner, "that when this newly risen South shall find her soul that it shall belong to the dreamer, the visionary, rather than to the hard, the cold, and the materialistic."

Mr. Dixon is one of the ablest men North Carolina has given to the world. "Thomas Dixon," says John Charles McNeill, in an article on Mr. Dixon, appearing in the "Biographical History of North Carolina," "is the most interesting man the State has ever mothered. Neither in childhood or manhood has he been able to fellowship with a dull time." During his lifetime, Mr. Dixon has done many things, all of which he has done well. Today, at the age of sixty-two years, he is entering upon a new enterprise of National importance and significance, and which will very likely prove to be his most important work. He did not go into this lightly, however. It was brought about by a tragedy in his life.

A lady asked Mr. Dixon in Asheville, North Carolina, a few days ago why he had stopped writing to go into what she termed the real estate business. He told her that he was not exactly in the real estate business, but had organized and accepted the presidency of the Mount Mitchell Association of Arts and Sciences, which is creating at Wildacres, in McDowell County, in Western

By GEORGE W. McCOY

North Carolina, in the midst of the most beautiful scenery in the world, a new national institution, a summer assembly of the liberal arts, surrounded by ten forest clubs of inspiration and outdoor life, which will serve as a refuge for creative thinkers in the worlds of art, literature, philosophy and religion. At this place, Mr. Dixon hopes to put into application his new philosophy of life.

In talking with this lady, Mr. Dixon fenced a little. He told her he had stopped writing be-



THOMAS DIXON

cause he was tired,—he had written so many books,—sixteen novels, nine plays and five picture plays,—that he was tired of looking at paper and ink and pencil and wanted to stop a while and rest, and then go back and do something better. This was true, but it was not the whole truth. He then told her the plain, unbiased, simple truth, which was that something had happened in his life that had changed its current,—something big, something serious.

Last summer was a tragic period in Mr. Dixon's life. Unexpectedly, out of a clear sky, he lost both of his brothers, one of them younger and the other older than he. That was the supreme shock of his life. He had never dreamed of his brothers passing away before reaching the age of his father, who had lived to be a man of ninety, and his father's mother, his grandmother, who lived to be one hundred and four.

When Mr. Dixon experienced this tragedy it crushed his heart, and he asked himself the question: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and forfeit his life?" He asked himself another and a serious question: "What

sort of civilization is this we are living in that snuffs out the life of man in the height of his manhood and his highest possible achievements?"

"There is something radically wrong with it," said Mr. Dixon in answer to his own question, for he believes men should live to a more advanced age than they are living today.

Thus the current of Mr. Dixon's life was changed. This tragedy caused him to give revaluation to life, revaluation to the motives of life, and he closed his desk on which he was preparing a book, stopped the work of preparing a picture, and turned towards this beautiful idea, this crusade of "back to Nature" on which he is now engaged.

Although coming out of the cradle of the Old South and imbued with a passionate loyalty to the principles for which the South fought and suffered, Mr. Dixon has never been a narrow sectionalist. In his writings he has sought to give an authentic picture of conditions in the Old South, but he has always been a Southerner with a National and even an international outlook. This genial and genuine American, who is simplicity personified, is a remarkable man. He is vigorous, vivacious, versatile. He is a thinker, talker, writer, doer, a great force in public life, a pioneer in many fields of activity, and one of the genuine makers of America.

Mr. Dixon was born in Cleveland County, North Carolina, on January 11, 1864. He belongs to one of the State's distinguished families, his late father, Rev. Thomas Dixon, Sr., and his late brothers, being well-known baptist preachers, while one of his sisters, Dr. Delia Dixon Carroll, of Meredith College, at Raleigh, N. C., is an able medical practitioner. His mother (nee Amanda Elizabeth McAfee) was a woman of brilliant mind and unusual personality.

In 1883, Mr. Dixon graduated at Wake Forest College, North Carolina, as a master of arts. During the year 1883-1884 he studied at Johns Hopkins University.

In 1884, Mr. Dixon took up the study of law in Greensboro, North Carolina. Securing his license in 1885, he located at Shelby. During that year he married Miss Harriet Bussey, of Montgomery, Ala. They have two children, a son who lives in Los Angeles, and a daughter in Georgia. Mr. Dixon practiced law for a year or two, but, as he says, he was traveling fast in those days, and the legal profession soon lost its attraction for him.

In 1886, Mr. Dixon entered the ministry and became pastor of a Baptist church in Goldsboro, North Carolina. He also filled pastorates in Raleigh, (1887) and in New York City, (1889). Thus he was pastor of the Twenty-Third Street Baptist Church of New York at the age of twenty-five. He had been there but a short time when the auditorium of the church could no longer hold the crowds that pressed for admittance, and it was necessary to secure a larger meeting place. He remained in New York for

Continued on page 480

Roscoe Marvel, a Real Hotel Marvel

A famous hotel man who started career as a dishwasher, now Vice-President, Treasurer and Manager of Kenilworth Inn. The youngest son in a family of twelve, who has been doing things around resort hotels for thirty years

SHAKE hands with Roscoe Marvel, vice-president, treasurer and general-manager of the famous Kenilworth Inn, of Kenilworth, exclusive suburb of Asheville.

I said "shake hands" because Mr. Marvel is one of the most cordial and public spirited men I have met in the whole Appalachian range. There is nothing connected with Asheville that he does not take an interest in, from the building of local streets to the construction of national highways leading to this "Land of The Sky" from the four winds of heaven. And he knows how to take strangers within his gates at Kenilworth Inn and make them feel at home.

I have been browsing about in the Blue Ridge for nearly a month now in quest of a lot in some one of the numerous sub-divisions of Asheville. They are so scarce that it takes considerable shopping from one development to another to get what I want. I attended a barbecue at Wildacres—the tract being sub-divided by Thomas Dixon, the famous Southern author, and I saw Roscoe Marvel there, just helping along in a public-spirited way. From there I went to other places where more than three people were gathered together for the purpose of boosting the community, selling real estate, or building roads, and the face of Roscoe Marvel, like Banquo's ghost at the dinner of Macbeth, always appeared, while his portly body and short legs waddled about hither and yon.

Being timid by nature, with shorter legs than his, and very little meat on my ribs, the realtors all passed me up as a person of no consequence and little coin. But Marvel misses nobody or anything. As a shrinking violet, too insignificant even to be noticed by real estate salesmen he sought me out and asked me to spend the night with him at Kenilworth Inn, the largest and finest hotel in that part of the country. He has a good sense of humor and I suspect that he thought of the great contrast in a man of my proportions and the magnitude of his Inn. Indeed, I am sure that he had that in mind, since he put me up in a very large room, gave me a very big dinner, and one of the longest cigars I have ever smoked.

Roscoe Marvel and I are not the same size. We have very different dispositions, too. He is as bright and sunny as the Swannanoa Valley at mid-day while I am as slow-minded as Jacob Vandermark of Vandermark Folly and as blue as the haze that drapes the peaks of the Appalachian mountains. But as I smoked that long cigar of his, pulling this interview out of him by the roots, I picked up a thread of parallels in our lives that gradually narrowed the gulf between us.

For instance, we both started life on the farm. We are both exactly the same age. He is the youngest child in a family of twelve, while there were ten in our fold. Marvel began his career as a successful hotel man as a dishwasher in the Hotel Dennis, at Atlantic City, about thirty years ago; while mine, as a writer, dates back as

By **DON KEENE DESAVEE**

many years to the time when I held down the job as devil in a country newspaper. Since that first position in the New Jersey shore resort, there is not a single kind of work connected with the business of operating hotels—from frying



Roscoe Marvel, Vice-President and Treasurer of Kenilworth Inn

eggs in the kitchen to financing and managing such projects—that Roscoe Marvel has not done. As Charles M. Schwab knows the production of steel from the sleeping ore that is extracted in the mines to the finished goods so Marvel has mastered the profession of running hotels.

Starting at the Hotel Dennis, Atlantic City, at the age of seventeen, nearly thirty years ago, he has hopped around a good deal for a man of his weight—one hundred and seventy pounds—with short legs, and an altitude of five-feet-five. It is a long climb, I tell you, from the humble job of dishwasher at New Jersey sea-level to the summit of this Blue Ridge mountain—2200 feet—as the vice-president, treasurer, and general-manager of Kenilworth Inn, so large and roomy that the clerk threatened to put a bell on me for fear I would get lost. And like all men who make a great success of things, it came by slow and hard processes.

In the interval—a period of thirty years—Mr. Marvel had many ups and downs. His first individual operation was at Lake St. George, New York, from where he went to Lake Dunsmore, Vt. to run a house. Then he hopped down to Florida, where he leased the Quisisana, at Green Cove Springs, and later became the assistant manager of the old Battery Park Hotel, at Asheville. Since 1917 he has been connected with the Kenilworth Inn—to which hostelry he brings the ripe experience of a life-time at his work.

Kenilworth Inn, 2,200 feet above sea-level, in the incorporated town of Kenilworth with a population of about 1,000 people, overlooking Biltmore and Asheville, with the Vanderbilt Estate looming on a high peak across the valley, is the crowning achievement of Roscoe's Marvel's experience in the hotel field. It is a fine property, owned by a corporation, in which he and his brothers are largely interested, where every effort is put forth to produce a home-like atmosphere and render a service that will please the most exclusive guest.

In architectural design, the Inn is patterned largely after the old English architectural temples with many of the modern American conveniences. It is the newest and largest tourist hotel in this section and it is equipped to accommodate between four and five hundred guests. Being constructed in three wings, no matter at what point you get in walking around it, only one-third of the building can be seen at one time, while nearly encircling the structure is a veranda, with brick-block floor, rock-walls, and roofless, providing either sun or shade and abundant pure mountain air for the guests at any time of day.

With its cheerful management, and inviting atmosphere, timid as I am, I found myself quite at home as soon as I entered the great foyer of the hotel and wandered around from pillar to post to the adjoining lounge, the artistic writing room and library, the spacious ball-room—one of the handsomest in the South—on three sides of which for its entire length and breadth, it opens into palm rooms and upon the open terrace by French doors, thus affording convenient access to any number of attractive tete-a-tete nooks for "sitting out" between dances. At the head of that room, and forming its chief decoration, are full-length paintings of Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester the characters of Walter Scott's earlier novel "Kenilworth" hung upon the walls on either side of the entrance from the reception room.

As I entered the building on the left of the lounge, I walked into the music room, artistically softened with an abundance of palms and cushioned furniture of English Gothic design. The lounge itself is large and inviting, with an immense open fire-place of old-time character and proportions, with cozy inglenook and high-back early English walnut. I seated myself

comfortably there in a large chair, as a huge log crackled and blazed in the flames.

Passing from there into the immense dining room which occupies nearly the whole ground floor of the large north wing of the hotel, I could overlook a particularly attractive portion of the grounds, viewed from a continuance of bay windows—such as the tennis court, a fine terrace, the children's playground, and endless mountain

Kenilworth Inn, as said before, occupied an exclusive site upon a high plateau rising directly above the lovely Swannanoa River and valley, being completely encircled by still higher Appalachian mountains.

To the east is Mount Mitchell, the "Top of Eastern America"—on the west is Mount Pisgah, almost as lofty as its close companion, The Rat. At the foot of the hill lies the business center



Kenilworth Inn

peaks silhouetted in oceans upon oceans of blue sky. Running parallel to this room is a long sun-room, in much demand for numerous special luncheon and dinner parties drawn to the hotel by the fame of its cuisine and the personality and friendliness of Roscoe Marvel. The ball-room too is open nearly every night, for dances, motion pictures, and all other forms of refined entertainments, which make up the life of western North Carolina. All of this, and much more, makes Kenilworth Inn about the most popular resort hotel in the Blue Ridges.

of Biltmore and the trackage of the Southern Railway.

On the immediate grounds of Kenilworth Inn are tennis courts and a clock golf course designed and completed under professional supervision, while an eighteen-hole golf links are nearby. At the foot of the mountain, a large riding academy with unobstructed ring is now completed. The annual Kenilworth-Biltmore Horse Shows take place on these grounds. These, and many other attractions for out-door sports, are abundantly provided for the guests of this inn.

Behold what has been done, in the way of hotel planning, by this twelfth child of a family of farmers who eked out a meagre existence on the thin soil of Delaware, the smallest state of the Union, starting from a lowly position in an Atlantic City hotel. And that is not all that stands to the credit of Roscoe Marvel, the hero of this sketch. He was the promoter and founder of the Appalachian Scenic Highway Association, of which he is now president, and has been a prime mover in the cause of good roads everywhere—especially those that lead to Asheville and Kenilworth Inn. He belongs to practically all the clubs and associations in western North Carolina, and holds offices in them. He took part in the World War, rising to the rank of First Lieutenant in the Medical Division, Sanitary Corp., U. S. A. He has been a member of the council and the clerk of the town of Kenilworth, and I do not know what all he has been or done. It would be like preparing a page for "Who's Who" to enumerate all the worthwhile things he has achieved since his early days.

The host took me back to Asheville in his car, driving me over the fine boulevards and through the beautiful residential section of the suburb, along Kenilworth Lake—sparkling like a diamond below us, as we sped near its edge.

And as I left him later at my stopping place in Asheville, 'mid greening trees and sweet-scented apple-blossoms, I felt that the only thing that could be more rare than a day in June was Kenilworth Inn, Kenilworth, and this twelfth son of a poor Delaware farmer whose genius and inspiring effort had brought this magnificent hostelry to the once poverty-stricken hills of North Carolina.

I say again, shake hands with him. It is such men who make the world move.

"The Wiles of Western North Carolina"—Continued from page 438

stampeded—consents gracefully to be embraced in the whirl of substantial progress.

There is a naturalness and a serenity in this life among the mountains that is fascinating,—not too provincial or too cosmopolitan. The bursting barrage of realty booms does not disturb them, for after all there is the general conviction prevailing that whatever comes, the mountains will retain their wondrous beauty, dotted with new homes on the mountain sides. The newcomers soon acquire the same love of Nature and their mountain homes inherent among the residents of North Carolina since the first log cabins were built. Here the four seasons come and go, distinct in their moods, but always tempered with that gentle mellowness that eliminates the shock of severe cold or heat.

* * *

It is another case of climate. Western North Carolina and Asheville is the mecca of the southern people in the summer time. Northern people in their pilgrimage to the southland always find it alluring to stop off going and coming, to drink deep of the invigorating air of late fall and early spring in the "land of the sky," the blended focal point of the four seasons, adapted for recreation, restoration and re-creation days.

Near at hand is the famous Biltmore Estate, founded by George W. Vanderbilt, who, after he had experts travel the country over to find an ideal spot for an all-the-year-round home, rendered a report that Western North Carolina had no rivals, all circumstances being considered.

The beauty of the estate among the trees and mountains was such as to prompt the government to purchase a large area of this land for a govern-

ment preserve. "Smoky Mountain Park," not far away, is one of the later projects through which it is sought to retain for future generations, the incomparable, unchangeable charms that can never be replaced by the work of man.

While Asheville is building with a faith that "removes mountains" in making way for new business centers, there is a comingling of citizenship from every state in the Union that has made Western North Carolina a cosmopolite section. The developments continue based on the beauty of primitive surroundings comingled with the splendor of those things that wealth can provide.

On this Biltmore Estate Mrs. Vanderbilt revived the industry of making homespun. She gathered together the weavers of the mountains and began making the enduring texture that stood the test of wear and tear in the old days, when every thread was expected to do its full share. Later the industry was taken over by Mr. Fred L. Seely, who has under the artistic red-roof buildings, recalling the thatched factories of the Scotch tweed mills, established a far-famed industry by popularizing the inherent skill of the mountain weavers in producing a homespun that is a prize product of the looms. In the inevitable swing in the cycle of styles, he has created a new revenue for Western North Carolina, preserving the pre-eminent virtues of handicraft and making homespun a fashionable texture for the best of sartorial materials.

Clad in this same Biltmore homespun, I called upon King Alfonso of Spain in November, 1925. The attire at once attracted his interest, even more so than the broadcloth in which Ambassador Moore was attired. He saw in it the work of

his own people in the making of carpets, rugs and tapestry with the magic of a loom operated by a human hand. After all, modern progress means the utilization of all that is worth while that has gone before.

Among those beautiful walks about Grove Park Inn, inspiring mottoes peered out at me from every nook and corner in stone and bronze. Fred Seely has builded a monument to the ideals of William Morris, the philosopher who insisted that the moorings of real progress depended upon maintaining an appreciation of the products of intelligent labor, where the head works with the hand in glorifying honest toil.

One cannot review the recent development of Asheville without mentioning Mr. E. W. Grove, whose name is inscribed on those little boxes that we all think of if there's a cold coming, and promptly call for "bromo quinine," and insist upon seeing his signature. His enthusiasm, unreserved and unlimited in connection with the development of Asheville and Western North Carolina, has been sweeping in accomplishment. Nature in her magic pharmacopoeia of sunshine and open air has provided remedies and restored health where all else has failed. In developing Asheville, Mr. Grove feels that he has far transcended all other achievements of his busy career.

Every stone in the mountain seems to sing a sermon of health; the trees have tongues to speak; while books and running brooks reflect the glories of Nature portrayed in Shakespeare's immortal lines concerning the intimate and eternal voice of Nature calling humankind back to the glories that made Eden a Paradise.

Affairs and Folks

A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events

AVIVACIOUS personality brim full of life and vitality is Edna Ferber, author of "So Big." Her youthful enthusiasm and joy of living are evident the moment she makes her appearance. She enters a room almost with a rush, and her quick firm steps evince the purpose back of whatever moves she makes.

In stature but a slip of a miss, rugged power and ability radiate from her in all directions. Her greeting is pregnant with cordiality—a cordiality that is both unassuming and unassumed. Whenever she speaks she is worth listening to; and be the occasion as commonplace as possible, her speech simply scintillates with wit and wisdom. But best of all, Edna Ferber is always herself.

Born in the late 'eighties in Kalamazoo, Michigan, of Jewish parents, she had no long line of literary ancestry upon which she might draw for her talent. In her early youth she attended the public schools and, at the age of 17, was graduated from the Ryan High School in Appleton. For her graduation exercises she wrote an essay on the life of the women workers in a local mill. The editor of the local paper considered it so good, and the reportorial instinct back of it of such a high order that he offered the young lady a job as a reporter at three dollars a week. In this position she soon acquired a journalistic versatility that meant much to her in later life.

Soon outgrowing the home town paper and yearning for more extensive literary pastures, from the Appleton *Crescent* she advanced to a Milwaukee paper. Here her ability soon made her one of the most valuable reporters on the staff, and within a short time she was writing features for the Sunday paper.

She had meanwhile been developing a masterful narrative style which she soon put to use in the writing of fiction during her spare moments—which weren't many. Earning her living as a reporter, she wrote and had published her first novel, "Dawn O'Hara." It proved a triumph, and editors immediately began to take notice of the new luminary who had dawned upon the literary horizon. Thus it was that, while "Dawn O'Hara" was proving one of the best sellers upon the book-stall shelves, the magazines began telling the story of one of the most original, most lovable characters in the realm of modern fiction—"Emma McChesney," exponent of the new womanhood.

The character appealed to the public just as it had to the imagination of Edna Ferber, and with the growing popularity of the business woman-mother the author of "Dawn O'Hara" began to feel that she had her foot in the doorway of literary success.

That she knows folks—all sorts of folks—is evident in all Miss Ferber's work, but that her chief interest lies in the people of the middle class—the people who *do* rather than dream—is even more evident. An intense student of the pulsing life of the great cities, she confines her talent to

chronicling the events in the lives of the vast army whose aim in life it is to run modest households, and who form the solid stratum on which our society is built. She is like O. Henry in that she gets her stories from the characters themselves. Though she is as much at home at the bridge table on Riverside Drive as anywhere, she dearly loves to chat with the washerwoman, or carry on long discussions with her colored maid.

To many it may seem strange that so versatile, so capable an author as Edna Ferber finds it hard to write fiction. Every bit of her creative work



Edna Ferber, creator of the inimitable "Emma McChesney" and author of "So Big," lives in New York and thinks in terms of Chicago. She started in the writing habit as a reporter on her home town newspaper at the munificent salary of three dollars per week. She often gets more than that now for a word in a single short story

has been slowly produced—and that, by the sweat of her brow. She once rented an apartment on the lake front in Chicago, her desk facing the blue waters. She was in the midst of her novel, "The Girls." She complained that she could not get on with it, it was hard labor, so hard that in spite of her best efforts she would look at the lake and the trees and the children playing in the street below. Her anxious publisher besought her to turn her typewriter table so she faced the blank wall. She did; and the book was speedily born.

This emphasizes the paradox that the stern lash of necessity and cloistered walls are conducive to concentrated work, especially when dealing with imagery on cold white paper.

"At the risk of being hated," Miss Ferber laughed, describing the manner in which she regards her work, "I want to state that I've always felt sorry for any woman who could play whenever she wanted to. She never will know how sweet play can be. My work is such that

morning engagements and festive luncheonings are forbidden. On those rare occasions, two or three times a year, perhaps, when I deliberately and for the good of my soul, break the rule and sneak off down-town for luncheon, the affair takes on the proportions of an orgy. To my unaccustomed eyes the girls in their new hats all look pretty. The matrons appear amazingly well dressed. The men, chatting over their after-luncheon cigarettes, are captains of finance discussing problems of national import. The very waiters interest me. The 'bus boys are deft, and I refuse to be bothered by their finger nails. The chicken salad is a poem, the coffee a dream, the French pastry a divine concoction.

"The entire output of my particular job depends upon me. When I put the cover on my typewriter, the works are closed. The office equipment consists of one flat table, rather messy; one typewriter, much abused, and one typewriter table; a chunk of yellow copy paper, and one of white. All the wheels, belts, wires, bolts, files, tools—the whole manufacturing scheme of things—has got to be contained in the space between my chin and my topmost hairpin. And my one horror, my nightmare of nightmares, is that some morning I'll wake up and find that space vacant, and the works closed down, with a mental sign over the front door reading:

"For rent. Fine, large empty head. Inquire within."

Continuing with a smile: "I have two ambitions. I want to be allowed to sit in a rocking chair on the curb at the corner of State and Madison Streets and watch the folks go by. And I would fain live on a houseboat in the Vale of Cashmere. I don't know where the Vale of Cashmere is, nor whether it boasts a water course or not."

A resident of New York, Miss Ferber is not a New Yorker. In her apartment facing Central Park, she lives and thinks Chicago. It is in her apartment that she meets her friends, breakfasts, lunches, dines and sleeps. It is her rest house, her relaxation. That it is good goes without saying—in fact it is so good that to overstay one's welcome is oh! so easy!

She has written at least three popular stage successes, but of course, anything she has done has been eclipsed by her latest work, "So Big." In this connection, it is an interesting fact that she herself was not too sure about it.

"Not only did I not plan to write a best seller when I wrote 'So Big,'" she declares, "but I thought when I had finished it, that I had written the world's worst seller. Not that alone, I thought I had written a complete non-seller. I didn't think anyone would ever read it. And that's the literal truth."

Though Edna Ferber is only five foot three, she is, speaking from a literary standpoint, a big person. The fact that she had produced such a novel as "So Big" is the proof of the pudding.

Bring on more pudding, Edna!

Bridging the Religious Chasms

THE majestic beauty of the new Fountain Street Baptist Church of Grand Rapids, Michigan, is matched only by the enlightened reverence of its congregation, and the liberal, thoroughly modernized religion of its preacher, the Reverend Dr. Alfred Wesley Wishart. Perhaps it is not wholly proper to speak of the tenets of the Doctor's faith as a religion, for he considers that he is only bringing religion up to date and bridging the chasm which has so long existed, in mental reservation at least, between science and theology. And yet, so different are Dr. Wishart's conceptions of the Bible, God, man, and religion from the usual interpretations that one hears handed down from the orthodox pulpits that one is inclined to give him credit for an entirely new—and the writer must confess—more tenable conception of those matters pertaining to the soul.

From this beautiful Fountain Street church, classic in its solemn simplicity, there has gone forth into the world a new light. From the traditional dogma of the orthodox theologies, from the laws and theories of modern science, Dr. Wishart has built up a novel understanding that gives the lie to neither, but makes the doctrines of modern theology tenable in the eyes of science, and science an ally, rather than a foe, of religion.

"Science," declares Dr. Wishart, "is a true friend of religion. It helps to reveal to us the truth of Nature. It frees the human mind from superstition, prejudice, and fear. It cultivates the human mind by developing its capacity to understand, by teaching us how to observe facts, by teaching us how to think, by teaching us respect for truth, and by teaching us to appreciate reality."

"There are three ways of attempting to establish better relations between science and religion or theology. First, there is the attempt to secure the domination of one over the other.

"Second, there is the path of separation, each to go its own gait. On one side of the mind is science, and on the other side religion. On this side you accept what science says about the world, and on that side you believe in the Bible from cover to cover.

"The third way is to promote harmony between science and religion. Science can be the

friend of religion and religion the friend of science. We can at one and the same time accept the conclusions of science and use them to enlighten and strengthen our faith.

"Science promotes democracy and freedom for men only when properly used. It reveals the evils of autocracy in church and state and school.



Rev. Alfred Wesley Wishart, minister of the new Fountain Street Baptist Church of Grand Rapids, Michigan, dispenses an enlightened, modernized and liberal idea of religion that is helping to bridge the chasm that exists between theology and science

It helps in the struggle for the rights of man and the truth of life. Let us not look upon the study of Nature as the study of something alien to religion and to God. Let us look upon it as a much-needed attempt to acquire knowledge necessary to all true living, the truth of God in nature.

"Make free and intelligent religion a factor in the life of our youth, and encourage their preparation in the churches for university life. In many Sunday-schools, if the youth asks a pointed

question his teachers say, 'The Bible says so. You must accept it.' In the university he is encouraged to question freely. So he finds himself in a new and, to him, a startling and perplexing world. He ceases to pray and turns away hopeless from what he believes to be the faith of his fathers. Use your influence to encourage a sane religion and a rational faith. The future belongs to those of the open mind, and the true path for all men is the open road of free inquiry."

One of the most virile and eloquent preachers of a real message is the Reverend Dr. Wishart. His sermons, in printed form, have already attained a circulation of several hundred thousand in all parts of the world and have brought high testimonials from other liberal preachers, college presidents, and professors, doctors and laymen all over the United States. His beautiful church has become a Mecca for the long-suffering, spiritually inclined, who have, until the present time, been unable to align themselves with any orthodox faith because of their natural antipathy towards a religion which denies the revelations of Nature while upholding the so-called revelations of faith, the sole authority for which is the Bible.

In his sermons, Dr. Wishart does not beg the question. He does not ask his followers to accept anything on mere say-so. He does not ask them even to accept the Bible as divinely inspired—in fact, he considers that much of that work must be entirely discarded in the light of modern science. But because portions of the book are erroneous and fallacious, he does not believe that the entire work must be discarded. Much of it is mere dogma and tradition and has no actual bearing on religion. In religion, just as in science, we are far, as yet, from arriving at the ultimate truth. As science progresses, it must be conceived as pointing out the fallacies in religion, and these—and these alone—must be disregarded. In no case does inquiry into Nature, however, affect the fundamental doctrines of theology. It is only the time-worn traditions, the ages-old dogma that is proved unreasonable.

After "listening in" on one of Dr. Wishart's able and stimulating sermons, one feels like exclaiming with the blind man from Claremont, California, who wrote the doctor recently, "What we need today are preachers who can mediate between theological extremes!" Certain it is



You now see the boys what makes the music—Orchestra of the Hotel Brunswick, Boston, popular with radio fans

that his inspired addresses have served to clear away for hundreds of thousands the many stumbling blocks of doubt and questioning.



Edith Wharton—Intellectually Aristocratic Novelist—Europeanized, Sophisticated

EDITH WHARTON'S is the unique achievement of possessing a distinguished style and a sophisticated point of view, and at the same time, of producing, whenever she feels like it, a best seller. So declares one of her writer



Edith Wharton, noted novelist, though an American by birth, has lived abroad for many years, and in her books shows a great familiarity with European life and customs. Though she writes only of the most sophisticated class of society, her story telling ability makes her one of the most popular authors with American readers

friends, Katherine Fullerton Gerould. Mrs. Wharton has had a distinguished reputation from the start. Almost immediately she became not only popular, but distinguished. Today her circle of readers is as large as that of the author of the latest trashy sex story, and as intellectually aristocratic as that of Henry James, who, it may be said, was for some time her master.

Edith Wharton's own story begins on the 24th of January, 1862, the date of her birth in New York City. Her mother was a Rhinelander, and her grandmother on one side a Schermerhorn and on the other a Stevens—all well known New York families. Her father, George Frederick Jones, had an independent income, and much of Edith Wharton's childhood and youth was spent in Europe, where the family lived at one time for five years without coming home. Educated at home by governesses and tutors, she acquired a thorough knowledge of French, German and Italian while abroad. Even in her youth she loved to write, and was extremely observant of all her surroundings. She spent many hours of toil over her practice work, eagerly seeking intelligent criticism and herself criticising most severely her own writing.

In 1885, when she was 23, she married Edward Wharton of Boston. They lived in New York and Newport, and later had a summer home at Lenox. About fifteen years ago Mrs. Wharton decided to settle in France, where she has lived ever since. As a result, Europe has laid great hold on her in many ways, and its influence is manifest in a great part of her work.

To many critics of the late nineties and early nineteen-hundreds, Mrs. Wharton seemed to be Henry James' prize pupil. But then there came a breach between the two; as Mr. James became more "special and obscure," Edith Wharton grew clearer and less finespun.

Her first long novel, a story of eighteenth-cen-

tury Italy, "The Valley of Decision," appeared in 1902, and a short novel, "Sanctuary," in 1903. Two more volumes came out in 1904, and in another year a descriptive volume, "Italian Backgrounds," made its appearance, and was immediately followed by the great novel of American society, "The House of Mirth." It was the latter work which finally took the author out of the James' school and set her in a group apart. While the public was unable to find any drama in "The Spoils of Poynton," "The Muse's Tragedy," or "The Twilight of the Gods," it did find it, and find it galore, in the pages of "The House of Mirth."

In 1911, after a six-year period of sustained and successful effort, Mrs. Wharton brought out the book, "Ethan Frome," of which Katherine Gerould says "In one sense it stands alone. Mrs. Wharton did not abandon her civilized and sophisticated folk, for any length of time, to deal with rustics. The people who have leisure to experience their own emotions, and the education to show them how the emotions fit into the traditions of the race, are more interesting in themselves than the people whose emotions are bound to be on a more nearly animal plane. No creature was beyond the range of Shakespeare's sympathetic understanding; but when he wished to probe the human heart most deeply, he usually chose the heart of a king." And while it is not of kings that Edith Wharton writes, she takes the next best subject, the upper stratum of society.

From that time on Mrs. Wharton's work was of a different nature. She had, so to speak, found herself. Her succeeding novels were all of a like nature, so far as characters treated is concerned.

When the War broke out the author opened a workroom in Paris for the many skilled women workers of the quarter where she lived, who were thrown out of employment by the shutting of workrooms where they had been employed. She also opened restaurants where French and Belgian refugees were fed below cost price, and lodgings where they might find shelter. She took entire charge of over six hundred Belgian children who had been forced to leave orphanages near Furnes and Poperinghe when the Germans advanced, and established them, with the nuns in charge of them, in four different colonies, where the girls were taught fine sewing and lace-making as if they had been at home. For these services the French gave her the Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1915.

With her "Glimpses of the Moon," a story of the smart world of society that appeared in 1922 after another long period of success, Mrs. Wharton achieved a signal triumph. Then, two years later, "Old New York," appeared. This is a set of four short novels, each in a separate volume, in each of which the past beckons to us alluringly. We watch the progress of the change creeping over the face of society in the successive periods depicted. All in all, they constitute a graphic and moving history of little old New York.

This year has witnessed the publication of Mrs. Wharton's new book, "The Mother's Recompense," which promises to be the greatest success she has ever written. This, too, is a story of New York—but of the present time. The problem which Kate Delphane faces, as she tries to prevent her daughter's marrying a man with whom she had once been in love, is vital and gripping, and forms a highly dramatic story.

Although Edith Wharton writes of a cosmopolitan world, it is in her own country that she is chiefly interested. Her American characters are usually set against a foreign background, but

it is only for the purpose of subtle analysis of their qualities. As an author she is mostly interested in her own country—but she does not reduce its people to the drab vulgarities of "Main Street."

In 1924 Mrs. Wharton was promoted by the French Government to the position of Officer of the Legion of Honor. This year came the announcement of the award to the author of the Gold Medal of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. The Gold Medal is awarded annually to any citizen of the United States, whether a member of the Institute or not, for distinguished service to arts or letters in the creation of original work. Mrs. Wharton is the first woman to whom the award has been made. Those to whom the Gold Medal has previously been awarded form a roll of the most distinguished figures in our national artistic life for the last decade and a half. William Dean Howells was the last winner of the fiction award.

It is largely the fact that she has an unusual gift of story-telling that grips and holds Mrs. Wharton's readers. As Katherine Fullerton Gerould declares: "Whatever fashion may come and go in literature, there is never any epoch at which the human race will not stop to listen to a thrilling narrative." That is the reason for the extraordinary success of Mrs. Wharton's work. Though her style is for the intellectual, her characters and situations for the sophisticated reader, and her point of view aristocratic, Mrs. Wharton is a best seller because she knows the rare secret of telling a real story in the right way.



William H. Cameron, Managing Director of the National Safety Council, Saves Lives

IN 1912, William H. Cameron accepted the position of General Manager of the National Safety Council. His resources, at the time, consisted of a fund of less than a hundred dollars, a



William H. Cameron, managing director of the National Safety Council, has in a dozen years built up his important institution for industrial welfare from a very small beginning to a world-wide organization

promise of fourteen members, and an idea. To date he has spent almost three million dollars, enrolled more than four thousand supporters, and has "sold" the idea of preserving the manpower of the nations not only to America, but to other countries as well. Widely recognized as an authority on the organized safety movement, in October, 1923, Mr. Cameron was invited to address the International Labor Conference at Geneva, Switzerland. Considering safety a world problem which knows no boundary lines, Mr. Cameron accepted.

"Accidents can be checked," declares Mr.

Cameron, and the thought being father to the deed, he is showing the world—particularly that portion of it interested in American industry—how to check them. He has succeeded, to a great extent, in guiding captains of industry to the realization that to prevent accidents is good business. As a result, industrial leaders are today spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to prevent accidents in their factories. They know that it is much cheaper to prevent accidents than to pay for them.

"The Safety Movement," Mr. Cameron has stated, "is little understood. Few people know that 'Safety First' is not our slogan. It presents

"Thousands of manufacturers, utilities, et cetera, are just discovering that most industrial accidents have common causes, and that 90 per cent of them can be eliminated by removing these causes. They are beginning to realize that accident prevention work is one of their most important tasks, and that it is peculiarly to their interests to see that life and property are conserved.

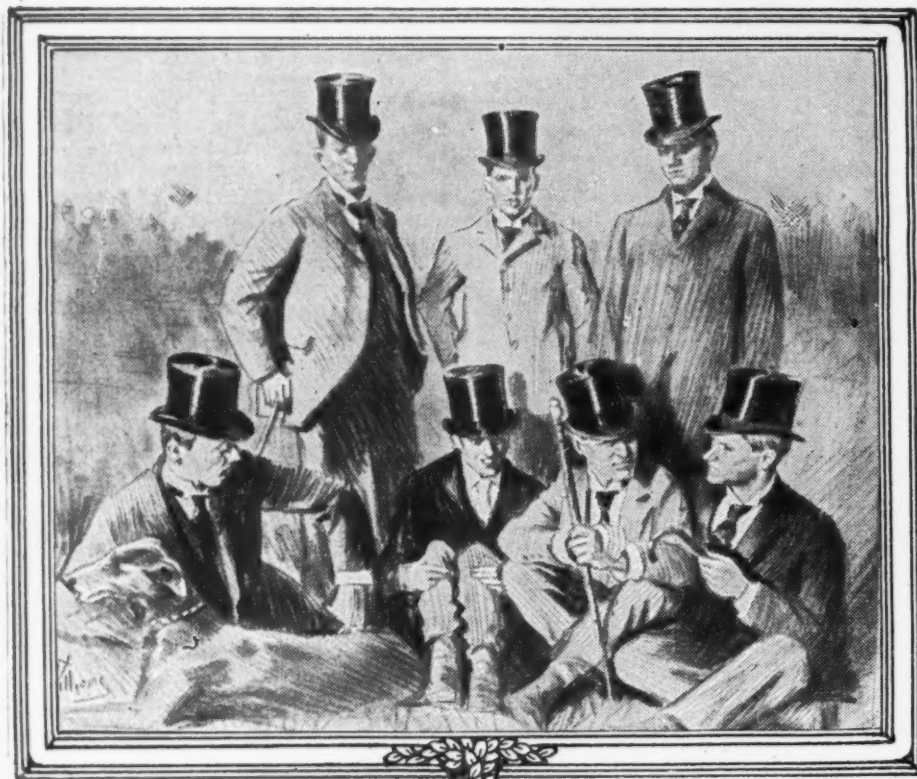
"More than 85,000 persons died last year as a result of accidents. Of this number, 42,000 were killed in public accidents, 23,000 in industrial accidents, and 20,000 in accidents occurring at home. Besides the suffering untold resulting

casualty department of the American Steel Foundries, and manager of industrial relations of the Eastman Kodak Company.

A man of the Rooseveltian type, he is a tireless worker. His day usually begins about 3 A.M., at which hour, in the comfort of his own home, he dictates into a machine which absorbs "for future reference" his early morning ideas. Somewhat of an athlete, he thinks nothing of a three-mile hike before beginning his daily routine at the office.

During the time that Mr. Cameron has been managing director of the National Safety Council, among other things that institution has issued more than 4,500 new and separate pictorial bulletins which have been posted in thousands of plants, shops and factories. He has a staff of 60 persons, including several trained engineers. More than 1,000 men serve on the various committees of the organization which today has more than 60 affiliated branches scattered throughout the country.

An international institution, the members of the National Safety Council now reside in thirty different countries. The headquarters is at Chicago, Illinois, and here Mr. Cameron may be seen working on an average of ten hours a day, before starting for his residence at Evanston. When he does finally reach home rather late in the evening, he consoles himself with the fact that he has absolutely nothing to do until three o'clock the next morning!



They were the happy days, when Calvin Coolidge and his particular college cronies, with their tall silk hats, heavy canes and white wing collars took part in the Plug Hat Race of the class of '95 at old Amherst. Not much resemblance to a group of college boys of today is there?

a negative and destructive thought. Safety is the preservation of human beings so that they may enjoy the real adventures of life. We must learn to face life's risks conscientiously, intelligently and fearlessly, with a thorough knowledge of the dangers that confront us. Safety does not mean fleeing from perils in fear, but rather facing them with all the quickness, skill and prudence at our command. Danger is fundamental to life, and existence would be tame without it. But, in spite of the constantly increasing possibilities of accidents, only suicides willingly give up life.

"Accidents are, perhaps, inevitable," Mr. Cameron asserts, "but I am confident that the time is not far distant when accidental death and serious injury to people in industry will be the exception. Mark, I said in industry. The ground work has only been started toward the prevention of what we call public accidents. The public must manifest more interest in its own safety before we can do very much in the way of solving the public safety accident problem. The idea that accidents just happen must be evicted from the mind. Accidents are caused, and to remove the cause is to remove the results.

from these deaths, they caused the Nation a loss of more than five millions of dollars.

"Education," Mr. Cameron thinks, "is the strongest means of checking accidents. At present there are several national associations participating in a country-wide, organized, co-operative, non-profit making effort designed to reduce the yearly toll."

A rather youthful appearing personage is Mr. Cameron. Thin of face, he is broad of brow, and possesses what is often characterized as "a determined chin." The little moustache he sports lends an air of vivacity to his otherwise serious features, though no one would, for a moment, take him for anything but a keen-sighted, clear-headed business man and public servant. A high forehead running well back into the thinning hair tops, his is a face in every line of which force and vitality are stamped as indelibly as on the pages of a book.

William Cameron is no theorist; as a safety man, he is eminently practical. He knows the problems of industry through actual experience. Before becoming head of the National Safety Council he held several other positions of great responsibility, including those of manager of the

When Calvin Coolidge was Known as "Cal" and Wore a Tall Hat

WHILE turning the pages of the old family album the other day, I gazed upon kinsfolk of early days, arrayed in costumes and fashions of other days. They touch the risibilities as certainly as a Ding cartoon and yet what tender remembrances are awakened. A classmate of Calvin Coolidge claims he has a photograph of a group in which he was included when he was just plain "Cal." The negative of the plate was lost. A drawing made of the class of seven young men in silk hats who represented the class of '95 has been made by Roy Williams, which looks like an illuminating page in the family album. In the corner sits the future President of the United States, like a veritable end man in a minstrel show, with scarce a glimmer of humor on his face, for life is, at that age, a very serious matter. Silk hats are perched aloft like shining chimneys and as bravely worn as beaver hats on grenadiers and veteran drum majors.

Conceive of cool Calvin Coolidge being called "Cooley" or "Cal" or being hazed. You could not imagine his organizing hazing parties or carrying out a practical joke, but in college the tradition was that "Cal" played the game and stood the cane rush.

Tradition says that in the first week of Junior Year the Losing Seven in the Plug Hat Race of the Class of '95 assembled at six o'clock one morning and had a picture taken on the steps. The photograph it is allowed indicated that there were some regular devils in that class—not giving any names. A time honored event was the junior plug hat race at the Fall Athletic Meet at Amherst when the entire junior class lined up at one end of Pratt's Field and sprinted one hundred yards or so—every man wearing a plug hat, carrying a cane and arrayed in his "glad rags." To cross the finish line first meant nothing. What counted was not to be one of the last seven to cross the

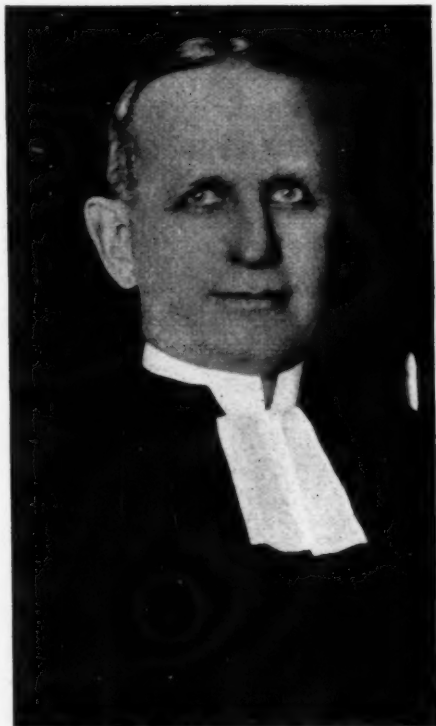
line. If you were one of these seven unfortunate you were elected with the other six to entertain the entire class at a spread. That cost money.

The president of Amherst, Dr. George D. Olds, was a member of the Class of '95. Although he graduated from Rochester University he received his degree from Amherst and is an honorary member of the class and for many years has joined in the festivities of '95. In the center of the picture is the modest form of Dwight W. Morrow, the class orator and the one man in the class who voted that "Cal" Coolidge was the man of destiny and fame in the roll. The negative of the picture has been broken or lost, but there is a man in that picture that knows how to use the negative whenever occasion requires. One of Calvin Coolidge's distinction as President rests upon the same qualities indicated as a student in knowing what not to do and what not to say at the right time.



Dr. Joseph Wilson Cochran, Pastor of the American Church in Paris

EVERYBODY and his cousin was in Paris last year. The exodus to Europe in 1925 surpasses all records. Sailings from New York and Boston every week average from ten to twenty thousand people, all armed with American Express travellers' checks and letters of credit. One



Rev. Joseph Wilson Cochran, pastor of the American Church in Paris, is a prominent figure in the American section of the gay French capital. The parish house of the new church which he is building will be a sort of international forum

visitor just returned remarked: "Paris is no longer unique and interesting. Everywhere you turn you see an American and hear the nasal twang while looking upon faces as familiar as those on the streets of New York. Americans rush hither and thither on the boulevards and avenues. The American Express offices, where

the tourists get their mail from home and have their checks cashed, are literally jammed. Through these offices flow the billions of dollars that go direct from the tourists' pockets into the hands of Europeans."

Like seeks like, and American visitors in France are ever seeking something truly American. A real American pre-Volstead bar with the old-fashioned brass rail is popular, but not more so than the new American church where Dr. Joseph Wilson Cochran preaches. An endless stream of tourists may be seen at any time trooping 'round to this church of Dr. Cochran's. For some time he has been raising funds for a commodious American Church and home to be built on the Quai d'Orsay facing the Seine and opposite the Grand Palais.

The American Church in Paris is the oldest organization in France, having been founded in 1857. It has occupied a small chapel in the Rue de Berri all these years, having been without the facilities for its Sunday School, men's and women's organizations and student work.

There are hundreds of American children, to say nothing of thousands of students, in Paris, and the Church has been compelled to lease halls in various quarters of the city under severe handicaps, in order to carry on its work among the students and artists. The student work is now housed in the Carnegie Foundation Building under the direction of Reverend Robert Davis, formerly of New York City.

The American Church organized the first American Boy Scout Troop in Europe, and has done much to popularize American ideals and methods. The new church structure will be accessible to the large group of Americans residing in the Latin Quarter and convenient to the hotels. More and more, the banks of the Seine are becoming Americanized, for here are located the American University Union, the University Women's Club, and the Methodist Memorial Center which is located on the "Rive Gauche." The American Consulate has been given a splendid home in this quarter, by a wealthy American, the Hon. Samuel Parks. It is situated on rue Universite. The American Library is also likely to move in that direction, making it altogether a distinctive American section. Over half a million dollars, of which \$420,000 has already been raised, will be spent in this enterprise, and many prominent New Yorkers have already contributed together with the many Americans living in Paris. The Parish house will be a sort of international forum where speakers, clergymen, as well as any other Americans with a message to deliver will be able to express their own interpretations of the spirit of America from all the various angles. The forum may result in suggestions that diplomats and economists will do well to consider.

Dr. Cochran expects to have the new church completed for the meeting of the American Legion in Paris, celebrating the tenth anniversary of America's entering the War, and to make the dedication of the church an occasion worthy the memorable event.



The Story of Captain P. V. Collins

WHAT a life is life!" exclaims Paul V. Collins, noted writer of daily editorials on National issues, and executive head of the Paul V. Collins Editorial Syndicate in Washington, D. C., when, now and then, he finds the time to sit back from his desk and view in retrospect the kaleidoscopic

events of a career of forty-five years as a newspaper man. He did not enter life intending to be a journalist, but dreamed of Art. Seldom are youth's dreams materialized.

After graduation, he embarked upon a career as an artist, and packing his belongings, emigrated to New York City where he attended school at the Art Students League.



Capt. Paul V. Collins, noted writer of daily editorials on national issues, and executive head of the Paul V. Collins Editorial Syndicate in Washington

But even artists "must live."

Previously he had felt the urge to write and so sharpened his nose for news by becoming a reporter on the *Dayton Herald*. Later, he worked on the staff of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* where, while thumping out column after column of locals, and hot-footing it from Police Station to City Hall, and from coroner's office to the local labor council—for his duties ran the gauntlet of "newspaper beats"—he dreamed of the day when his pictures would hang in the gallery.

But he could not resist the desire to study and paint and again packed off, bag and baggage, to Paris, France. While an art student, he became a cable correspondent for the *New York Tribune*, *Boston Globe* and other American newspapers. He scored more than one "scoop" for his papers while abroad, the least of which was the securing of the first interview with DeLesseps upon his return from a tour of inspection of the present Canal Zone of Panama. It was Paul Collins, too, who first interviewed Louis Pasteur when the latter announced a successful treatment of hydrophobia. He cabled the first news to America describing the Pasteur discovery.

Mr. Collins tells of some of the succeeding events in his eminently busy life in his customary virile language.

"When I returned from Paris, I was urged to 'grow up with the country,' and so I Greeley-ized, and bought a county weekly on Main Street—two years later adding a Swedish farm paper, without any knowledge of either the language or the topic. I took as long to reach the land of milk and honey as the Israelites did, and

my desert had mighty little manna and a few serpents." But that he did eventually reach the "promised land" is an axiom. A man like Paul Collins cannot hide his light under a bushel for any length of time.

"It was a glorious fight," he says, "and I sold my Swedish paper for 23 times what I paid for it, and finally built up an American farm paper from 9,000 a month to 152,000 a week, and had been hailed as the Moses of farming in Min-



Francis A. Gudger, Asheville, N. C.

nesota, so that the farmers nominated me for Governor, after Roosevelt had invited me to second his nomination for President in the Progressive Convention, to which I was a delegate at large."

Then came reverses. With the spirit of a crusader, Collins sailed into the thick of the fight then being waged against fraud and imposition practiced by grain buyers upon defenceless shippers. Mr. Collins' exposures cost the grain buyers several millions a year, but, as he expresses it—"They 'got' me at last."

But it was not Paul Collins' manner to become discouraged. A true philosopher, he smiled, and charged up his defeat to the account with experience—and life. "As I grow older," he declared, "I find so many others who have had their own fights. In the classic of Ovid, 'what my right hand has dared to do, it does not dare to write,' and my epitaph will be '*Ci-git que ne ful rien*'."

"What a life is life! Happy is the square peg that does not get pushed into a round hole!"

Since those trying times he has once more gained success, this time as a magazine and newspaper writer. A noted Washington correspondent his daily editorial features on national topics, "Background of Events," "In Today's Spotlight,"

and "Keynotes," are known throughout the country.

A volunteer World War veteran who served in the A. E. F. two years, participated in the Lys defensive and the Mese-Argonne advance, he was in battle at the moment when the Armistice brought the "greatest silence since the world began." He was three times recommended for promotion. At the present time he holds the rank of Captain in the O. R. C., and is an honored and active member of the American Legion and the Military Order of the World War.



Francis A. Gudger, North Carolina

AFTER a lapse of years it is refreshing to meet one who is associated with some outstanding incident of your life. In the dressing room of William Hodge, after one of his incomparable performances, in which rollicking laughter, smiles and tears had followed in quick succession, I met a modest young man who was presented as "my friend." Far into the night we sat and talked over varied incidents and the philosophy of life from the viewpoint of three individuals having varied experiences. Observations seemed to continually meet at common points, although vocations varied.

The young man was a business man, Vice President and General Manager of the Arlington Company, manufacturers of celluloid. William Hodge was author, playwright and actor who adapted his work to the simplicity and great-heartedness of a Lincoln. The conversation did not drift towards commercial matters that night but drifted off towards those things that have to do with the subtle decisions of author and actor—reaching the minds and hearts of people, analyzing impulses, impressions and emotions. Will Hodge in his own inimitable way would interpolate a droll comment now and then that seemed like a line from a new play. Anyhow, the conversation left a deeper impress upon me, more than any highbrow lecture that I had heard in college. It dealt with the real practicalities of personal contact, suffused with an idealism that is essentially fundamental.

Meeting Francis A. Gudger again years afterwards, simply lifted the curtain of memory. Then I discovered that he was born in Asheville, North Carolina, where his forebears were among the first settlers. He had returned to the scenes of the old home. In 1897 he left the University of North Carolina and went to Panama, where he was United States Vice and Deputy Consul General. This was a great adventure for a young man, for it was back in 1903, before the Panama Canal became a reality—the canal at that time was not much more than a dream centuries old that began in the days of Darien.

After the Panama Canal was well under way,

in 1908, he returned to New York City and became associated with the Arlington Celluloid Company, at a time when celluloid was just coming into its own, having taken a step forward as the basic product of collars and cuffs and was playing an important part in the making and manufacture of furniture and automobiles. In 1915 this company was sold to the Dupont Company, but young Gudger continued as manager for four years. Later he was made Vice President of the Goldwin Pictures Company, and here were three years of strenuous life, the very crisis of the motion picture industry. Under the strain he broke, and wisely "reckoning" the situation, asked himself "what is it all for?"

Visions of the old home came to him. He recalled the scenes where he had grown up among the mountains, caught rattlesnakes for the oil, and nearly fell out of his farm house on the hillside. He was soon converted to the idea that the occupations of youth, fishing and hunting, after all, afforded the greatest curative qualities extant. The old fishing and swimming holes were within a few hours' of his home "Victoria," one of the first of the pretentious brick houses built in Asheville.

Casting a fly in the shadow of a cliff six hundred feet high, called "Bonus' Defeat," he recalled traditions of scenes quite as thrilling as any ever shown on a silver screen in motion pictures. This "Bonus' Defeat" came by its name because of a famous bear dog called "Bonus" that could run down and "tree" a bear any time he was let loose. One day a big bear gave "Bonus" a hard chase, and coming together in an encounter they wrestled to the edge of a cliff. Over the cliff the bear went—the dog "Bonus" with him—both to their death. After this the cliff was known as



Home of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Asbury Gudger, Asheville, North Carolina

"Bonus' Defeat," preserving for posterity the name and exploits of a dog who had never known defeat until that last death grapple on the cliff.

In the old home, "Victoria," built with bricks brought from England, and under the great oak trees and vines that shadow his home, Francis Gudger entertains his friends and mingles the scenes of youth with memories of a strenuous business career in the mellowing influences of the glories of Nature.

Partial Payment Plan Proves Public Honest

Continued from page 442

Building and Loan Association and the People's National Bank of Elizabeth, N. J.

Mr. Leon's high standing in the furniture world is attested by his election to the presidency of the New Jersey Retail Furniture Association for several years and also of the National Home Furnishing Association.

Although he has never run for public office, he is well known throughout the state as a man of

great civic spirit. He served the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of New Jersey, as its Grand High Priest, was an organizer of the order of DeMolay for Boys, and is an officer of Salaam Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, at Newark. During the World War he was treasurer of the Four-Minute Men of New Jersey. In his library hangs two framed ballots that, as presidential elector, he cast for the late Warren G. Harding

and Calvin Coolidge. Most successful men make their own rules.

Albert Leon's own rules for success are square dealing and constant application. Yet in spite of his many serious activities, he does not forget the importance of play. He always manages to find time for his game of golf, and he and Mrs. Leon are usually off to Europe by the middle of the summer.

Marvelous Advancement of Vaudeville

Experiences related by Mabel McKinley, niece of President McKinley, in vaudeville twenty years ago and today. Tributes to E. F. Albee of the Keith Albee Circuit and to Mr. Marcus Heiman of the Orpheum Circuit

By MABEL MCKINLEY

I HAD been out of Vaudeville for some years and, like the call of the wild which comes to anyone who has ever lived there close to nature, so the call of Vaudeville came to me. Quite recently I decided that before retiring permanently from my first love, the stage, I would take another swing of two around the circuit.

I made application to the booking offices in New York, and soon in answer came a bunch of contracts. I opened in the Palace Theatre in New York which is now considered the criterion of Vaudeville, and expected that things would be the same as of old, but what a difference. Please do not misunderstand me, as the difference was indeed an agreeable one. While the Vaudeville audiences of a score of years back were very lovely and appreciative, today they are even more so. A feeling of good will, and I might say altruism, has crept into Vaudeville in years gone by and is becoming greater each day. This applies to the heads of the various circuits, and especially to Mr. E. F. Albee of the Keith's Circuit and to Mr. Marcus Heiman of the Orpheum Circuit who makes the artists feel that a trip over these circuits is more like a pleasure trip than a business trip. It is said that when an actor works, he plays, and this is literally true, because when one is in vaudeville today, it is more like playing than it ever has been. This is because of the wonderful management, beautiful theatres, lovely comfortable dressing rooms, and last, but not least, the intelligent, high class audiences which attend the vaudeville theatres each week. The artists themselves have vastly improved; the Vaudeville actor of twenty years ago is not the one of today. Today he owns his own home, educates his children to the highest degree, plays golf, reads the finest of literature, and has become a useful citizen in his community where he spends his summers.

The National Vaudeville Artists, an organization sponsored by Mr. Albee, is responsible to a great extent for this improvement. At least ninety per cent of all artists in Vaudeville are members of this organization. They have a sick and benefit fund, an insurance feature, a club house which is practically a hotel where they can live when in New York at prices far more reasonable than at hotels.

Back in 1904, when playing in Omaha, where Mr. Carl Reiter was manager, he came back stage and told me that the gallery audiences in Omaha were rather rough and if they created a disturbance not to pay any attention to them. I almost trembled when I went out on the stage, but they were very lovely to me and I remarked to Mr. Reiter, who is now manager of the Orpheum Theatre at Seattle, Washington, what a great change had taken place. The audiences of today are really high class and appreciate anything artistic.

"Butch, throw this man's trunk out into the alley!"

Fourteen or fifteen years ago such an order

from the house manager of a vaudeville theatre to the stage manager was not unusual when a performer was insubordinate or surly after an all night's ride in a Pullman, and doubly provoked upon his arrival at the theatre to find that his dressing room was up three flights and that he was programmed to open the show or, worse still, was assigned to second spot. Members of the vaudeville profession then were called "per-



Mabel McKinley, Niece of President McKinley

formers" or plain "actors." Now they are "artists," the annoyances of travel are accepted by them as part of their arduous craft, and in most instances there isn't any alley for their trunk if they should get rampagous. Then from the manager's standpoint it must be said that he is not provoked as easily as he was fourteen years ago; the heads of the various vaudeville circuits instill into their representatives the spirit of the Golden Rule.

Vaudeville conditions of today are the result of growth, much good enjoyed by artists of the present springing from sad experiences of the past. The change is akin to that of the Navy which used to refer to its "wooden ships and iron men." Vaudeville conditions have grown better as the theatres have become better, and much of the improvement in the behavior of vaudeville artists and the consequent friendly

relations with the managers is an outgrowth of better dressing rooms and better back-stage atmosphere brought about by modern theatre buildings.

That does not mean, however, that the good treatment of today prevails only in the new theatres. The older theatres have been cleaned up and fixed up and while they lack the back-stage elegance of the palatial houses, the "welcome" and "what-can-I-do-for-you?" spirit of the house managers and stage crews is just as pronounced as in the million-dollar structures.

No travel bureau excels the Orpheum circuit's system of catering to its traveling artists. A friendly letter is sent by every house manager to every member of his incoming show advising them as to hotel rates, restaurants, golf courses, sight-seeing and other details which are set down for the convenience of the traveler. Railroad reservations are made for them to the "next stand" in advance, they are relieved of baggage-transfer worries and nothing is overlooked in the circuit's plan to make the way of the artist convenient and pleasant.

Once the betterment of vaudeville conditions began there seemed to be no stop to the progress as the artists felt better under the new order of things and the managers found, to their delight, that the artists were easier to handle and gave better shows when soft answers and cheeriness reigned, instead of the harshness and whip hand of other days. So there is a tinge of selfishness in adopting the kind way of doing things in vaudeville.

Apocryphal of good results of the Golden Rule is the two-a-day realm one manager recalled of a celebrated actress, who had arrived in town in a petulant mood, battled with a taxi driver at the depot and quarreled with a hotel clerk over her reservation, was subdued to tears and apologies at first sight of her dressing room which was beautifully lined with cretonne in her honor and in which a gorgeous basket of flower had been placed by the theatre management. She sent for the house manager, and thanked him with her sweetest smile, cried a little, and from then on was as gracious as a Saint Cecilia come to life.

Flowers not only win the women folk of vaudeville but the men, too, appreciate the courtesy extended to their wives or daughters, or to the female members of their companies. One Orpheum manager has a basket of flowers for every woman in the show every week, and such good feeling between management and artist is brought about by this tribute the showman says that it would be the last expense he would eliminate if ordered to retrench.

Vaudeville artists are more responsive to little attentions than most people, and in every well-regulated vaudeville house every need of the actor and actress is anticipated. The dressing rooms have electric-iron connections, waste paper baskets, and cuspidors are placed in every



E. F. Albee, America's Entertainment Genius

room. The property man is at their beck and call for every little errand, schooled theatre maids are provided when necessary, the house manager will rout out this own doctor day or night for the ailing, and hard as it is to get a dentist Sunday morning the alert manager will find some one to ease an aching tooth no matter how inopportune the time.

That courtesy and general kind management is appreciated by the vaudeville artists is attested by every manager. One manager said he could cite only two cases of ingratitude by performers in fourteen years—quite a record when it is con-

sidered the average vaudeville house plays about 400 acts in one year, or 5600 in fourteen years.

There seems to be much truth in the statement of many managers that the artists have become mellow, and that after many years they are now realizing that the managers are friends, not foes, and that co-operation is vital for the success of the show business. Organization of the National Vaudeville Artists several years ago, probably more than any other movement, is responsible for the general good feeling now existing between the vaudeville artists and the managers. The N. V. A. has a blanket insurance which pays \$1,000 to the next of kin to all deceased members in good standing; magnificent clubrooms are maintained in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles for the members; money is advanced to vaudeville artists to tide them over between bookings, and thousands of dollars are spent yearly in caring for the ill and indigent among the vaudeville profession. Every manager can relate instances where the N. V. A. benevolence was a Godsend for vaudeville acts in distress.

N. V. A. also helps those who are not members. While singing in Denver a few weeks ago, the manager asked me if I knew an artist, who said she was from my home town, Mount Vernon, N. Y. Her act being stranded in Denver, and she having booking in St. Louis needed money for railroad fare. The manager told me he was going to give her the money whether I knew her or not, but fortunately I did. What other organization would do this for a non-member? In justice to this artist, would say this money was later returned to the N. V. A.

Showmen also see a religious aspect in the present attitude of vaudeville artists, many of them having adopted Christian Science. There seems to be a special appeal in that belief for stage folks. In any event you find Christian Scientists in every vaudeville show, and you hear of



Marcus Heiman of the Orpheum Circuit

instances where this belief has changed temperamental stars into even-tempered entertainers.

I am an Episcopalian, but in fairness to my subject I must set down the fact that Christian Science seems to have a salutary effect on many members of the profession, and that Mrs. Eddy is a close second to Mr. Albee and Mr. Marcus Heiman, president of the Orpheum circuit, in creating good dispositions in the vaudeville clan

Thomas Dixon of Dixie—Continued from page 450

ten years, attracting wide notice by means of his public utterances.

After leaving the pulpit, Mr. Dixon put in his whole time lecturing. In this capacity he had been for years winning a great reputation and had come to be considered one of the chief platform speakers of the country.

It is as an orator that Mr. Dixon reaches the heights. Throughout his adult life he has made a close study of the crowd, both as a writer and speaker. He catches the attention of his audiences as few speakers do, and holds it until the close. He establishes immediate contact with those who are listening and their spirit responds to his, as expressed through the fire in his smouldering black eyes and his earnest, eloquent tones.

It was in 1902 that Mr. Dixon really began his career as a novelist. He did not lack for an attentive public, for he was already well known as a lecturer, having been on the platform for a dozen years.

His first novel was "The Leopard's Spots," (1902), which was well advertised as a reply to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and was kept high among the "six best sellers" for months. The book brought down a storm on the head of its author, who was not slow to defend his work in a spirited manner. He declared the volume to be an au-

thentic human document and the most important moral deed of his life. So great was the sensation and clamor produced by "The Leopard's Spots" that the fame of Mr. Dixon spread across the waters, and his book was read in foreign countries. Of this book and the volume, "The Clansman," the author said: "I have given voice in my books to the silent South, which for forty years has been misrepresented and slandered by writers of the North."

As a playwright, Mr. Dixon has gained great distinction and fame. When his plays were on the road he often accompanied them and made appearances before the curtain. "Before the footlights," said one man who saw him, "he is as goodly a figure as heart could desire." Many people went to see his plays as much to see and hear the man as to witness his production. "Whoever has heard him speak will never forget the thrill of the man's presence."

As a writer of photoplays, Mr. Dixon takes high rank. He is the author of a number of picture plays, including the scenario, "The Birth of a Nation," which was directed by David Wark Griffith, and is considered the greatest motion picture ever made.

The brilliant career of Thomas Dixon, in which he has achieved lasting fame in many

undertakings, affords proof that whatever he goes into he carries to fruition. This man does not know the meaning of the word "failure." He is always doing something new and different. In his new work, his friends know and appreciate the fundamental purpose back of it all. They also believe that this magnificent plan, as with all of Mr. Dixon's tasks, is predestined to succeed in a manner and measure that even the most sanguine cannot yet vision.

Plans that Have Bloomed and Borne Fruit

Continued from page 440

are sixty-four peaks that are 6,000 feet high, twenty-three of which are higher than Mt. Washington.

And thus we might go on almost indefinitely, enumerating the achievements of this rugged man about five feet six now in his seventy-sixth year, recounting the promises of his full life which have bloomed and borne fruit, blossoming like the Roses of Sharon.

In addition to his interests in Asheville, he has valuable properties in St. Louis, where his son manages the Paris Medicine Company, and in St. Petersburg, Florida, where he makes his winter home. Mr. Grove believes in both Florida and North Carolina, foreseeing great futures for both of these commonwealths.

Another Wonderful Natural Park to be provided

Rediscovering the Great "Smoky Mountains"

By F. B. MORGAN

VIRTUALLY all that was known of the Great Smoky Mountains five years ago was that they formed the dividing line between Tennessee and North Carolina. Today little more is known of them except that the scenic grandeur which they represent is to be preserved for posterity as a national park.

The American people are better acquainted with the Alps of Switzerland, the Pyrenees of Spain, the Himalayas of India and China, and even the Sahara desert through books and pictures if not by actual visits, than they are with some of the great mountain personalities of the world which exist half way between the Gulf of Mexico and the Great Lakes, and midway between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic Ocean.

The enveloping cloud of mystery which has covered the Great Smoky Mountains as closely as the blue haze that almost continually hangs over the peaks and which gave to them their name, is gradually being lifted. This veil is giving way to the ever advancing arm of civilization which is reaching to the hills and valleys of this range faster and to a greater depth than was ever predicted by the wildest statement of the proverbial "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains."

Follow the writer on a trip from a small village, of less than 500 souls, to the top of one of the greatest mountain personalities of the world and decidedly the highest mountain mass east of the Rockies, around which the Great Smoky Mountains National Park will extend.

First, you should know something of your traveling companion. He is a young man, virtually a boy, but a "worshipper of nature." A person who has done all within his power to give to the world an accurate knowledge of the Great Smoky Mountains, because he realizes the tremendous value this section can be to the nation as a national park as readily as he recognized the fact that if something is not done these peaks will be an extended, devastated, series of denuded hills and valleys washed into ragged and unsightly gulleys and mounds of mud. Let the area go to the lumberman's ax and erosion will complete the task.

The Great Smoky Mountains is a name applied to a section of the Unaka Mountains by the Cherokee Indians that had long inhabited the section. The Smokies in a direct line are about sixty-five miles in length, extending from the Little Tennessee River southward to the Pigeon River.

The range consists mainly of a main ridge which forms the divide between Tennessee and North Carolina. Oft times the spurs and peaks leading away from the main line of "Big Smokies," as the residents of the section refer to it, attain a greater height than the main ridge. The most astounding example of this is in the case of Mount LeConte, the reigning peak of the range, which is about three miles from the central range. It is undoubtedly destined to become one of the

most attractive and magnetic peaks of the entire Appalachian range. Its wonders are broadcasted throughout the world by proclaiming it the center of Eastern America's most wonderful national park.

The peak rises approximately a mile from the surrounding country. Peaceful little Gatlinburg Valley spreads out below it further than the Colorado river is from the brink of the Grand Canyon. The height above sea level is only 6,680 feet while that of Mount Mitchell in the North Carolina Blue Ridge attains a height of 6,711 feet.

This gigantic towering peak, LeConte, is the one which you are to cross with me. It will be much easier to do so as you are, resting in an easy chair with a glowing fire before you crackling with winter joy or a glass of refreshing julep to cool the summer's heat than it was for the few adventurous persons who succeeded in attaining the height of the peak a few years ago.

Previous to the agitation for a national park in the Great Smoky Mountains few persons had heard of Mount LeConte. Now one can ride part of the way up the peak in an automobile, before resorting to a foot trail, and blankets and food are now provided on top of the peak for those who climb. It is a hard and perilous journey for the tenderfoot who is not accustomed to climbing.

We alight from a comfortable automobile at a tiny mountain village known as Gatlinburg. The "village" consists of two summer hotels, a general store, a garage and a soft drink stand.

Having passed over forty-five miles of hard surface road from Knoxville, Tennessee, through green valleys displaying of prosperity, through fields of glowing corn and pastures filled with grazing sheep and cattle, we move on to the less thickly settled section where the lumber companies have recently finished their operations, to reach this little settlement which is gradually leaving its original vocation of lumbering and acquiring an avocation of caring for tourists.

After a peaceful night in Andy Huff's hotel we are ready to set out for the approximate ten miles of walking which will require the major part of a day.

Leaving the hotel on horseback we ride to the foot of the abrupt climb where the horses must be abandoned and the exploring hiker resort to the primitive travelers carriage, of walking with his own blanket and provisions.

From the end of the horseback trail we glance northward to see the fading signs of civilization disappear in the distance. A strange feeling of return to the primitive—a call of the great outdoors—a cry from the wild sings through our head as we stand there looking between the spurs of Round Top and the Ridges leading from LeConte. The view is almost obliterated with blooming

laurel and rhododendron which places the green of the picture in a frame more beautiful than any ever made by other than the Master Architect.

The last view of the peaceful valley below fades away, then the covering of virgin hardwood covers our heads as we follow the winding course of Mill Creek which has its headwaters amid the balsam and firs on the summit of the peak.



Carved by nature in solid granite, Devil's Head grimaces defiantly from a perilous perch on the tallest cliff formations in eastern America



Asheville from Beaucatcher Mountain

The government is already planning to make Smoky Mountain one of the most notable park reserves in the country, the largest east of the Rocky Mountains. The movement is ardently supported by North Carolina, Tennessee, and surrounding states. Many generous private subscriptions have been made to supplement the work done by the government. The hearings before Congress have indicated great interest in this newly-discovered realm of Nature's primeval mountain and forest glory.



Hickory Nut Valley from Chimney Rock

Little opportunity for observation of the beauty that extends below is given until a point virtually halfway up the side of the mountain is reached. After a continual climb for approximately two miles from the point where the horses were abandoned Mill Creek forms a beautiful falls, gushing over rocks and dropping almost forty feet downward to break the water drops into spray on the rugged rocks below. The trees apparently are making a vain effort to attain a height as great as that of the falls in their majestic beauty and height.

After manoeuvring around the cliff over which the water drops to form Rainbow Falls the journey continues through the virgin timber across moss covered rocks and jutting boulders. We feel the effects of the fatiguing journey and the thinning air only slightly because of the ever changing constant beauty of the details surrounding them. As greater height is attained, the trees grow smaller and a gradual change in type and variety of flora is noticed. The gigantic hardwood gives way to the spreading firs and at an even greater height to the struggling balsams.

Upon reaching the top, after walking about six miles from the end of the bridge path and after having climbed approximately 4,500 feet skyward we stand atop the greatest mountain mass east of the Dakotas. We stand higher above Knoxville and closer to Knoxville than one is to Denver when he is atop Pikes Peak.

To the north we see a patchwork of farms and wooded lands extending to the horizon which is half obliterated in a haze of smoke from the distant city, and turning westward we see the ridges of the Chilhowees stretching across a foreground pasted against a mass of blue and grey which forms the peaks of Gregory's Bald, Thunderhead and other peaks of the Great Smoky range. The hills roll one upon another as a tumultuous sea subjected to a wind such as has never aroused the waters of earthly sea.

As the line of vision travels further west, Silers Bald and Clingman's Dome rise as twin peaks against the blue of the crystal sky. Even further westward one sees the towering peaks of the blue ridge attaining an even greater height above the sea level than the king of the Great Smokies, with an ever constant and ever

increasing series of ranges and cross ridges joining a net work of mountains such as has never before been seen by the hiker making his initial journey to the top of the reigning peak of the Smokies.

To the east we see a towering spire, Mount Guyot, which seems to pierce the blue of a June sky, black with the rich green of the Appalachians' highest hardwood, the last peak in the southern Appalachians to fall before the advancing foot of man.

The top of Mount LeConte consists of three major peaks, Main Top, The Basin and Myrtle Point. The highest of these is Main Top, but a wider view is obtainable from Myrtle Point. Both are surrounded by high cliffs dotted with sprigs of sand myrtle or American heather.

Little thought of material comforts of life is given as we are absorbed in the beauty of the picture spread before us. Let not the mind be turned back to the material comforts or discomforts of the return journey after seeing the picture of Nature's masterpiece,—but let the guide say he enjoyed the journey.



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The Queen City of the South

Continued from page 434

In the effort to bring a branch of the Federal Reserve System to the two Carolinas—which is likely to materialize shortly—he is freely credited for the probable success of this movement. By the press generally and by leaders locally, he is acclaimed as an unselfish, public-spirited community builder, who never quits anything he begins until it is finished. He is in every way a progressive banker—typical of the never-say-die spirit that is lifting the State of North Carolina into the front ranks of the commonwealths of the Union.

A feature of Western North Carolina would not be complete without a brief story of the American Trust Company and its successful management which stands out like the tall Cedars of Lebanon in the last quarter of a century of progress in the Tarheel State.

An American "Think-Shop" a'Top 'o the World

Continued from page 444

following the completion of which the main Wildacres hotel will be erected. This is expected to be completed during the summer. Besides the hotel, plans call for an auditorium, seating 3,000 people, a large casino, and a federated clubhouse. Roads are being built through the property, and all modern conveniences, including water, sewerage and a white way, are to be provided.

All this I learned in one day on Pompey's Knob as I saw houses going up on the sides of cliffs or on the edge of gorges, as I have seen them in Switzerland. And Mr. Dixon himself is building his home there, too, on a slope so steep that a mountain goat could never scale it. In fact, the inclines are all so sharp over there that it will be a problem to keep the ideas of these creative minds from rolling down.

I also found the climate of Wildacres as nice as the scenery. It does not have the chill of the north, while the air is a wine that adds years to life. In short, I found Mr. Dixon, the dinner and the drive to and from Wildacres, delightfully pleasant.

Viva la "Think-Shop" on Pompey's Knob!

Howard Elliott of the East and West

Continued from page 433

colleges, countless towns with neat homes and unsurpassed natural scenery. Ours is the best country in the world."

A member of numerous clubs in Boston, Washington and New York, Mr. Elliott believes firmly in keeping in close contact with his fellow-men. And men, he considers, are far from being as evil as they are sometimes painted by the pessimists.

"The engineer," Mr. Elliott says, "is of very great importance in the transportation problem of the country, not only in creating the original transportation machinery, but in perfecting it so that there will be the maximum output at a minimum cost in these days of complications and high wages and other costs, affecting the administration of any industrial plant. My education as an engineer and my association with engineers have been of much benefit to me in my part of the work of the railroad world.

"Railroad mileage has increased twice as fast as population. In the great empire west of the Mississippi, mileage has increased 877 per cent and population 299 per cent. This indicates clearly that the men of courage and vision, the

Telephone line over the Rocky Mountains



The Builders of the Telephone

SPANNING the country, under rivers, across prairies and over mountain ranges, the telephone builders have carried the electric wires of their communication network. Half a century ago the nation's telephone plant was a few hundred feet of wire and two crude instruments. The only builder was Thomas A. Watson, Dr. Bell's assistant.

It was a small beginning, but the work then started will never cease. In 50 years many million miles of wire have been strung, many million telephones have

been installed, and all over the country are buildings with switchboards and the complicated apparatus for connecting each telephone with any other. The telephone's builders have been many and their lives have been rich in romantic adventure and unselfish devotion to the service.

Telephone builders are still extending and rebuilding the telephone plant. A million dollars a day are being expended in the Bell System in construction work to provide for the nation's growing needs.

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IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

men with ability to raise money, the engineers with ability to design and construct, have done a great work in providing the present marvelous transportation machinery that is so essential if our 110,000,000 people who are crowding too much into cities and away from the country, are to be sheltered, fed, clothed, kept warm and safeguarded in their various occupations and in their homes. These men ought to receive commendation and thanks for what they have done and made possible for the country, and the great transportation machine ought to be allowed a living and be encouraged to expand."

It is an interesting fact, Mr. Elliott points out, that a third of a century ago the average traveler took eight trips a year, and now he takes twelve.

Greater and greater expansion in the United States is the future to which Mr. Elliott looks, and the railroads of the country necessarily have their share in the development. "It is not beyond belief," he told me, his eyes gazing dreamily

into the unknowable, "that within fifty years there will be 250,000,000 people in this country. And they can be well taken care of if all hands will co-operate and work. Vital to their well-being, however, will be adequate transportation machinery, and the present great transportation machinery must be added to enormously."

Whether in his office, riding in the subway, or out on the road inspecting the line, Howard Elliott has his work well in hand with facts and figures. The genial manners and charm of this Westerner makes a chat with Mr. Elliott a thoroughly pleasant experience. He is intensely human and democratic in all his viewpoints. As president of the Board of Overseers of the oldest college in America, he has carried on the ideals of his forebears and the original John Eliot in his busy and successful career. The world at large remains his text-book—and as a speaker, student, engineer, philosopher or friend, Howard Elliott maintains a firm grip on the real purposes of life.



Chimney Rock, towering above Lake Lure has long been a mecca for sightseers. Its views are marvelous—cliffs, peaks, gorges and a great lake basin below.

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in Creation in The Land of the Sky, a Nation's Playground—the Lake Como of America

IN the soft climate of the one region of Eastern America whose year-around temperatures match the Italian Riviera, human enterprise is creating a great mountain resort lake, enveloped by an enchanting estate of 12 square miles. This area, the well-known Land of the Sky, famous for scenic beauty, has had no such body of water. In this vacation paradise, the developers of Lake Lure are making a playground of national consequence. \$6,000,000 of operations are now under way. A trip to the Blue Ridge mountains of Western North Carolina, delightful at all times, is made doubly interesting by a visit to Chimney Rock, famous scenic monolith, and Lake Lure.

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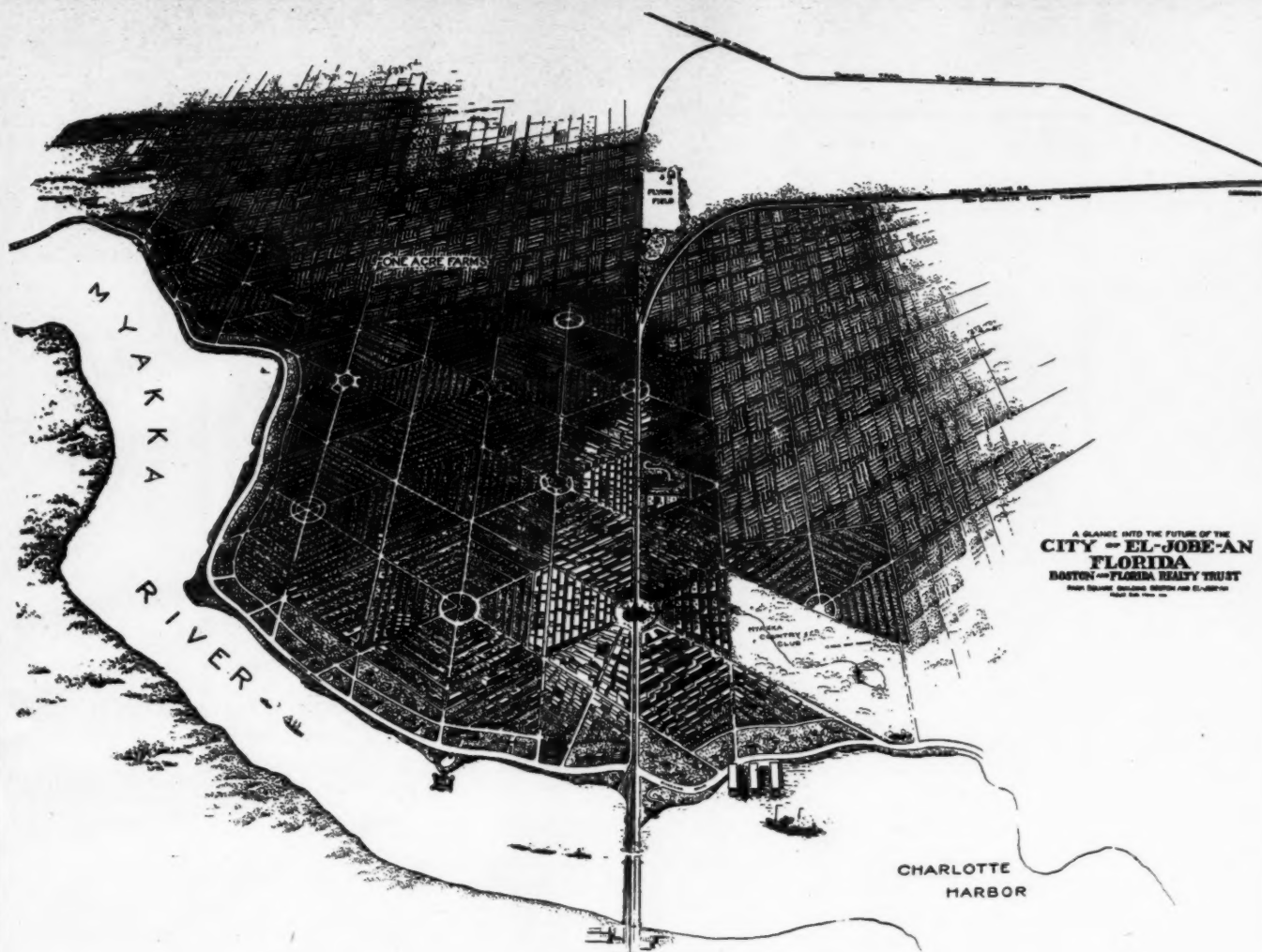
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A Peek Into the Future

ALREADY men, material and money have begun to move again southward. The movement toward Florida in the winter time is as inevitable as the coming of winter time in New England. The country has realized that Florida still remains the most profitable field for legitimate investment in America. This is the verdict of straight thinking business men who are informed as to the facts, for Florida is one of the greatest facts existing today. The slump in real estate **PRICES** did occur in some parts of Florida, but it is not a slump in real estate **VALUES**. There has been no slump in real estate **VALUES** in Florida. They are steadily increasing as people have learned of the tremendous earning power of her fertile lands. Well selected and intelligently priced real estate is the bed rock of security not only in Florida but elsewhere. When land is bought or sold without regard to location for purposes that are not fixed with regard to earning power and environment, the transaction is nothing more than a real estate gamble. This occurred in some sections of Florida where large areas of land were not suited and never could be suited for the purposes for which they were bought and sold.

In El-Jobe-An the work goes forward in building a new city and back of that city are small acreage farms. Manatee County reported four million dollars' worth of vegetation from thirty-five hundred acres, or one thousand dollars per acre, and Morris Hart reports, from the Everglades, a net return of \$7500 from ten acres. This is the basis of Florida's future where wealth is yielded directly by the soil, where there is more profit in one year from a farm of ten acres than from one of one hundred acres in any northern state. The man who goes to Florida today and buys well selected land at the proper prices is building better than he knows for himself, his children and his children's children.

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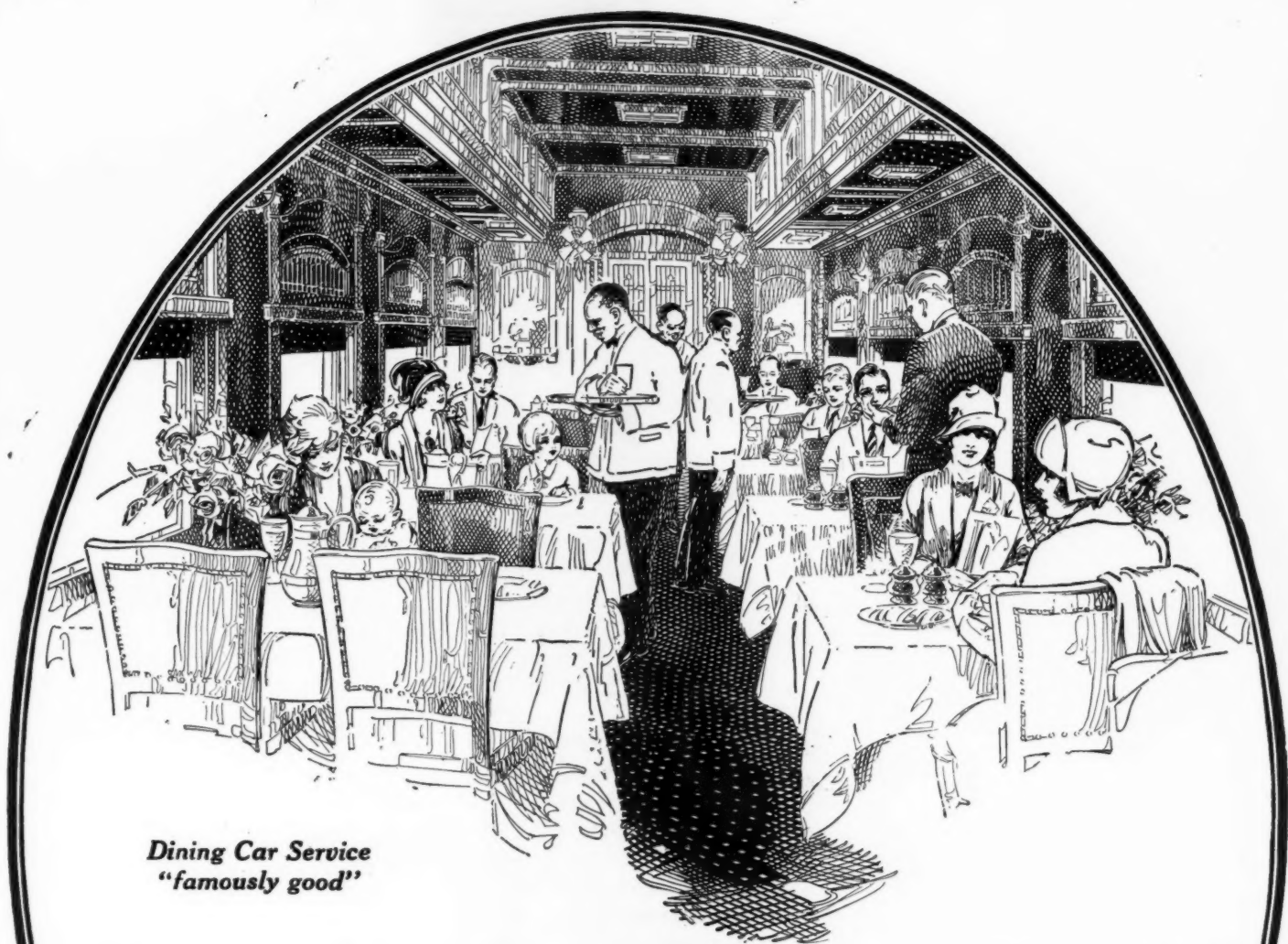
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Vol. LIV

AUGUST, 1926

New Series No. 12

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Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WITH the President in the Adirondacks catching fish which grow bigger day by day, there is a feeling that it is a vacation-time at Washington. A visit to the Capital city during dog days is something like going back to the city home after it has been closed for the summer. There is a sort of a musty solitude and listlessness evident. Inquiries over the 'phone and otherwise, concerning officials, bring the response: "Away until Labor Day" and from the Senate and House Office Buildings come the announcements: "Away until Congress meets again." In some cases it is "until Congress convenes," or until "after election."

* * *

IN the meantime the Senate has laid out a summer program of hearings that will furnish some grist to the mill for those who remain in Washington seeking news. Senator Borah, in charge of the Senatorial Slush Fund investigation, together with Senator King of Utah, as chief suggestor, indicate that they are likely to have the time of their lives, for the work in hand is of the type that they seem really to enjoy. The proceedings will have a salutary effect in the way of putting a check to "philanthropic" contributions to campaign funds.

Wayne Wheeler and the Prohibitionists are in the dance together with the wets. It looks as if "Public Opinion" has gone up in price since primaries began. Whether or not Congress is in session, some pictures are certain to flash upon the publicity screen that will affect the varied characters in the cast for the election drama billed for November, 1926.

* * *

IT remained for the Supreme Court to provide the smashing sensation of the month. When that august tribunal declared for "the freedom of the air," it did something more than reiterate the sign, "free air," at the filling stations. It was the first important decision from the highest judicial tribunal in the land concerning the control of the air. The justices have declared unequivocally that the "air is free" and that no department of the government can exercise control over radio wave lengths.

The decision was a startling one, owing to the fact that the demand wave length has already surpassed the supply and chaos already reigns. There are now six hundred applications for broadcasting stations in the hands of Secretary Hoover, which, if granted, would throw the radio world into utter confusion. As it is, it is enough to imagine another six hundred broadcasting stations—some of them erected for the sinister purpose of destroying the wave lengths of neighbors. Pandemonium would follow.

When the Constitution was written there was no



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The Coolidge smile predominates. What we believe is the best picture of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, wife of the President, is this one taken at her mother's home, Northampton, Massachusetts, with "Beans," her Boston terrier and former White House pet. He had to leave the capital because he had too many scraps with the other White House pets

thought of such a thing as control of the air. Radio was undreamed of, and hence the Constitution could hardly have contemplated the controlling of the air. It may require another Constitutional amendment to set things right.

* * *

IN the meantime, Congress and Wallace White are still at work on his bill and Senator Dill of Washington finds himself in quite a pickle over his bill. The contest over the control of radio heretofore has been one

tween the Secretary of Commerce or a newly created Bureau or Commission. Now along comes the Supreme Court and in the language of Shakespeare asserts: "A plague on both o' your houses!" and declaring that a commission or a department of the government cannot exercise control of the air. It may be that Congressional



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President and Mrs. Coolidge out for a stroll with one of the White House pets during the hot July days. Of late years the dogs at the White House have shared the publicity with their human companions

action can straighten out the kink, but men of eminence with luminous legal minds, have declared that the only way that the regulation of radio can be fully established, is by means of Constitutional Amendment. The prospect of another merry time in voting a constitutional amendment in the states of the Union recalls the Eighteenth Amendment campaign. There is something of humor inspired at the 18th hole in a golf game, when you mention nineteenth.

Nevertheless, in spite of the legal tangle, broadcasting goes merrily on—jazz concerts, stock reports and bedtime stories, to say nothing of baseball reports. And the only static in the reception is that created by the decision of the Supreme Court.

* * *

HOW far the Eighteenth Amendment is to figure in the Fall election has not yet been determined by the political wiseacres. It is already a handy football. The Chieftain at Tammany, Mr. Olconey, made a political scouting tour and declares that Governor Al Smith, the patron saint of the "Wets," is being demanded as the Democratic nominee throughout the West. He did not make the trip through the arid South, otherwise he might have found the demand so insistent. Meantime, the Governor of New York is thinking over the value of his fourth term as a presidential trump card.

President, securely entrenched in the Adiron-

dacks, doubtless is thinking over the situation, but has said not a word as to whether or not he will become a candidate. In the meantime the Lowden organization in the West and the contemporaries of General Charles G. Dawes, to say nothing of the Hoosiers in Indiana, who have their eye on "Jim" Watson as the candidate, have once more "tuned in" on the Presidential campaign. In Ohio, the old-time maker of Presidents, Senator Pomerene is looming up in the Senatorial fight, which means he is in training as a Presidential candidate. A large flock of favorite sons will again appear at the National Conventions in '28. The real humor of the convention will begin with the roll call—"Alabama casts twenty-eight votes for Oscar Underwood," which will indicate the overture of the favorite son oration.

There is a wariness among the wise political backers to keep these candidates well groomed, but not too well boomed until the eventful months of '28. Reading political history, they have discovered how many a well-planned campaign has been nipped by chilling political frost long before the National Conventions are called to order.

* * *

DOG days have come in Washington as the dogwood blooms pass. Already an international movement is under way, fostered by no less distinguished personages than Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Margaret DeLand, Charles H. Tyler of Boston, and many prominent lovers of dogs, to fight distemper, which is playing havoc among highly bred dogs. There are eight million dogs in the United States at present and about four million puppies open their eyes to see the light of day each year. Of this number, millions are left to the ravages of distemper, which has become as prevalent and quite as fashionable among dogs as appendicitis is among humans. Dr. Cadman has spoken concerning the work over the radio, and Mr. Tyler is Secretary and Treasurer of an organization assisting in the work of providing a remedy for the disease, which has worked havoc among dogs. British scientific investigators have made great progress in the work and have a library and an institution devoted to the most exacting research. The Medical Research Council in England, under the direction of such great scientists as W. E. Gye and J. E. Barnard, has made important discoveries, and the one objective is to find a preventative and cure for distemper, which among dogs has all the terrors of cancer or tuberculosis among humans.

Albert Payson Terhune, the author, has told the story of his best collie which touched noses with a chow and died of distemper. The purpose is to provide a serum that will protect the dogs which dash over the ice and snow of the North, as well as those which pant with the heat in the tropics. It is not difficult to understand the attachment that grows up between a human being and a dog, when you realize that the one virtue and grace supreme of a dog is that he is always grateful. It is the gratitude of dogs that has won the hearts of humankind. Dogs are ever faithful and devoted to their masters. President Harding and his love for "Laddie Boy" is a classic illustration of the devotion of a man for a dog.

The dog still figures conspicuously in the White House, for who could conceive of Mrs. Coolidge without the white collies, "Rob Roy" and "Prudence Prim," her ever-present companions? But even these distinguished dogs were required to have licenses when they arrived at the Paul Smith Camp in the Adirondacks. With all the unction of signing a state document, the President and Mrs. Coolidge secured the licenses as required by the New York State Law, which gives the white collies of the White House the freedom of the State of New York with the other dogs that are now roaming at large in the state forests.

Who can read Walter A. Dwyer's "Prayer for a Pup," addressed to the great God of dogs, without feeling that there is something intensely human in dogs? It makes us think of them during the trying dog days of August.

UNDERGROUND radio sounds spooky even in these days of "unders." Experiments by Dr. James Harris Rogers of Hyattsville, Maryland, have been successful to such an extent that he has reached the Pacific coast. He has long clung to the theory that long distance radio waves permeate the earth much more satisfactorily than the ether surrounding the earth. A scientist and experimenter of note, the radio inventions of Dr. Rogers were of great value to the United States Navy during the World War. Dr. Harris had carried on his tests for more than two months when he finally succeeded in broadcasting more than 3,000 miles with his underground radio transmitting apparatus. A telegram from the Los Angeles signal station, VCZ, stating that his signals "were coming in finely," was the climax of his efforts.

Previous to the test Dr. Rogers had been able to transmit messages from his underground antenna only as far west as Kansas and Greenville, Texas, distance of 1300 and 1200 miles respectively. Since then Dr. Rogers has also succeeded in broadcasting to Albuquerque, New Mexico. The inventor is now planning upon laying a cable with which he hopes to be able to broadcast across the Atlantic.

A pioneer inventor in the field of underground and undersea transmission, the results he has so far obtained, Dr. Rogers declares, in reference to the proof of his theory with regard to long distant waves:

"My epoch-making tests," the Doctor told a *National Magazine* representative, "were carried on with three 50-watt tubes and on a 180-meter wave band. This is much less than the electrical energy employed by aerial stations in transcontinental broadcasting. My transmitting apparatus consists of four cables, each about fifty feet long, laid three feet underground and arranged similarly to the spokes of a wheel—pointing north, west, east and south. These cables are made of terra cotta piping, eighteen inches in diameter. In their center runs copper tubing three-quarters of an inch thick and packed in an insulation of glass. The radio waves are sent on their journey through the ground from the cables. When I broadcast toward a western point I use the western cable; when I broadcast toward a southern point I use the southward-pointing cable, and so on.

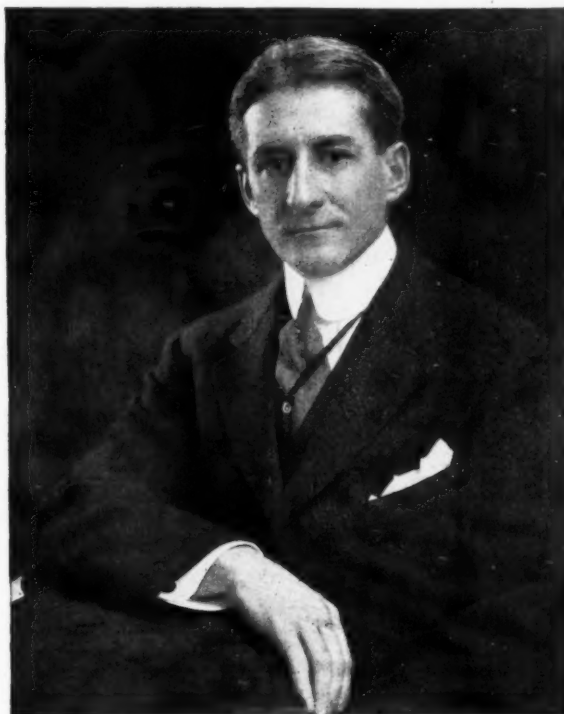
"I predict that within a few years all broadcasting will be via the earth and sea. I am convinced that my long-cherished theory is correct in every essential, and I intend to continue my experiments until I have convinced radio engineers throughout the world that I am right and have always been right in my contentions."

Those who are in the know, declare that if Dr. Rogers' future experiments turn out as successful as have those in the past that there is every reason to believe his theory will revolutionize radio broadcasting practice.

* * *

ASSOCIATED with the tremendous development of electricity since the days of the Centennial exposition in 1876, the General Electric Company is essentially the "busy corner" of industrial progress and research in these days of kilowatts. In the Equitable Building in New York City, high up among the thirty floors is Mr. Gerard Swope, President and Executive of the General Electric Company, touching buttons—so to speak—that represent the electric creative power of the Nation. The work of directing the largest electric company in the world, whose products radiate a stream of light turning darkness into day, to say nothing of the production of equipment, is of wide scope. Born in the good old city of St. Louis, Gerard Swope achieved his early ambition of graduating from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston. Upon his graduation day he was ready for a real job and not a position, and celebrated his twenty-first birthday moving trunks about the yard of the Electric Company. Later he joined the Western Electric Company of Chicago, remaining several years.

There came his big opportunity as General Sales Manager of the General Electric in 1908, when he began stepping forward at a lively pace. Four years later he logically became President of the Company. A great personal friend of the late Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, he has a most comprehensive, all-around knowledge of the multitude of uses and development of electrical equipment. First of all, an electrical engineer, he keeps pace with the march of scientific



Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company

progress in research and invention and his keen eyes and alert brain have a way of seeing through a perplexing problem. The broadcasting station at Schenectady is a nerve center of high power broadcasting and radio development. Experiments are going on twenty-four hours a day, while the evolutions of millions of electric generators in the United States every day, cover a mileage which, if measured by distance on the surface of the earth, would bring the moon within hailing distance of Old Mother Earth every year. Truly "the world do move," as Galileo one time remarked when he insisted that the earth was round and revolved about its axis.

* * *

ARE we blocking the road?" is the startling question which Colonel House asks America, with regard to the establishment of world peace. There is food for thought in his query—in fact, there is food for thought in any statement of the Colonel's. There has never been anyone quite like him. Never an office holder, just a plain, unassuming American citizen, for many years he has known the great of the earth, and was an unofficial power in Washington during Wilson's regime.

While in Europe in 1912 and 1913, he saw a great war impending, and tried, as hard as an influential American could, to avert it, then to find a basis for peace. Today he looks into the future with "a clarity of vision equalled by few of our public men," and it is for this reason, if for no other, that any statement of his is productive and worthy of much thought.

"One of the ironies of history," declares the Colonel, "is that the nation best able to conserve world peace, and whose people are most altruistically interested in its

attainment, is the nation now standing in the path of peace.

"The plan for world peace, which practically every nation other than Bolshevik Russia and the United States has accepted as being the most feasible, is of American origin.

"The policy we are now pursuing is akin to madness. To refuse to co-operate with the League of Nations,



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Colonel House, the political "Sphinx" of Texas, who helped in making world history during the administration of President Wilson

which is the only instrument that can bring about world disarmament, and yet to disarm ourselves is the acme of mistaken statesmanship.

"France, and not Great Britain, is the dominant factor in Continental Europe, and it is in Continental Europe that the question of peace or war is to be settled. Americans may as well accept the fact that France will not reduce her army or her air and undersea fleets until and unless her safety is guaranteed in some satisfactory form: not guaranteed from the Germany of today, but from a Germany of the future, fear of which is an obsession there is no hope of exorcising."

A warning that bears the refrain of Kipling's "Recessional," "Lest We Forget," is contained in the statement that "The people of the United States should not delude themselves into believing that this country will always be in its present relative position of power. Sooner or later Europe will come back to normal and when she does, Great Britain, Russia, Germany, France and Italy, to say nothing of Japan, will hold an overwhelming preponderance of power in the world.

"And this will be augmented if they are working together in an international association of which we are not a member. While our people as a whole are not alive to these facts, our statesmen should be, for they will frame the policies, mistaken or otherwise, that will bring happiness and well-being or the reverse to our citizenship.

"Few presidents," declares Colonel House, "have had so splendid an opportunity for service as Calvin Coolidge and it is to be hoped that he will not neglect it. He has an admirable Secretary of State in Mr. Kellogg, and he needs but exercise the courage which his friends claim for him to lift himself out of the rank of mediocre presidents and place himself in the front rank. What he does must be done quickly, for his power over Congress will lessen month by month as his inauguration recedes into the past."

A policy of world co-operation, it is the Colonel's opinion, need not embrace full membership in the League and, likewise, need not commit the United States to the Covenant or any part of it. "In truth," he declares, "it would be better for the League to have us merely associated with it in some way rather than to enter it with reservations."

"Is it not time we met our obligation to our dead in France and no longer have them as our silent but eloquent accusers?" he asks in conclusion.

"They made the supreme sacrifice gallantly and gladly, that we might live in security and peace, and with the buoyant expectation that we would use all the resources of this great land to protect the youth of another generation from meeting the unhappy fate that had befallen them. What better time for the President to make his announcement than the present?"

* * *

WHEN out for a stroll on his visits to Washington, the Grand Old Man of America, Chauncey M. Depew, is surrounded by smiling groups of admirers. In his 93rd year he goes to his office every day in New York and keeps in touch with current events, and is even charged with being a "regular reader" of the Congressional Record.

When I entered his office about birthday time, he asked me if I kept up my speaking engagements, and laughingly remarked: "You know, good public speakers are scarce in these days of radio, telephone and motion pictures, but the old face-to-face, stirring effect of the spoken word will prevail as long as a fellowman desires to look his fellowman in the face, see the glint of eye, and beam of countenance."

I asked him as to the secret of longevity.

"Start the day right with a smile," he chuckled. "If you can't think of anything funny, tickle yourself, or try one of my well-preserved jokes. Quit eating so much. I have not consumed over one boiled egg for breakfast in fifty years; that keeps the first balcony in front in trim. The spirit of fun and humor is keeping the merry old world going in these days when men meet at luncheon clubs week after week and let themselves loose and sing and call each other by their first names, instead of calling each other bad names. We find out that the other fellow is not so stupid after all, and that there isn't much difference between people."

Senator Depew is spending the summer at Aspinwall in the Berkshires, as he has for many years past, and his winters in Florida. He is determined to round out a century mark and eclipse in length of years the record of prominent men in the United States. His presence at the Centenary celebration of the New York Central Railroad indicated that he is a very active and lively "Chairman of the Board," and keeps pace with the railroad schedules, insisting upon standard time and that daylight saving is a camouflage on Old Father Time. As the oldest graduate of Yale, Secretary of State, Senator, and everybody's friend, he is a living example of what good humor means in lengthening the span of life.

AT a desk near the alcove door of the President's secretary's office, Rudolph Forster has kept a check on the time in the correspondence and date book of six Presidents of the United States. This little book contains a list of names that would be the envy of autograph hunters. Bundle after bundle of Presidential correspondence passes through his hands, to say nothing of the multitudinous details that come in the day's work of a chief executive of the U. S. A.

Entrusted to his expert glance are matters of momentous national consequence. He sits back in his swivel chair and intently reads the letters as if they were chapters from "best sellers." With a blue pencil and pen behind his ear, a handy buzzer, and barricaded behind a bouquet of American Beauty roses, he presents a charming picture of a quiet man who does the work of a dozen ordinary men without seeming hurried.

His footsteps led him to the White House when President McKinley called for an expert stenographer to do some special work. Loaned by the Fish Commission for the time, he has never returned. The larger portion of the presidential mail passes through his hands, and he has a diplomatic way of turning a phrase in a letter, handling all sorts of people who communicate with the president, in a courteous way, and keeping far away from all entangling commitments that might be construed or read between the lines of a letter received for the Executive Office of the impersonal but familiar personage known as Uncle Sam.

* * *

AFTER a visit to the White House and the Executive Office, I chanced to pick up a copy of Charles Dickens' "American Notes." Dickens visited America in 1841, while in the height of his popularity, when everyone was reading his stories. He could not resist a fling now and then at the expense of crude and crass America, and even his apologies did not check the unpopularity of Dickens after his visit.

Landing in Boston, he complimented the Hub as the cleanest and most intelligent city he visited, but here he insisted on going to an insane asylum. Visiting Doctor and Julia Ward Howe of the blind asylum in South Boston, he is said to have encouraged the author of Uncle Tom's cabin to write a novel.

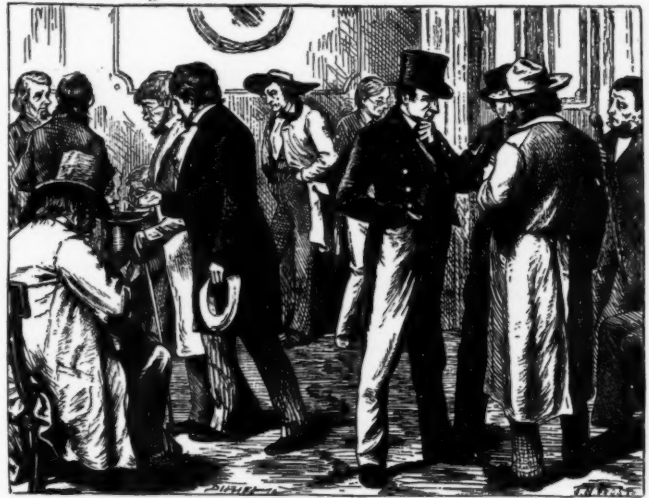
His chapter on Washington is of particular interest. He describes the White House as the "President's Mansion" and calls Washington "a city of magnificent intentions," instead of "magnificent distances." President Tyler was in the White House, and here is Dickens' description of that edifice in which the spittoon then figured so conspicuously.

"We entered a large hall, and having twice or thrice rung a bell, which nobody answered, walked without further ceremony through the rooms on the ground floor, as divers other gentlemen (mostly with their hats on, and their hands in their pockets) were doing very leisurely. Some of these had ladies with them, to whom they were showing the premises; others were lounging on the chairs and sofas; others, in a perfect state of exhaustion from listlessness, were yawning drearily. The greater portion of this assemblage were rather asserting their supremacy than doing anything else, as they had no particular business there that anybody knew of. A few were closely eyeing the moveables, as if to make quite sure that the President (who was far from popular) had not made away with any of the furniture, or sold the fixtures for his private benefit.

"After glancing at these loungers; who were scattered over a pretty drawing-room, opening upon a terrace which commanded a beautiful prospect of the river and the adjacent country; and who were sauntering, too, about a larger state-room called the Eastern Drawing-room;

we went upstairs into another chamber, where were certain visitors, waiting for audiences. At sight of my conductor, a black in plain clothes and yellow slippers, who was gliding noiselessly about, and whispering messages in the ears of the more impatient, made a sign of recognition, and glided off to announce him.

"We had previously looked into another chamber fitted all round with a great, bare, wooden desk or counter, whereon lay files of newspapers, to which sundry gentlemen were referring. But there were no such means of beguiling the time in this apartment, which was as unpromising and tiresome as any waiting-



When Charles Dickens visited the White House

room in one of our public establishments, or any physician's dining-room during his hours of consultation at home.

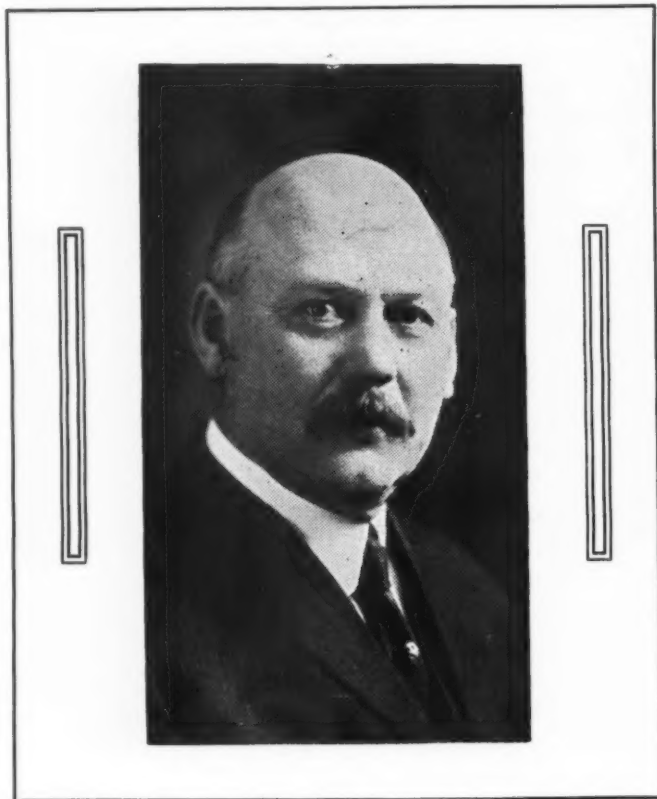
"There were some fifteen or twenty persons in the room. One, a tall, wiry, muscular old man, from the west; sunburnt and swarthy; with a brown-white hat on his knees, and a giant umbrella between his legs; who sat bolt upright in his chair, frowning steadily at the carpet, and twitching the hard lines about his mouth, as if he had made up his mind 'to fix' the President on what he had to say, and would 'n't bate him a grain. Another, a Kentucky farmer, six-feet-six in height, with his hat on, and his hands under his coat-tails, who leaned against the wall and kicked the floor with his heel, as though he had Time's head under his shoe, and were literally 'killing' him. A third, an oval-faced, billious-looking man, with sleek, black hair cropped close, and whiskers and beard shaved down to blue dots, who sucked the head of a thick stick, and from time to time took it out of his mouth, to see how it was getting on. A fourth did nothing but whistle. A fifth did nothing but spit. And indeed all these gentlemen were so very persevering and energetic in this latter particular, and bestowed their favours so abundantly upon the carpet, and I take it for granted the Presidential housemaids have high wages, or, to speak more genteely, an ample amount of 'compensation,' which is the American word for salary, in the case of all public servants.

"We had not waited in this room many minutes, before the black messenger returned, and conducted us into another of smaller dimensions, where, at a business-like table covered with papers, sat the President himself. He looked somewhat worn and anxious, and well he

might: being at war with everybody—but the expression of his face was mild and pleasant, and his manner was remarkably unaffected, gentlemanly, and agreeable. I thought that in his whole carriage and demeanour, he became his station singularly well."

In Baltimore he resented being waited upon by black slaves;

"The sensation of exacting any service from human creatures who are bought and sold, and being, for the time, a party as it were to their conditions, is not an enviable one. The institution exists, perhaps, in its least repulsive and most mitigated form in such a town as this; but it 'is slavery': and though I was with respect to it, an innocent man, its presence filled me with a sense of shame and self-reproach."



The late John Wingate Weeks, Secretary of War under two Presidents

IN the swift moving procession of public men in Washington, there have been few careers that symbolize the best in public life more than that of the late John W. Weeks. Sought when cool-headed judgment was desired, he never lost his head and viewed every proposition from a broad, just and kindly point of view. From the time he donned the uniform at Annapolis as a cadet to the day he was stricken while serving as Secretary of War in the Cabinet of the President of the United States, John W. Weeks represented the high ideal of service. Intense were his friendships because he was the soul of loyalty. After achieving success in business, he devoted himself unreservedly to his official duties. Beginning as a Mayor of Newton, Mass., and later becoming Congressman and Senator, he brought efficiency to the legislative functions. As Chairman of the Post Office Committee, he prepared gigantic appropriation bills that passed Congress without the dotting of an "i" or the crossing of a "t," something that had been unknown previously, indicating how thoroughly he prepared for every assignment given him.

As a member of the Cabinet of two presidents, he brought to the Executive Department of the government, the same degree of thoroughness and effective effort. The

honor and appreciation of the neighbors and friends at his home in Newton and his birthplace in Lancaster, N. H., was extended far over the country. He received the largest number of votes cast for a Republican candidate for President in 1916 outside of the successful nominee.

The tribute paid by those who were associated with him face to face, is a most eloquent appraisal of his character and genius. After a brave and courageous struggle to regain his health, he requested to be taken to his birthplace in Lancaster, New Hampshire. From the heights of his home on Mount Prospect, overlooking the mountains and valleys he loved and knew as a boy, he passed away a few days before he was to have welcomed the editors from forty-four states. They arrived soon after his remains were taken from the home on the mountain-top. As the guests tip-toed into the home they found there in the upper room, the autographed photographs and personal treasures that indicated the long-lived friendships that John W. Weeks had made among the eminent men of the nation and the world, indicating the wide range of the work encompassed in the sixty-six full years of his busy life.

At this home the first memorial services were held. Editor Rand from Mississippi, the home state of Jefferson Davis, a former Secretary of War, paid a glowing tribute to the honor and memory of John W. Weeks and the flag of a united country which he served. He laid at the foot of the flag-staff, over which was floating the stars and stripes at half-mast, a bouquet of wild flowers, gathered from the mountain side and the valleys and the fields that John Wingate Weeks had looked upon in the earliest and last days of his mortal life. The editor of the *National Magazine*, a personal friend, was called by the friends of his youth and birthplace and the editors representing nearly every state in the union, to give an expression of their deep appreciation of the life and services of John Wingate Weeks, who will rest with the Nation's honored servants in the shades of Arlington, on the banks of the Potomac and spoke as follows:

"From this beautiful home where he was to have bade us welcome, the great soul of John Wingate Weeks has taken flight from earth. From this Pisgah height his eyes were closed upon these glorious scenes of his childhood and opened to the portals of Heaven. We are welcomed in the spirit as he would have wished to have greeted us in the flesh. The big, sympathetic, warm, pulsating heart of John Weeks fulfills the function of host today, and we bring these flowers gathered in the woods, valleys and hills he loved as a tribute speaking the language of Heaven. Under the flag at half mast, the flag which he long served, we lay our tribute of blossom and bud at the foot of a flag staff which he reared at this summit home, to the honor and glory of America."

"How fitting that the voice and hand of an editor from the Southland—old Mississippi—should lead in this first memorial tribute to John Wingate Weeks, given in the community where the memories of his birth, childhood and manhood, the morning, noon-day and sunset of his life, are enshrouded in the remembrance of a distinguished and illustrious American."

"The public services of John Weeks and its benefits are shared by every state in the Union. We meet on this occasion with broken voices and tear dimmed eyes to express our deep sorrow and heartfelt sympathy in hushed tones of reverence to his family bereaved and a nation bereft of an honored citizen. The glorious golden sunshine he loved beams upon us now as the smile of the loving Creator. The doors of his home remain open to us, as he would have wished, to give a welcome as big and generous as his great sympathetic heart."

"The friends and neighbors gathered here at this first memorial service have a rich heritage in the remembrance of his kindness and friendliness."

"The boy born under the hill beneath us, left the plow on the old farm to go to Annapolis, where he had a record that reflected credit to the home folks. He began his career serving the flag and was stricken in the service of his country. He gave the unreserved energy of his genius to public service as he did to a business career, matchless and successful that helped thousands in their struggles. As we leave we feel the south winds blowing softly; the west winds, east winds and north winds may sweep among these pines and mountains for centuries to come, but somehow we feel that the deeds of a man whose life has achieved so much as that of John Weeks, will live on and on forever. The cloud of grief is lifted as the mist from yon mountain top in the glory of this 'son of righteousness.' We are inspired in our pilgrimage to old New Hampshire with golden memory of its

Continued from page 512

A Cincinnatus of the hill country

Sergeant York's Dream Coming True

The Tennessee mountaineer, who gained fame during the war by his heroic capture unaided of 132 men and 35 machine guns, dedicates the Alvin C. York Industrial Institute, which he is building largely from his own funds for the benefit of his people

RIGHT here I received the blue card which told me I must go to war in spite of my conscientious objections. I was then "striking iron" on this highway, which is now a peace monument."

Sergeant Alvin C. York was speaking, viewing the new highway which he helped to build as the real achievement of his life. Bidding his mother and sweet-heart good-bye, he was off to the World War. There must have been a stoical expression on his face, as he looked back on the old homestead nestling under the hill.

Near the house was the spring and cave where his father hammered the forge, his blacksmith shop. He started for Jamestown, fourteen miles away, to join his comrades and don the khaki, with a prayer for the old home on his lips.

In a single notable day, October 8th, 1918, Sergeant Alvin C. York became a world figure, pronounced by General Foch "the greatest individual soldier of the armies of Europe." Decorating him, the General added with deep feeling: "What you did was the greatest thing accomplished by any private soldier in all the World War." And when General Pershing pinned the Distinguished Service Cross upon the Sergeant's breast, he pronounced him "the greatest civilian soldier of the war." The members of the New York Stock Exchange suspended business on the day he returned, and carried him on the floor of the exchange, where he stood in open-eyed wonderment before the seething throng in that great mart of finance.

All this did not turn Sergeant York's head. There was little difference between the Alvin C. York who left Pall Mall, Tennessee, and the sturdy young fellow, who was with me in April, 1926, at the "Three Forks o' the Wolf." We were then amid the haunts of his boyhood days in the mountains of Tennessee, near the Kentucky state line. The old stony creek that led down from his birthplace was the only road leading home and had to be forded summer and winter. In those pioneer days, the rains and freshets provided road beds.

* * *

It was at Pall Mall, York's home town, that the father of Mark Twain, John Clemens, served as postmaster. Later, he removed to Jamestown, and became city clerk. He had brought his beautiful bride here from old Kentucky, planning to grow up with the country—but the growth of the country was too slow. He decided to push on west to Missouri, where Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) was born a few months after the family arrived. These Tennessee scenes, and the people who live among them, are pictured in "The Gilded Age."

As we stood by the old home, looking across the valley, Sergeant York remarked in his terse way: "I like the water from the springs; I love the woods yonder; the fields and the folks living 'round this old spot are like a sweet memory that just pushes everything else aside when I'm away from here."

Nearby, was his mother looking on, a slender little woman of eighty years, who had raised eleven children.

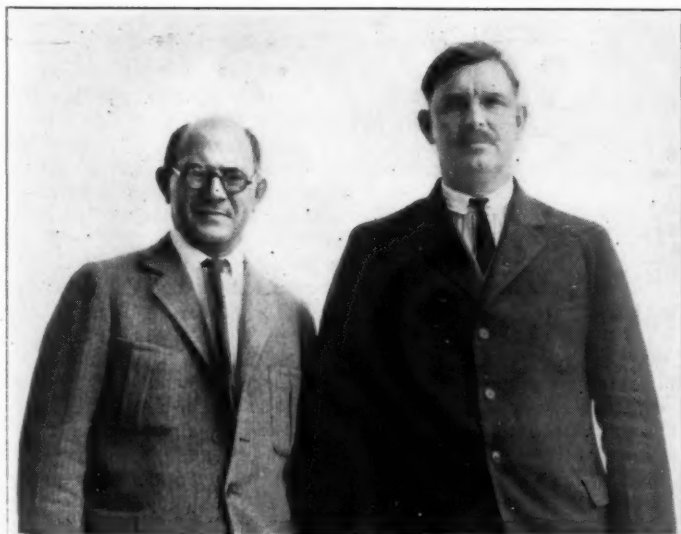


Sergeant York and the Editor at the old Cave Spring

"When his father died," she told me, "Alvin just took hold and worked with his mother to help keep the family together in the old home. I never had to say anything twice to my boys. I kept a good hickory stick right here," and she pointed to a lusty branch, preserved as a memento to impress her grandsons and future generations with what authority means in a home.

"Alvin began working in the fields when he was six years old, and he kept on working right smart. I guess he did not seem to know much of anything but work, and he was a good boy, although he liked to fish and hunt better than he did to hoe corn. But you know," as she put her arms on his shoulder, "he has always been a good boy to his mother."

When Alvin York appeared in Florida in 1926, to make a sincere plea for the York Institute, he told audiences the simple story of his plans. He had refused offers to go into motion pictures and vaudeville because it did not conform to his religious convictions, and he made up his mind it was not money for himself that he wanted, but something for the home folks. The Rotary Clubs of Tennessee provided him a farm near the old home on the new Alvin York Highway, which was named for him. When completed, it will be a direct route from north to south, cutting off two hundred miles of



Sergeant York and Carl Fisher of Miami, while he was launching the campaign for building the new Alvin York Industrial Institute, to be opened in October

the distance between Chicago and Miami, Florida.

At the bend of the road is located the old Possum Trot School house, where the parents of Mark Twain attended church. Every nook and corner of the country, from its humble school houses, churches and homes, is as familiar to him as the old swimming hole under the bridge, or the great cave where his father had a blacksmith shop.

At the request of Sergeant York, and in memory of our days together overseas, I was present at the turning of the first shovelful of earth for the Alvin York Industrial Institute. The trip through the Cumberland Mountains and over the far-famed Plateau will never be forgotten. Landing at Cookesville at 2:30 A. M., up again at 4 and off for Livingston, where another auto bus was waiting to take us to Brydstown, over the winding roads, amid the old farms of Tennessee, established in the days when James Monroe was President of the United States. A brick court house on a hill marked the isolation of a country seat in the mountains far from the railroads. Near this seat of justice, were a number of men sitting on logs, whittling, chewing tobacco, and discussing matters just as they did in the days of Andrew Johnson. Thus, they sit with their legs crooked, from morning until noon, adjourning for dinner, and returning to sit until the call for supper.

"There is many a good crop spoiled by too much sitting, spitting and whittling," commented the village sage as he passed.

After a trip over the red-clay and well-paved roads of Fentress County, we arrived at the home of Alvin York, fourteen miles from Jamestown. The old court house is surrounded by a giant glacier rock. In fact, the square is unpaved, but for this stone, and the court house rests upon a huge granite foundation, just as it did when John Clemens planned the original structure. The old Clemens home is now one of the best in the city, and the family and heirs of Mark Twain still own timberland thereabouts that represents family investments of a century ago.

From a surrounding area of fifty miles in all directions, the people began to gather for that eventful proceeding on May 8th, which marked the actual beginning of the Alvin York Institute. On the platform, decorated with flags and bunting, Dean Hopkins of the State University, and representatives of the Governor and other dignitaries assembled. The college band from the University of Tennessee was hailed as the first brass band with a real bass drum to visit the country. The people drove in on wagons, in automobiles, and on horseback from the far remote districts in the mountains, for Alvin York remains a hero among the home folks, who are crack rifle shots, and many of whom can pick out the eye of a squirrel with a single bullet.

Everybody brought a basket for the picnic lunch. There were country hams, chickens, dill pickles, boiled eggs, and a



A group of children near York's home

The old Cave Spring

W. I. Jones, Mrs. York, Sergeant York and children, the Editor, Sergeant York's mother-in-law and his mother

The Sergeant York birthplace

Preparing for the first building

thousand varieties of cake that mothers, wives and sisters made. The exercises opened with a stirring welcome address, with Sergeant York presiding. There was nothing of pretense—the home folks love to hear speeches in the open air, as they did in the days when "stump speeches" were the vogue at barbecues on this very

frontier. Secretary of State Haskins represented the governor, and the guests on the platform were from far and near.

After lunch the people gathered to witness the upturning of the first shovelful. With pick in hand, Sergeant York struck a heavy blow, and gave the editor of the National Magazine the honor of turning the first shovelful. Although his hands were not blistered with the effort, there was a feeling that it was a momentous bit of earth that was moving that day.

There were prayers before and prayers after, for these folks are deeply religious and believe that nothing worth while can proceed without the blessing of God. What matter if the platform did bend and creak under my heavy weight? The people were happy and expectant. The giant tall pine trees surrounding, seemed a part of the assemblage. The people cheered lustily when the orations were completed, and punctuated them with laughter—if the joke was not too old.

When the earth was duly turned and the speeches finished, the people insisted they must make a day of it, and had another meeting in the church that night. Within twenty-four hours, three addresses were delivered by a way-faring editor to the same people in different places, which everybody indicated was thoroughly enthused with the dream of the Alvin York school.

Tacked on a tree was the drawing for the prospective buildings, which will be ready for occupancy in October. The site of the school is 650 acres in extent, and is located on either side of the York highway, with another 1,000 acres of valuable timberland near at hand. The audience insisted upon giving many hundreds of dollars right on the spot, and generously subscribed to amounts that were equivalent to the millions subscribed by an audience in New York in proportion to their means. They gave, and gave, and gave until they were glad, and then wound up by singing old-fashioned hymns.

What a rugged, simple honesty was represented in that audience! Alvin York, with his three children, born since the war, and the mother and wife who was the sweetheart who awaited his return, together with many family groups, made this occasion a sort of neighborhood reunion and "old settlers' day."

The next day was Sunday, as they title it in the movies—"Mother's Day" to be exact. The pleas could not be resisted, so once again the editor spoke at the church, while Sunday School was abandoned for a union of parents and children in a Mother's Day service that will not soon be forgotten.

When I was packing my valise at the Mark Twain Hotel, for Mark Twain's only claim to fame in the name of a hotel, is in Jamestown, Tennessee, the home of his father, I stowed away some golden memories of my days with Sergeant Alvin York and his people.

In this very Fentress County lived David Crockett, the hero of Alamo, and I met some of the Crockett family who still reside near the old Crockett home.

The picture of Crockett, clad in buckskins, with his rifle, is as familiar to the lads of Tennessee as the portraits of Washington.

At the home of Alvin York, I enjoyed the open-hearted hospitality of the frontier days. We prepared for supper by washing in the tin basin out on the porch, and sat down to a meal of savory country ham and gravy, delicious beyond description, with plenty of hot corn bread. Outside, was the continuous tinkle of the cow bells, which rang out like evening chimes as the herds were returning from the free pastures on the plateau. Living the rugged, simple life of the mountain farmer, Sergeant York was a real host. The old hand-made chairs, split hickory bottoms, and straight-backs had been used for several generations, and made one sit up and talk face to face, looking one's companion straight in the eye.

The old grist mill, where Alvin York had taken the meal on horseback to be ground in the early days, the old store and its well-matched and whittled benches, the little church attended in youth, the new church "by the side of the road," were all evidences of the sturdy citizenship of the mountain people of Tennessee.

Fentress County is in the Congressional district of Hon. Cordell Hull, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and while he was not present on this auspicious occasion, the people generally knew the name of their Congressman, which is not the case in some of the other states. While it is said you have to hide any books of Darwin's in Tennessee, there was little basis for the jibe and jest concerning the earnest convictions of these mountain folk. They have moving pictures, radio, use the same magazines and paper, the same soap and tooth powder, generally the same sort of breakfast food, eat and drink and wear much the same clothes as people everywhere else in these United States—Americans they are to the core!

Outstanding, in the picture of these homes of the mountain folk, was the glorious verdure of the mountain, the billowy green of the forests, flecked with the blossoms of the dogwood, suggesting the dominating spirit of youth and hope. Among the throng gathered there, were boys and girls hungry and thirsty for an education, just as Alvin York hungered and thirsted for knowledge while working on the rocky farm.

The grandfather of Alvin York, on his mother's side, whose name was Brooks, was in the Northern Army during the Civil War while many other forbears were with the gray. His grandfather was killed on his return to the South, shortly after the war. Already the spirit of the feuds had faded from the picture.

It is natural that Sergeant York should decide to live out his days here. He felt he could not commercialize the honor that had been bestowed upon him. Ever since the war, surrounded by his little family of three children, he has dreamed of and planned for the industrial institute to be located one mile from the square at



An old Tennessee road
Breaking ground at opening exercises
The Alvin York Highway
Turning the first shovelful of earth for construction
The exercises in the pines on opening day

Jamestown, Tennessee, on York Highway, fourteen miles from his birthplace of Pall Mall. This location was chosen in order that the school might better serve the community. It is thirty miles from a railroad, and the crying need for such a school for the boys and girls in this

section, inhabited by old Anglo-Saxon stock, with traits of sterling character, hungry for education, is apparent even to the casual visitor.

Fentress County represents an eddy in the migration of Americans westward over the mountains in the early days of the Republic. Now the automobile and motor trucks have brought them within closer touch of the outside world. In the healthful climate of the plateau, covered by vast tracts of primeval woods, is a large area of successful farms, producing live stock, poultry, fruit and dairying for nearby markets.

At first it was planned to make the institute a graded school, but later it was decided to widen its scope and make it an industrial and agricultural institution. The soil of the one thousand acres on which the Alvin York school is located, is sandy loam, which produces most of the crops of Tennessee. Much of it is covered with young timber, some of which will be of use in erecting the new building. Two dormitories, one for boys and one for girls, an administration building, a modern stock and dairy barn, wood-working shops, an agricultural building, a library building, central dining hall, superintendent's home and teachers' cottages, are included in the construction plans. The farm is to be equipped with modern machinery, blooded cattle, sheep, and hogs, and all those things that familiarize the student with the latest and most successful methods in farm work.

It is not intended at this time to go beyond the high school grade, for the founders realize the desire for practical education among the people. It will be one of the few institutions remaining, where the student can learn and earn as he goes along, while enjoying the opportunity of meeting and mingling with people and overcoming the shyness that comes from living in isolated homes.

While the principles of the Christian religion are recognized by these people as the foundation of government, the institution is to be non-denominational, although the Bible is taught and faith and prayer encouraged. The one dominating thought is to provide opportunities for the boys and girls of the mountains to have an education, to which every American boy and girl is entitled as a rightful inheritance.

Sergeant York has taken the opportunity of building a school as his monument. He does not seek distinction, flattery or praise; he wants a school, the thing for which his heart hungered as a lonely youth among the mountains. For over one hundred years the ancestors of Sergeant York have lived in this beautiful valley around which seven mountains cluster. Within a radius of fifty miles there is no other school of a similar nature. Sergeant York has decided on making the project his life work—this vocational high school which the boys and girls of the mountain may attend, who have no hopes of going away to college. The graduates will in time return to their homes among the hills, become good farmers or housewives, and continue to

build upon the foundation of good citizenship which is inherent in their hearts.

The project has appealed mightily to the members of the American Legion, who insist that a comrade who has devoted himself to such work is deserving of support. Such citizens as Governor Lowden, Congressman Hull, Senator Fletcher, former Senator Luke Lee, Senator McKellar and George L. Berry, President of the International Pressmen's Union have united in helping him with the work.

Uncle "Alf" Taylor, former governor of Tennessee, has written an open letter concerning the project, to the American people, which contains a real heart appeal. To provide the buildings and equipment for the opening of the fall term, the friends of Sergeant York have subscribed freely. The letters of commendation from Sir Douglas Haig and the various other world-famous leaders in civic and military life, indicate that the enterprise is not considered a charity.

The friendly help given Alvin York in Pall Mall, Jamestown, Fentress County, Tennessee, and throughout America, is most gratifying. As much as I have been with Sergeant York, I have never heard him voluntarily speak of himself or tell of his deeds and exploits. He still insists that doing the work before him is simply a matter of duty to his fellowmen. After repeated urging, I was given the

following modest statement concerning a military exploit that set the world agog.

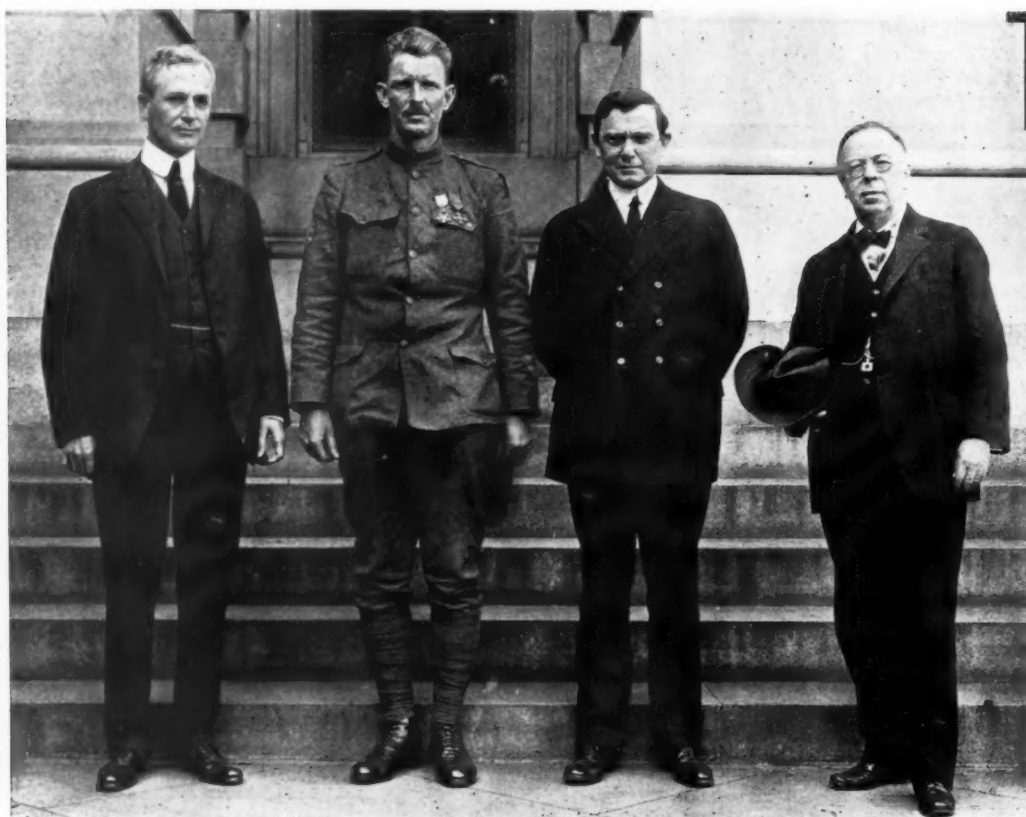
"On October 8, a detail of sixteen men, of which I was the corporal, was sent into the Argonne with instructions to join the commander of the 'Lost Battalion' or to sever the communication railroad which was supplying provisions to the Germans who were boxing the battalion in. We left the headquarters at 6 a. m., and attempted to crawl around a nest of machine guns and snipers located on a ridge which commanded a depression which our troops would have to pass in order to get to the German lines. The Germans saw us and set a trap for us. Before we could gain shelter they opened fire and six of our men were killed and three were wounded. Our men scattered for shelter and I found myself alone with Germans all around me.

"A moment later I saw a German officer approaching my hiding place. Drawing my pistol I ordered him to drop his weapon and surrender, which he did. Calling to my imaginary 'buddies' I told them to cover the remainder of the group, and then I ordered the major to tell his company to surrender. This he did, speaking very good English, which the German soldiers evidently understood. Arranging them in pairs, I marched them toward our lines. There were 97 soldiers in the group. As we approached the spot

where I thought our lines should be, we came upon another nest of machine gunners, and without hesitating the major ordered them to drop their guns and surrender. At this point five of my comrades joined me and we marched the captives to our lines. We had taken 132 men and 35 machine guns," Sergeant York concluded.

His comrades could not believe their eyes, and as modestly and simply as if he had brought home some friends for mess, he sat down and cleaned his rifle, ate his chow, little realizing that he had performed a deed that rivals the tale of Horatio at the Bridge.

The dedication of the Alvin York Industrial Institute is scheduled for October 8th, which is the eighth anniversary of the day when Sergeant York added to the annals of American heroism and valor in the great World War. A survey of the project indicates that it is located where it is needed and where there is no duplication of effort on the western frontier of the southern highlands. York Institute serves a population covering an area of one hundred miles in extent that is practically untouched as far as industrial education is concerned, and cares for the overflow of the hundreds of children housed in the little shacks and attending the little school houses scattered throughout this mountainous district.



From left to right—Congressman Cardell Hull, Sergeant Alvin C. York, United States Senators McKellar of Tennessee and Chamberlain of Oregon

... to collect
... in time return to their
... among the hills become good
... in this famous or housewives and continue to

Rounding out half a century of newspaper activity

The Reminiscences of a Fossil

James B. Borland, dean of Pennsylvania newspapermen, who began his career as a journalist at the age of 16, still stands at the helm of the daily he launched in February 1878, the only daily paper in existence founded by amateurs

ON Monday, February 1878, at my suggestion, the *Evening News*—a little four-page, two-columns-to-the-page-affair—was launched upon our unsuspecting public, by myself and two other boys. Little did I suspect that this paper would still be functioning more than forty-eight years later, and that I would be with it! *The Franklin Evening News* enjoys the distinction of being the only daily in existence that was started by amateurs.

Although just past sixteen years of age at the time, I had had some previous experience in working with type and in publishing other amateur papers. In the summer of 1875, while in my fourteenth year, I printed an address that my father, who was a practicing physician, was to deliver at a meeting of the national association of his school of medicine at Atlantic City. From somewhere my father had acquired an old army press, a case of "nonpareil," and several fonts of type. I worked on this address in all my spare moments, for at the same time I was attending to my delivery of the Pittsburgh papers, having been a newsboy since I was eleven years old.

In 1876 I purchased a small Ruby hand press and a few fonts of type with which to print cards. In this work I had a partner, who has long since reached the end of the trail. We printed what we called "Centennial Cards," using red and blue ink, which we would run together on the disc, with the little hand-roller until the name, when printed, would show half of each color. We enjoyed quite a run on these cards among the young folks, making as high as ten dollars every week.

A chum of mine, Cecil Griffin, and I, had printed one issue of a weekly paper, *The Venango Star* (3½ by 5 inches), in March, 1877, which we revived in September and kept going for a few weeks with an outfit belonging to Griffin.

It was at this period that the printing of papers by boys the country over, had reached its height, and in our country we had an association that held meetings twice a month. The National Amateur Press Association was organized in Philadelphia on July 4th, 1876, and its fiftieth anniversary will be appropriately observed this year.

Around fifty years ago the publishing of small papers, and in a great many instances the printing as well, by boys, ages ranging from 13 to 18 years, was quite common, although little in evidence now.

The earliest known example is the "Juvenile Portfolio and Literary Miscellany,"

an eight-page, two-column-to-a-page weekly, published from October 17, 1812, to December 7, 1816. Thomas G. Condie, Jr., who was at the start 16 years old, issued it according to the publisher's own announcement, from "22 Carter's Alley, opposite Stephen Girard's Bank," in Philadelphia. Little real activity, however, can

yers, ministers, printers, publishers, merchants and important figures in our State and National life, as well as stable, worthwhile citizens in their home towns.

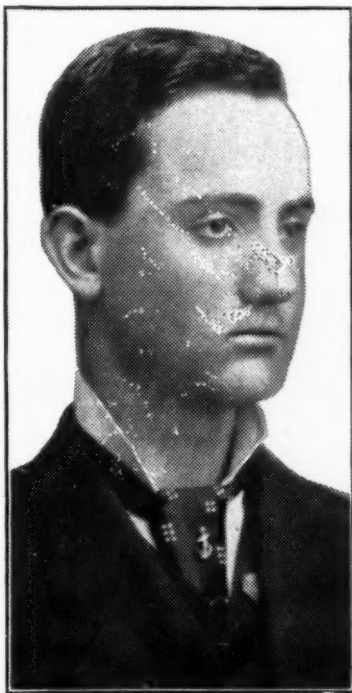
Griffin and I kept the *Venango Star* going until the "bug" entered my head to start a real amateur daily. And so, on the date above mentioned, February 18, 1878, in company with two other boys, the *Evening News* was launched as a candidate for public favor, with the statement that it was "The only daily paper in the world edited, printed and published entirely by boys." Whether this statement was correct I am not certain, although I do know that, later in the year, two other amateur dailies were published—*The Lake City Daily*, at Erie, Pa., and *The Daily Press*, at Medford, Mass.

All that was expended at the start on the *Evening News* was \$1.50 for column rules and leads. We did not own a press until seven years later, renting the use of a press at one of the two weekly newspaper offices. Long before we acquired one, an old lady, who was a neighbor and a very dear friend of our family, wanted to hold a strawberry festival to raise money to buy a press for me!

We rented a case of type that had seen thirteen years' service in the other weekly office, and, together with a few fonts of display type that I had managed to acquire, started on a journey that, for the first ten years, was oftentimes precarious if not tempestuous. One of the boys dropped out after the third day, but the other one, James B. Muse, who was a messenger in the Western Union Telegraph office, stood by and kept at it with me for some time.

From the start, and for a few months following, until some regular printers started a rival paper, we made money, and at the close of school, Muse gave up his job at the telegraph office and we both put in all our time on the work, though that winter Muse sold out. The new paper had made such inroads upon us that it was only by the hardest kind of work, much of it done late at night, that I kept the paper going, with the assistance of a boy. But we finally wore out the opposition and they quit.

We did the work on the *Evening News* in a back room of my father's office, "pressing off" our edition of a couple of hundred copies on a one-eighth Gordon job press at the office of *The Venango Citizen*. To show how slight was our knowledge of "the art preservative," it is only necessary to state that we made the columns two inches wide, which happened



James B. Borland, from a photograph taken in 1878

be pointed out until the early 70's, at about the time of the appearance of the "amateur" printing presses, such as Wood's "Novelty," Kelsey's "Excelsior," Curtis and Mitchell's "Caxton" and "Columbian," etc.

By 1873 several hundred youngsters were at it, and from 1876 to 1878 the boys engaged in this fascinating hobby reached the maximum. Exchanging papers, the running of the National Amateur Press Association, with its annual election of officers, and the State and sectional clubs and associations, furnished a great chance for controversies and miniature political warfare. Enemies were made and friendships started.

This experience and training made its impression, as will be found by tracing some of these boys through later years, a few being here recorded—editors, law-

to be equal to a dozen "ems" of those days, while the standard measure was thirteen "ems." We didn't even know what an "em" was—then. The two columns to each page measured about $6\frac{1}{4}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The "forms" were "made up" on an oilcloth-covered table.

The *Evening News* had a slow growth, not becoming a five-column paper until 1885. It was at this juncture that we purchased (on paper) our first press, the

when a modern Hoe press, with a capacity of sixteen pages, was purchased.

The Spanish-American war had proved a great stimulus to the *News*, and, incidentally, we began getting a skeletonized telegraphic report which replaced the personal column and other local news we had been running exclusively on the first page of our four-page, seven-column paper. The two inside pages were of the customary boiler plate (a summary of

paper was far removed from the amateur class; it was a business success, and it was growing. Advertising was coming into its own, and we were getting our full share—more so than *The Venango Herald*, an organ of Prohibition, which had started as an opposition daily in 1903. From four pages, in 1899 and 1900, our paper had become established as an eight-page daily by 1905; it emphasized clean-cut features and only such local news



James B. Borland, from a photograph taken in 1925

money for which (\$800) was loaned us by one of our wealthy citizens. The press, a Country Campbell, proved to be a nightmare. It was capable of printing but 400 or 500 papers an hour, and when we tried to force it to 800 or 900, it "bucked" and refused to deliver the goods. Then the screw pins in the end of the "bed" were breaking with such frequency, often having to be drilled out, that, after five nerve-racking years, we traded it in for a new Cottrell that was always a source of joy, because it did the best work of any press we ever owned. The demands of our growing business and a circulation of about 2,000 made it necessary to make another change in 1901, when a Duplex press was installed, and the paper enlarged to eight pages; and this continued in service until the early part of 1917,

the telegraph news of the previous day), with a fresh editorial column, and the last page was strictly local.

Gradually, we enlarged the telegraphic report, and, with the installation of two Linotype machines, the paper grew even more. We could handle much more copy in a shorter space of time, and in a few years our circulation was climbing far above 2,000. In 1912 it was well above 3,000, and for the next four or five years it ran between 3,200 and 3,350, and this with a population of about 13,000 to serve. The newspaper by that time had naturally taken on the appearance of an enterprising daily, and compared very favorably in make-up and news stories with the papers published in cities ten times the size of Franklin.

The experimental days had passed; the

stories as could be read without a doubt to their morality. Under such circumstances and possessing a unique, personal appeal, *The News* early won its sobriquet as a "home folks' paper."

The paper having outgrown its quarters in the two-story building in the heart of the business section, a triangular lot in front of the Park Hotel, facing the city's most beautiful parks and the Court House, was purchased, and here was erected; in 1911, one of the most modern and most conveniently arranged newspaper buildings in any moderate-sized city up to that time. Trade magazines then proclaimed it as one of the most attractive in the United States, and to this day it is proving in its utility that the foresight of the architect was unerring. The building was designed especially for *The News*,

EVENING NEWS.

Vol. L, No. 1. Franklin, Pa., February 18, 1878. Price 2 cents.

Evening News.

Barackman, Muse & Barland,
Editors Publishers & Proprietors

By carrier, 1 cent per week; 2 cents per copy.

SERT NEWS.

—To-morrow is election day
—Mr. Hugh Stock has applied for a divorce. His case will come up early in April.
—The small children held a party at the residence of Dr. I. St Clair, Chestnut street, Saturday night.
John Mitchell, of Emlenton, and David Zeugschmidt, of Pittsburgh, two former residents were in town last week.
—Report is that Mrs. Stock, (Carrie L. Smith) who figured quite conspicuously in the bigamy case, last week, is not expected to live.
Raymond Adams, a well-to-do, former resident near Waterloo, becoming slightly deranged, will be taken to Dixmont for medical treatment. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery.
—A stranger upon entering King's office would think each of the "statuary" owned a "Big Injun." But, upon inquiry, he would learn that it is all "wind." Keep on, gentlemen, and you will, but the brokers yet.

—The revival meetings at the Methodist Church have ended.
—A false alarm of fire was sounded last Tuesday night.
—A team belonging to Sam. De Arman ran away on Thirteenth street last Thursday afternoon. The damage was trifling.
—A widow by the name of Winkelman, residing across the Allegheny River, died last Friday, and it is asserted on good authority, that her friends had to go to the Cochran Farm for ladies to see that her body was properly prepared for burial.
—Where's your christian societies?

—SMALL FIRE.—About nine o'clock last Wednesday night, the fire alarm was sounded, a lamp explosion having taken place in George H. White's residence, on Buffalo street. The damages amounted to about fifty dollars.

AMUSEMENTS.

—Milton Noble's company will be here some time next month.
—The Emma Abbott concert company appears at the Opera House on the 23d.
—The concert to be given by the Arion Glee Club, of this city, promises to be a grand affair. It comes off on the 22d inst.
—The telephone concert held at the Court House, Saturday night, was a success. A well filled house went away very well pleased with the entertainment.

Page one of the first issue of Evening News

as a newspaper plant, and a rotunda, from which one could gain entrance to any one of the several departments—news, business office, editorial, circulation or job printing—merely by walking half a dozen or so steps, was the principal feature. The semi-basement was devoted to the mechanical department, newspaper and job rooms, and the first floor to the “upstairs” offices and business department. Some years later a second story, for commercial purposes only, was added.

* * *

At the time we moved into the new building I was associated with General Charles Miller, with whom in fact I was associated for sixteen years. Then, early in 1917, due to differences of opinion, I resigned my position, sold my interest in *The Evening News*, and, after remaining out of the game for six weeks, purchased, along with some of my friends, *The Venango Daily Herald*. The paper took on new lease of life, and leaped from a circulation of 3,000 to 5,350 during the first four months which it thrived under my direction. *The News* gained, too, about this time, rising from 3,000 to 3,900, due to the war excitement, and from then on it was a “war” between the two papers—a conflict, however, which was not a financially successful one for either paper. A merger of *The News* and *The Herald* came about in May, 1919. The forces of the two papers were combined and only a few let go, for both papers had been running below normal for a long time, due to the heavy call upon our youth for war-time duties.

So it happened that *The News-Herald* combined the best talent and the best features of the two papers, and, while it took several weeks to get adjusted properly, the paper continued to make headway and gain friends in the same fashion as the old *News* during the early days. Today *The News-Herald* has an average circulation of 6,750—the largest of any evening paper in Venango County. It has the leased wire report of the United Press, the service of NEA and carries many special features.

During the first twenty-five years I worked at the case, edited, set advertisements and did job printing. I still hold an honorary membership in the local typographical union, which I was instrumental in having founded, and the “make-up” and composing rules that I still carry have since done service. During the World War, for a strenuous period of a year and a half, I edited telegraph, read proof, wrote occasional local stories, and then, in the “rush hour” of the day, set headings, made up the first page and one of the inside pages—but that “load” was a little too heavy to stand for very long. It was the heaviest burden I had been obliged to carry during all my newspaper experience.

Now, coming close to the half-century mark of newspaper activity, I have found the newspaper game to be a wonderful education, bringing one into contact with

life as it really is, making one more appreciative of the worth-while things and always stimulating a vision of greater service. The past years have been memorable ones; my only hope is that I will be able to round up a full fifty years in the game.

Among the boys once active in Amateur Journalism who afterwards became owners of great publications are Cyrus H. K. Curtis, proprietor of *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *Saturday Evening Post*; Edwin A. Grozier of *The Boston Post*, and Joe Mitchell Chapple, *National Magazine*. Among other publishers are Charles Scribner and John Moody, and among editors are Charles Stokes Wayne, of *The Smart Set*; William Henry Siviter, of the *Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph*; Stephen J. Burke, of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, and Joseph Dana Miller, *Single Tax Review*, New York.

Among authors is Burton E. Stevenson, librarian of the Chillicothe, O., Public Library, and better known as the writer of a number of boys' books and a recent anthology known as “The Home Book of Verse,” which has been highly praised by the critics. Another distinguished graduate of Amateur Journalism, and perhaps the best known librarian in the country, is John Cotton Dana, of the Newark, N. J., Public Library, and the author of a number of books, pamphlets, and magazine articles.

Among the dramatists is Augustus Thomas, and among legal lights are James M. Beck, former Solicitor-General; Frank White, author of a number of well-known works on corporation law; Moses H. Grossman, and others less prominent.

Many of these former boy journalists are found active in public life. Among these are United States Senator Moses, of New Hampshire; Ex-Governor Sproul, of Pennsylvania; Fourth Assistant Postmaster Billany; Former State Senator Metcalf, of Tacoma, Wash.; Henry L. Bryan, of the State Department at Washington, in whose arms Thomas F. Bayard breathed his last; Colonel William C. Brown, attached to President McKinley's staff, who was present at the death of the martyred Chief Magistrate; Alfred Holmead, of the Interstate Commerce Commission; Former Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, and many others.

Among clergymen prominent in their localities are Rev. Howard Taylor, of Chicago; Rev. Jesse Higgins, of Utica, N. Y.; Rev. Frank S. C. Wicks, of Indianapolis, and Rev. Father Uncles, of the Epiphany College in Baltimore, Md., the first colored man in the United States to assume the priesthood in the Catholic Church.

Among inventors are Frederick E. Ives, inventor of photo-engraving, and last, but not least, Thomas A. Edison, who loves to revert to the time when he printed his little paper, *The Grand Trunk Herald*, at Port Huron, Mich., 'way back in 1859.

“Oliver Optic” (William T. Adams), a popular author for boys at the time, whose vogue has now passed away, was the pat-

ron saint of Amateur Journalism. He edited a magazine in the 60's and early 70's known as *Oliver Optic's Magazine*, and his comments were helpful to those youthful journalists in whom he manifested a fatherly interest.

For these facts and some others used in this story I am indebted to the *Dearborn Independent* and Joseph Dana Miller, as they are taken from an article by the latter on Amateur Journalism and published in that paper two years ago.

From among the old amateur journalists has sprung the organization called The Fossils, made up from “amateur journalists of the past,” whether editor, author, poet, puzzler, or printer. The boys get together at the annual and sectional dinners and renew their youth, as well as being more or less in touch with each other through their publication, *The Fossil*, issued quarterly from the New York headquarters, 150 Nassau street.

The start of The Fossils was in 1904, when a few former associates near New York, made an effort to locate others in that locality. The interest has been remarkable and the membership has remained comparatively modest (about 200) only for the reason that many other old boys have not known such an organization was in existence.

At the headquarters of The Fossils are many thousands of papers (including Condie's) bound in hundreds of volumes printed from 1860 to 1890, and thousands of tints and photographs of the boys and girls. And here are convention photos and many scrapbooks with professional newspaper notices of meetings in many cities—all comprising a complete record of a closed chapter in the history of the American youth.

* * *

The concluding paragraphs of Mr. Miller's article form a fit conclusion to this one:

“Baseball and the movies, the influx of foreign immigration, the loss of the mechanical and artisan instinct which led the boys of the 70's to the industry of press and manipulation of types—these, or something else, be it what it may, have resulted in the almost complete disappearance of what a once distinguished American statesman, Speaker Randall, of the House of Representatives, was reported to have termed ‘the noblest work engaged in by the American youth.’

“The boys of today have much that was denied to the youth of Amateur Journalism; but in contemplation of its past, of all the joys experienced by the boys who published, edited or contributed to these little journals—some of them not so little, either, who felt the pleasurable literary instinct, the thrills that came to every boy and girl who saw before him the paper that was the child of his brain and hand, who were able to mimic on a grand scale the political activities of their elders—who shall say that what the modern youth has gained is comparable to what he has lost?”

Pierre Mille—The French Kipling

The successor of Anatole France still busy with startling phrase and comment that never fail to startle France

By VAHDAH JEANNE
BORDEUX

"CULTIVATE the society of children, of young people, of women. Children put embarrassing questions which oblige you to revise your judgments and prejudices. Young people represent to you the traditional, the things that are known to you under a face that you had not noticed. Woman interprets the psychology of your contemporaries, and will even make you better understand yourself, if you so desire it . . . Between man and woman there is something of a play in conversation, a struggle; we do not speak quite the same language; conversations between man and woman oblige you to be constantly investigating your meanings . . . The exercise of transporting a thought from one language to another has the result of filtering it, of clarifying it."

PIERRE MILLE.

Three thousand miles of water separates France from the United States, yet that hardly seems an excuse for Americans to ignore the many eminent writers on this side.

Pierre Mille has long been regarded in France as one of the greatest figures in contemporary literature, but I doubt if his name is very familiar to Americans, for the translators have only just begun to interest themselves in his work. So far only four or five of his twenty-three novels have been translated into English; the last of these is *The Monarch*.

Pierre Mille was born in Paris in 1864, his father and mother being from Lille. As a boy he was shy, and never so happy as when alone. During the Prussian invasion his grandfather's home had been sacked by the Prussians, but before the family abandoned the place M. Mille's grandfather had seen that his entire library was stored away in the hayloft, where years later the small Pierre discovered many forgotten books.

In the tree top Pierre Mille built his first library, and his habit was to climb up there in order to think and dream of what life could be. He was hidden in the tree when his tutor came one day to give him his Latin lesson.

"I was so enjoying my tree," M. Mille's eyes smiled roguishly through the thick glasses, "that when my teacher insisted that I descend for my lesson I merely laughed at him, and told him that if he really wanted to give me Latin, he could come up to my study."

"Did he accept your invitation?" I questioned.

"He tried to, but he was not so young

as he once was—" then M. Mille laughed outright at the memory of his old tutor trying to shinny up a tree.

The tree-top was Pierre Mille's novitiate. After studying law and diplomacy



Pierre Mille, the French author

he decided that a lawyer's life was stupid, and that to be an ambassador was not quite to his liking, so he took up newspaper work, and in 1890 was sent to London as correspondent for the *Temps*. In London he became familiar with many phases of English life which he afterwards treated with affection, so much so, that his tale *La Victoire* was dedicated to Rudyard Kipling. In offering his work to the great English writer, Pierre Mille was conscious of their resemblance as interpreters of colonial life.

Both had to leave their native country and go forth to unknown lands.

"After three delicious years in London," M. Mille said enthusiastically, "I was offered the position of chief correspondent for an expedition going to Madagascar. The directors of the papers I was to represent offered me six hundred francs a month, and I was to send ALL the telegrams. . . . I pictured myself as something of a king who sat on his throne

writing telegrams all day; but just before starting off I was told that I was only to send a telegram in the event of three great calamities: if the Queen was assassinated, if the Queen was eaten by a tiger (there are no tigers there) or if there was a general insurrection. So you see I didn't have much chance of living up to my idea of a literary king!"

"Did nothing exciting happen during the time you were there?"

"Not a thing," Pierre Mille rolled another cigarette, the fourth since my arrival, lighted it with the inevitable *Briquet*, then resumed: "Nothing exciting happened, except that I became imbued with the love of unfamiliar places, and from then I became a wanderer. I was in the Greco-Turkish war, in Crete for the insurrection, and penetrated to Senegal, the Soudan, the Belgian Congo, and followed the ex-Kaiser on his journey to Palestine and Syria."

"And during all these adventures you were working as correspondent?"

"For the *Temps* and the *Debats*; and as a reaction for my spirit I wrote during those years some fugitive sketches for the *Revue Bleue*. These attracted the attention of the Editor of the *Temps*, and he asked me to contribute sketches to his own paper. When I was thirty-seven I wrote my first novel."

Today M. Mille is the most prolific writer in France, for he turns out forty-two articles a month, and a novel every ten months. His early years of travelling journalist have never been forgotten, and so entirely did they absorb him that even though he might have wished to become purely a novelist, the French reading public refused to do without him as a writer for their papers.

* * *

His first novel brought him immediate fame. He has the gift of portraying life in the colonies as seen by the eyes of a simple man, and no other French writer had ever been able to do that, and apart from Kipling's tales translated, the French people had never read such stories as Pierre Mille told them; and so proud are the French of their colonies that they deem it more than proper for the colored subjects of France to move about on the Rue de la Paix on terms of equality with the BON BOURGEOIS. Since that first novel he has gone forward in leaps and bounds. As ironist and a fencer with ideas he is in the succession to Anatole France.

M. Mille lives on the Quai de Bourbon, Isle de St. Louis, in one of the oldest

Continued on page 503.

See Naples *and* Live—in Florida

Beauties on the American Bay of Naples. The work of Mr. John S. Jones in creating a new Naples on the Mediterranean of the Western Hemisphere. The retreat discovered by General Haldeman and the late Henry Watterson that evoked the praise of Lord Northcliffe

IF there is a place in Florida fittingly named, it is "Naples." When you see Naples almost the last of the mainland of Florida, one hundred miles north of Key West, you look upon a veritable tropical beach fairyland. The blending waters of the Gulf sweeping that long stretch of beach completes a picture that brings to mind the blue waters of the Mediterranean. It is no wonder that my friend of many years, John S. Jones, was captivated when he first visited this spot in search of health for his children. That is one reason why he put his heart and soul into putting the Naples of America on the map.

Years ago I knew John S. Jones as a railroad superintendent, and he was a real superintendent. Man of large business affairs, he has kept constructive development as a theme for his daily dozen. He works on the dot and follows a schedule and matured plan, and whether it is at a hearing in Washington, a conference in New York, on his farm or at his Inn in Granville, Ohio, J. S. is always doing things—an executive who knows how to execute or organize to move the traffic over the line as planned.

At Naples I found Charles H. Hartley, another of my life-long friends and one of Mr. Jones' valiant lieutenants in the long years of construction work, in charge, having gone to Naples three years ago. He was train dispatcher for John S. Jones in the years gone by, and was advanced step by step to the position of general manager later with Mr. Jones building and selling railroads, and Hartley knows how to operate on schedule. On the pier was "Jim" Carlin, a veteran conductor with John S. in those early days, enjoying a wonderful vacation, fishing to his heart's delight. He was in charge of the pier, furnishing bait, catching fish to the full extent of his life's dream—as happy as a clam. Now he understands why he had run that passenger train for twenty years. That is the way "J. S." has of doing things, planning for others to enjoy life with him as he goes along, sticking fast by his friends, and "look and listen" if you are on the track.

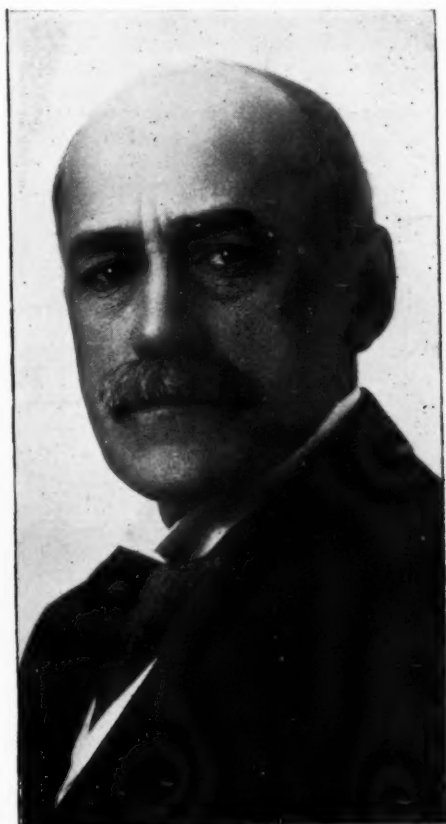
As President of the Sunday Creek Coal Company, and of various railroads, and no matter what he is doing, "J. S." in the full prime of his years, keeps things moving. His work in Florida has been to him a personal delight.

Now for a description of the Florida Naples lying between Naples Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, almost the farthestmost south mainland.

Naples has been called a "city of the sun, a resort of paramount beauty, where an enchantment, with an atmosphere of true aristocracy, lies basking in the glow of the revivifying tropical sun." Haloed with romance, shrouded in mystery, wrapped in a mantel of tradition, tiny Naples, with its thirteen streets running due north and south, and its thirty-five avenues running east and west, is an object of speculation to the visitors who come in ever-increasing numbers to steep themselves in its matchless pristine wonder, to glory in the superior excellence of its

natural scenery, its unrivalled bathing, its multiple charms that are always an unending delight.

To this region of exuberant tropical growth, year in, year out, have come scores of investment-hungry capitalists greedy for gain, looking upon this fair little municipality of the coast with eyes in which lurks the light of cold financial appraisal. Thanks to its discoverers, its inhabitants are of another sort. They are nature-



Mr. John S. Jones, developer of Naples, Florida

loving people who have been attracted in one way or another to its seductive charms. Many of those who have come but to visit, have eventually come to stay. So it was with General Haldeman and the late Henry Watterson—nestors of American journalism, identified with the famous *Louisville-Courier Journal*; so it was with General Haldeman's sons and daughter; so it was with those whom "Marse Henry" and the General let drop a hint of the fairyland they had discovered; and so it was with Mr. John S. Jones, who eventually purchased ninety per cent of the capital stock of the Naples Improvement Company, and in all the hectic days refused to sell even the merest fraction of its holdings with millions offered.

Naples has a history teeming with romance. Most of its story may lie buried in the sands of Naples Bay and the Gulf of Mexico. It provides a mystery angle, a seduction of pleasurable speculation which is more fascinating than grossly intimate revelation of modern days.

What visitor to Naples cares to know the precise truth about the origin of the canal, fifteen feet wide at the bottom and three feet deep, running diagonally across the three-quarter mile strip of land between the bay and the gulf, about which speculation is rife? Who cares to know who dug this water channel and for what purpose, when he can weave such delightfully entrancing stories in explanation of its existence? Sufficient it is to know that when the first settlers came to the section that is now Naples, after Captain Gordon had opened up the way, they found this channel almost as it is today, with its pine trees lining its banks, and an outlet to the sea which, from interior evidence, is probably of modern origin.

Tradition—so some old settlers relate—is that the canal is a heritage left by the early Spaniards. Imagination has woven strange tales about it and about them. One aged settler there informed me with every evidence of sincerity, that the canal was undoubtedly the work of the notorious pirates who, a century or more ago, made this whole region a place of foreboding for the skippers of the swift-sailing barks whose business made it necessary for them to pass this sheltered spot.

"That there canal," he informed me, "was dug by them pirates so they could have a safe and secret passage from the Gulf into the bay. That's where they used to cache their plunder, and bring the women they stole off'n the ships."

Probably the old settler is wrong. There stands the mystery-enshrouded passage back of the row of pretty cottages which have recently been constructed by the Naples Improvement Company, right in the center of the town. Do you not agree with the theory of the inhabitants? Another theory is yours for the making. Take the bare facts, twist them as you will, entwine them with garlands of folk-lore. What boots it that the real history of the canal—of Naples, in fact—will probably never be known? Who would not rather be a poet, than a mere chronicler of fact?

What knowledge we have of Naples' real history extends back less than a couple of generations. The Weeks brothers can tell you all of that. The oldest settlers in Naples, they came to the town with their families some thirty-nine years ago from North Carolina. Three of them still live there and tell the visitors many interesting incidents connected with the history and growth of the town.

The first settlement of Naples was made by Madison Weeks who came from Chokoloski in 1873 and camped on what is known as the Menefee Place at Gordon's Pass for one month and then went over and settled on the shell mound



Swimming Pool



The Pier



Looking toward Gulf from steps of hotel



Solarium



Sunset on the Bay of Naples



Looking from the pier into the waters of the Gulf, showing myriads of fish

at Gordon's Pass and lived there about four years. He was followed by John Weeks and James Daniels. About 1885 Mr. Louis Hendry came down with a gang of men and they pitched their tents at approximately one mile from the present Naples townsite and grubbed out a number of streets.

Naples as Naples was founded in 1888 by General John S. ("Cerre Gordo") Williams of Kentucky, then in the United States Senate, one of the most distinguished men of his day both in America and abroad. He associated with himself Mr. Walter N. Haldeman of the Louisville *Courier Journal*, and organized the first Naples Company, and was its first president. They erected a saw mill near Bay Landing. This company accomplished practically all that was ever done till the coming of Mr. James K. Hamill and associates of Ohio and the Haldeman heirs, followed after the death of Mr. Hamill by Mr. E. W. Crayton and subsequently by Mr. John S. Jones.



E. W. Crayton

General Williams built the first house there, which is now the property of Mr. Bruce Haldeman. Mr. Walter N. Haldeman built the second cottage, afterwards owned by Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister to President Cleveland.

Colonel Jas. H. Holloway, who married the only daughter of General Williams by his first wife, completed the hotel, pier, store and office building and had the townsite surveyed, streets cleared. At this time the only means of transportation into and out of Naples was by water. A little later mail was transported twice each week by carrier on horse back from and to Fort Myers. Along in 1889 this bridle path was widened sufficiently to allow the use of wagon and team, and mail and supplies became more frequent.

Many years later General W. N. Haldeman and "Marse Henry" Watterson went to Naples by boat and became interested as a result of the marvellous fishing and hunting which they found there. Loath to quit so fair a paradise, they remained all winter. When spring came, General Haldeman had made up his mind to own a home in this region. With his friend and asso-

ciate, "Marse Henry," he formed a syndicate and bought ten thousand acres, then set to work to build himself a home—an example which was immediately followed by the fire-eating Colonel Watterson. Next they improved the property and built a little hotel to take care of their friends, to a few of whom they had hinted of their secret. For forty years thereafter, every winter without fail, the two Kentucky colonels came to Naples to enjoy many happy months.

Before he completed his home, the General died, and to his son, General W. B. Haldeman, honored with the office of commander of the Confederate veterans, was given the task of completion. The home stands facing the Gulf of Mexico, on a plot nearly buried beneath an exuberance of towering royal palms and other tropical foliage. Before the house is a spacious lawn, upon which the two old cronies would sit, enjoying ideal comfort, discussing the philosophy of life in the sunsets of their illustrious career.

A southern friend told the story of their life at Naples:

"It is a beautiful story that is told of the charming unconventionality of the life of these noted men. There never was any snobbishness about these Kentuckians. They fitted in very quietly and naturally to the general run of affairs and in the long years they spent their winters in Naples, they endeared themselves very much to the people. There is a wistful look in the eyes of the old settlers when you speak of General Haldeman and Colonel Watterson.

After the first General Haldeman died, his sons, General W. B. Haldeman, and Mr. Bruce Haldeman, with their sister and Henry Watterson, induced other people to become interested with them in their holdings. Still later they organized a corporation to improve the region which became known as the Naples Improvement Company, floated a stock issue, but did little improvement for a number of years. As a matter of fact, they were not greatly interested in improving the locality. Their main purpose in owning the land was that they might keep it from falling into other hands. For years they went on thus, enjoying the privacy of that beautiful spot, but as they saw Florida advancing, they decided to invite outside capital to participate with them in further developing the place.

When matters had progressed so far, another in this little drama came upon the scene. Five years ago, having some friends in Naples, and being anxious to take his little daughter to a warmer climate where she might regain her health, John S. Jones took his entire family down to Naples. Motoring in from Fort Myers, a distance of about forty miles, he "discovered" the many times rediscovered village—found a small group of congenial folks and decided to stay.

Coming into Naples at this propitious moment, and becoming imbued with the idea that Florida had a great future, Mr. Jones purchased the controlling interest in the Naples Improvement Company. Mr. Bruce Haldeman remained in the company, holding the remaining ten per cent of the securities.

Very quietly Mr. Jones began making improvements. He issued no real estate prospectuses and hired no publicity agents. Without a word to a soul, he went to work and within the past two years has built a power plant, sewered the town, built a laundry, an ice plant, a water filtration plant, added to the hotel to make it the commodious structure of one hundred and fifty rooms—every one filled to capacity—and laid plans for future improvements.

In 1913 Naples was still most primitive. Henry Watterson, who whiled away his winters there with a few congenial spirits, penned a true picture when he wrote:

"The Almighty Dollar, the serpent of modern life, has delayed his entrance into Eden. The semi-occasional postman once in a while reminds



Judge E. G. Wilkinson, Mayor of Naples

us of civilization. But there is no telegraph to tick us back into the sin and sorrow of a wicked world—only a bit of rusty and wheezy telephone connecting with Fort Myers—this only once in a while."

Such it was when E. W. Crayton, then of Columbus, Ohio, president of the Dominion Land Company of that city, with his associates organized the Naples Improvement Company. At that time there was a winter colony of about four families and an equal number of permanent residents. Seeing Naples now, it is hard to visualize it as it was then—no streets, lights or roads and water the only means of transportation.

The Naples Improvement Company undertook the development of some ten thousand acres, operated a small hotel and developed some of the outlying land into orange groves and truck farms. This development was handicapped by lack of roads and Mr. Crayton, with his associate E. G. Wilkinson, to meet that need originated the portion of the Tamiami Trail reaching from Fort Myers to Henderson Creek, about eight miles southeast of Naples, buying one-half of the first Bond issue.

In 1921 the controlling interest of The Naples Improvement Company was sold to John S. Jones, who requested and received Mr. Crayton's co-operation. Mr. Crayton representing the controlling interest of the Naples Gulf Coast Land Company, Naples Grove and Truck Company



Beach Scene



Naples Hotel, looking from the pier

and the Naples Tropical Realty Company, totaling about 7,000 acres with eight miles of Beach frontage has co-operated with Mr. Jones in the further development of Naples, and today it is a flourishing incorporated town with a boundless future.

Lord Northcliffe and his wife visited Naples, something like thirty or thirty-five years ago. Lord Northcliffe, at that time, had the title of Sir Alfred Harmsworth. He was a great angler, and caught the first tarpon at Naples, with a fly. It was a small-sized tarpon, of course, and he used a trout rod in taking the fish. He was something of an artist and drew a picture of this fish, which he afterwards painted in color.

During his stay at Naples he wrote a very interesting series of letters to one of his sporting periodicals in England. Lady Harmsworth was a great sportswoman, and she accompanied her husband into the woods when they went after deer and wild turkey. They were very successful in their hunting expeditions, and the letters he wrote to England showed that he was very much delighted with Naples.

In the early eighties, Mr. H. B. Plant, the

veteran railroad builder, visited Naples with the hope of purchasing the entire property of the Haldeman family who owned at that time practically all the peninsula between the Gulf and Bay of Naples. It was Mr. Plant's intention to make Naples the southern terminus of the Plant System. It was stated that in case the Naples property could have been purchased, the famous Tampa Bay Hotel at Tampa would never have been built, but erected at Naples instead.

At the present time the Naples Improvement Company has about 1500 acres in the townsite, and about 1700 acres contiguous to the corporation of Naples. In addition to this, Mr. Jones has half interest with another party in three corporations, with holdings of four or five thousand acres immediately adjoining so that altogether he controls, through his holdings in the various corporations, some 7,000 acres, with a frontage on the Gulf of Mexico of about seven miles.

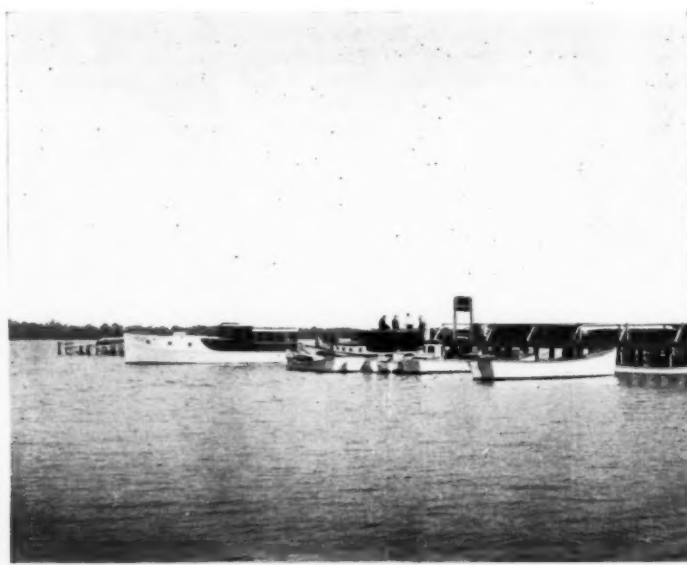
Since acquiring control of the townsite and the acreage surrounding it, Mr. Jones has laid down a dead line on the sale of the property. Naples property was not on the market during the latter months of 1925 and 1926.

"I have absolutely refused to sell one single lot at Naples up to the present time, or to give an option on the property," declares Mr. Jones. "I have told some of the real estate agents that have been pressing me for options that I was not in a position to give any options at this time, or to develop the property, as my attention was entirely absorbed in an effort to complete railroad transportation to Naples, and as soon as that was an accomplished fact, I would then give consideration to *bona fide* offers to purchase the entire property or otherwise, as might seem best.

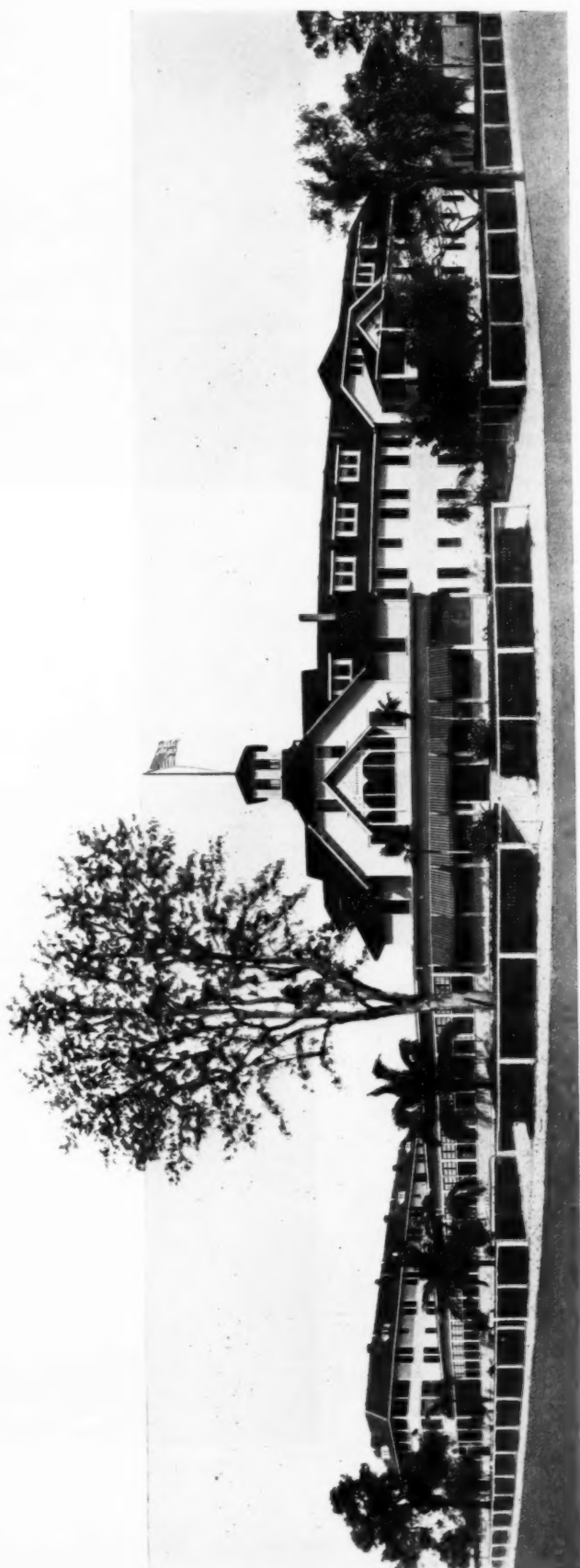
Such a plan prevents an unorderly growth, and retains the distinctive atmosphere of the town. Naples has a large number of homes, neat and well made cottages in stucco and concrete. The Naples Hotel is a substantial building, pleasant in appearance and situated on a spacious plot of land. There is a large community hall connected with the hotel. Fishing and yachting is a favorite diversion, and then there is the omnipresent golf course. The general store is operated by the company. A block from the Naples Bay dock, between the Naples Hotel and the bay is the Bay Shore Hotel, a three-story stucco building,



Golf Course



Back Bay Scene



Naples Hotel

with a ball room and other features which add to the homelike atmosphere of the town.

The fondest dreams of John S. Jones are about to be realized. The Naples, Seaboard and Gulf Railway Company has been organized to build from Naples to the south bank of the Estero River (twenty miles north of Naples) where it will connect with the Seaboard Air Line Railway. Contractors are busily engaged in grading, rails are being laid by the Seaboard south from Fort Myers toward the Estero connection, and through train service into Naples seems assured for the coming winter season.

Already Naples has been incorporated. Judge E. G. Wilkinson, a man of wide learning and legal ability, is Mayor; Thomas Weeks, one of the original "Weekses," is marshal; and other enterprising members of the community have been appointed to office. There is a school to take care of the needs of the children, an excellent drainage system and everything necessary to assure Naples of retaining its distinction of being one of the highest class Florida resort cities, thanks to the work of the Generals Haldeman, Colonel Watterson and John S. Jones.

A few years will see a flourishing city on the Gulf, recalling the sunshine heavenly blue of Sorrento, located two hundred miles south of the original Napoli in Italia, that will answer to the roll call "Naples—in Florida!"

The temperature of the Naples district as taken from the weather bureau reports, United States Department of Agriculture for a period of fifty years, shows the average for twelve months to be 73 degrees. From October 1st to May 1st, the period when northern people sojourn down there the average is 68 degrees. The remainder, or what might be termed the summer season, the temperature runs from 78 to 83. Extremes of temperature are very rare. The rainfall from October to April, inclusive, was 2.15 inches.

The location is referred to by the United States Department of Agriculture as one of modified tropical marine climate. It is situated 300 miles south of Cairo, Egypt, the parallel of latitude upon which it is situated running through the Sahara Desert, Arabia and northern India. The climate is practically the same as that of the Bahamas and West Indies. Naples is located nearly 500 miles south of San Diego, California. The sun shines on an average of 358 days of the year. Even in midsummer there has never been known a case of heat prostration. Dense fogs are unknown, and the slight mists that ever develop during the late hours of darkness, all disappear with sunrise.

If such a term may be used, Naples is below the frost line. Only six days in a period of twenty-nine years has there been freezing temperature and 27 degrees above was the minimum. Tropical vegetation is prevalent. The coconut palm, royal palm, mango, pineapple, avocado and the banana grow in abundance.

Fine bearing orange and grape fruit groves surround Naples and every vegetable known is raised on the rich soil to the east of Naples Bay, where lies an area of ground suitable and of sufficient space to supply the large city Naples is destined to become. Strawberries and other fruits grow in abundance.

Fish in Naples district.

Tarpon	Sea Trout	Seargent
Jack	Jew	Groupers
Blue	Red	Mullet
Snapper	Spanish Mackerel	Saw Fish
Pompano	Lady Fish	Sheepshead
Channel Bass		Snook



Charles H. Hartley

If there is such a thing as Nature contributing to a location she has surely "done herself proud" in the setting to be found at Naples. While the people of Florida are for all Florida and working to make it one of the greatest states in the Union, Florida citizens who visit Naples individually and collectively admit that the location as now in the rough never had an equal in the Sunshine State.

One of Nature's acts was to provide a piece of ground of sufficient size upon which to build a

second Miami directly upon the Gulf of Mexico without so much as a river to cross in reaching the main body of water and to provide an unbroken beach of seven miles second to none, with its wide section of pure white sand free from undertow and safe for humanity of all ages to bathe every month of the year.

For three and one-half miles, starting at a point near the center of the Plat of Naples and extending south to Gordon's Pass, the location is bordered on the east by the beautiful Bay of Naples, making this peninsula one of great attractiveness. It is expected to make Naples Bay a Harbor of Refuge, and the improvement incident thereto will provide a stopping place for sea-going yachts.

It is fully expected that a deep water terminal will be established at Naples through which traffic to and from Cuban and South American ports will be exchanged. Water in the Gulf nearby is of sufficient depth to admit of ocean going vessels trading at that point.

Immediately to the south of Naples the famous Ten Thousand Island district starts running all the way through to Cape Sable and the Florida Keyes. Among these islands and around the banks eight to ten miles out in the open Gulf is to be found the best fishing in the South.

The great desire of the northern people as the depressing winter conditions develop is to find a spot where summer continues throughout the winter and where they may be free from sudden

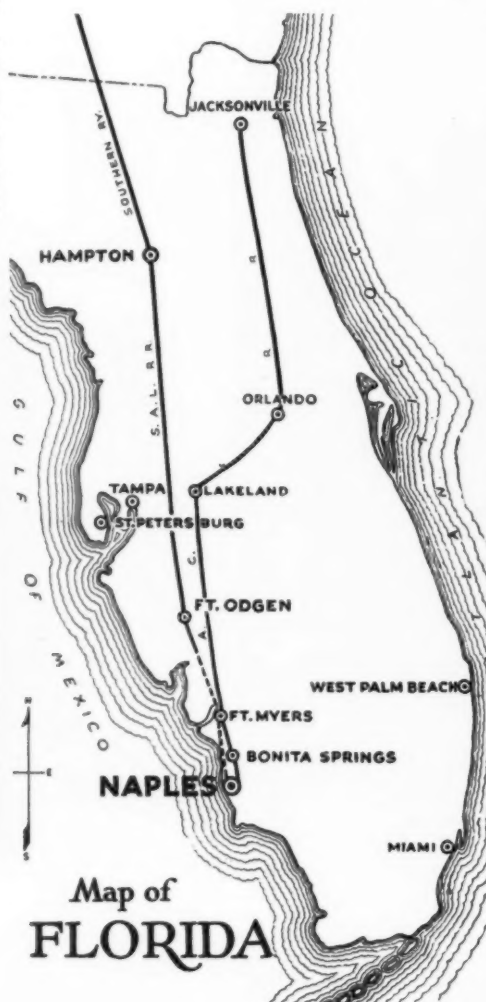
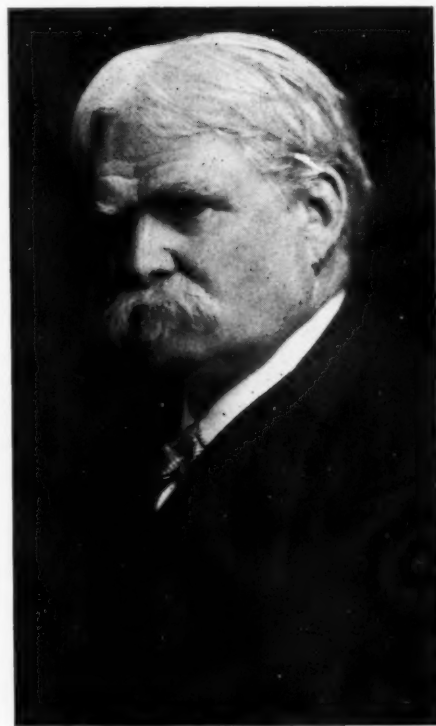


General Haldeman

climatic changes—to get as far south as possible where living conditions are favorable. All this and more may be found in the Naples district because it is at the extreme end of the mainland on the west coast of Florida, where there is more sunshine and less rain, likewise a more even temperature during the winter months, than is usually found in any area on this mundane sphere—called the earth.



Bruce Haldeman

Map of
FLORIDA

The late Henry Watterson

An Honored Friend of "Lo! the Red Man!"

How Henry W. Palm became an Indian Chief and was promoted from "Long Chin" to Chief White Eagle. He knows Indian trinkets and curios as well as his alphabet

THERE is an old poem entitled "Forty Years Ago Tom" in "Heart Throbs" and every verse presents a picture of long, long ago. When I first heard the lines it seemed as if they reached almost to the prehistoric ages—another span of life. "Forty years ago," I said to myself, "Gee, that seems like going back to the time of Moses in the Bulrushes which we heard about in our Sunday school lessons." Now I can tap a friend on the shoulder and say, "Forty years ago, Hank. 'Twas years since last we met," I twitted as the old boyhood smile expanded in the same old way as when there was a good haul from Asa Camp's melon patch.

Before me was the outgrowth of a slender, dark-eyed lad with a long nose now—well he was still Hank when I looked into his eyes. He was called the Adonis of the village because he parted his hair in the middle and had a way of saying funny things that made the girls giggle. This was an art in the days when we plunged into society at the age of twelve arrayed with "dickey" shirt front and celluloid collars. Hank also had the distinction of wearing the first diamond ring seen on the hands of any mortal boy in the town, no matter if he did borrow it from his sister. It sparkled a bit among the girls and this forecasted his career as a jeweler and led him on to become at fifty-five a lapidary expert. One of the first of the "gang" to move away, it seemed like breaking the old home circle when Hank with tears said, "So long, boys, take care of old Purp." Purple was the dog, counted O. S. G. (Old Sixty Gang). Old Sixty was a saint we had read about in Beadles' Dime Dozers who killed Indians.

Located in the near northwest Hank became interested in real Indians. The details of the massacre by the Indians at New Ulm was still talked about. In Minnesota and Dakota he became friendly with the Sioux Indians whose classic faces recall the profiles on old Grecian coins. In bartering for trinkets he learned the language. This was the beginning of a life-long career as a collector. Interested in curios, he worked out a plan for selling Indian trophies for a real profit to the Indians. Letters written to him by the Indians from all over the country in their own peculiar vernacular tell their story of the gratitude of the Red Man. High-sounding phrases of undying devotion and loyalty were bestowed on Hank, for an Indian is either for you or against you. There is no medium ground or wiles of diplomacy among the first settlers of America, and the old saying that there was "no good Indian except a dead Indian" is a libel that has long ago been exploded.

It was not long before "Hank" knew about blankets, bracelets, pipes, rugs and the traditions associated with Indian craft. Traveling far afield to the southwest he was soon in personal touch with nearly every tribe of Indians in the U. S. A.—and he knew what they had made for centuries past. At first they gave him an Indian name, Ekiuhanski, meaning "Long Chin," fol-

lowing out their method of christening individuals according to marked personal characteristics. After he had the password to the pow wows, and had stood the supreme fraternal test of the Sioux, he was hailed as Wanmdiska, "White Eagle," meaning Kind Ruler, and was duly adorned with a halo of feathers, clad in buckskins with all the other trappings of a member of the tribe in good standing. He sang "Tamany" as his response and found his long legs useful in the war dance Charleston.

Later he was associated with Mr. Rodman Wanamaker of New York, completing the notable Indian collection in New York City. Everywhere that Hank displayed his Indian wares,



Henry W. Palm ("White Eagle"), collector of Indian curios

the customers recognized that they were sterling goods, made out of old, old silver dating back perhaps to the centuries when Cortez conquered Mexico. Rings and bracelets were set with turquoise matrix and engraved with the peculiar Indian signs and emblems to adorn fashionable debutantes, while old medicine bowls, bows and arrows, moccasins and arrowheads, associated with Indian life and Indian lore fascinated the collectors in society circles, all eager for some Indian adornment for a "den."

Starting in life as a jeweler, Henry W. Palm knew diamonds and precious stones. Indian relics became his hobby and evolved into a vocation for he knew the value of Indian relics and products. Back of this Henry Palm knew the

Indians from coast to coast and lakes to gulf. Several winters he was in Florida with the Seminoles, the friend of "Willie Willie" and the lads in red rimmed shirts who built the thatched roofs at Tahiti Beach. While he carried some of the prismatic hued trophies of the Seminoles, his shop soon became a center of interest for Indian relics from all parts of the country—plainly labelled and marked in bold figures. Some of the trophies were used as mascots by those who were following the fortunes of horse racing at Hialeah. Talk about an Indian having superstitions, he does not begin to equal some of the white faces when it comes to working out a system of mystic luck with derelict superstitions. In the old village, we used to play Indian and now I recall it was Hank who saved the feathers from all the geese and chickens at John Michaelmas' "live and dressed poultry" shop in the cellar and arrayed himself as a Chieftain with all the variations of a Big Creek war whoop. Called upon to furnish dens and complete rare collections of Indian relics for millionaires he found the market advancing and Indian relics growing more valuable. Detecting an Indian jewel as accurately as he can tell a diamond, he is often called as an expert to distinguish the spurious from the genuine. Now that he has become a rover the world over like the Nomadic tribes, it is unnecessary to indicate the state of his birth except to intimate that it lies somewhere in the west and not far from where a tribe of Tama Indians lived on a reservation, between the waters of the Father of Waters and the Big Muddy, indicated on the map as "Iowa, where the tall corn grows."

On the night we met for the first time in forty years the orchestra was playing an Indian Love Song, with cohoos and boohoos medley. There was a look of sadness on the face of my old boyhood friend as he remarked, "And they call that Indian music!" Even the clanging cymbals and tom tom percussion of the jazz did not satisfy him. "It sounds like a canned war whoop!" To those who have made a study of Indian lore, ballads and love songs labeled Indian do not seem to lure Indian experts to an appreciation of the syncopation in minor key that suggests the clatter of hoofs, the roar of thunder. Edna Dean Proctor's poem on the song of an ancient people, "Children of the Wind and the Rain," has the cadence of Indian melody attuned to Nature's subtle notes.

When a group of Indians is desired for a tour abroad or to any part of our country they now appeal to Chief White Eagle to sound the tocsin.

A worthy successor of Colonel Cody and Buffalo Bill as a business leader among the tribes of Red Men, pointing to them the ways of business in the days of peace and how to gather in the wampum of the U. S. A., Henry Palm carries the palm. Indians of today from the oil regions have their automobiles, palatial homes, pianos, farms, and

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A PRAYER FOR A PUP

(A Requiem for Departed of Dog Days)

Great God of Dogs:

Seated on the regal throne in the high heavens, where ruddy Sirius flames; with all thy angel pack about thee, running to do thy bidding—Saint Bernards and all the other canine saints, collies, setters, mastiffs and great Danes, dogs who gained heaven through much loving and profound devotion, a noble brood, heroes of flame and flood—

Great God of Dogs, look down and hear my humble prayer.

Outside thy portals this gray morn a little stranger waits, an Airedale terrier, nine months old, big-footed, awkward-limbed, rough-coated, with stubby tail held upright, wagging rapidly, ears cocked, and brown eyes full of innocent inquiry and pained surprise at his strange plight, pleading humbly for admittance.

That's Dusty Rhodes. He died last night in undeserved pain. The tortures of distemper wore him down. His little spirits passed beyond our ken. No more our door is open to his plaintive whine. Great God of Dogs, I pray thee, let him in.

And if he cannot read his title clear to kennels in the skies, I pray thee grant him mercy. If in his record thou dost read much mischief and some disobedience, forget not his unsullied heart, his sweet and gentle disposition: no trace of viciousness did darken his young life, no evil mood, nor any least resentment. He teased our cat, but it was only play; he would have loved him like a brother if he could. And if on such and such a day he misbehaved and heeded not the bidding of his mistress, on that same day he licked the chastising hand, and all was soon forgiven and forgot.

There be no deeds of valour to record; but he was young. He came of noble lineage; his little heart was true. Be merciful, I pray, and let him in.

His little collar hangs upon a nail, and e'en the little whip, the sight of which chastises us today. He has no home. We cannot bear that he should wander there in outer darkness, unpatted and unloved. Is there no place in all the wide heaven for him? Is there no loving hand to take his proffered paw? I pray thee, let him in.

And if there be an angel child or two whose time may well be spared, some cherub who can understand a dog, who loves to play, I pray thee to entrust him to his keeping. He will repay the care. Across the Elysian fields he'll romp and run; and if some angel stops and smiles and speaks his name, as neighbors did on earth, then there will sound the bark of pure delight that we shall hear no more, no more; and heaven will hear a joyful noise that day.

Great God of Dogs, outside thy pearly gates this little stranger stands and begs the simplest boon. He only asks for someone he may love. Great God of Dogs, wilt thou not take him in.

WALTER A. DYER.



Send your contributions to
CHARLES H. TYLER, *Sec.-Treas.*
AMERICAN DISTEMPER COMMITTEE
Ames Building, Boston, Mass.

A Champion of 20th Century Youth

Dr. Daniel A. Poling—"C. E." Leader

Youth is youth the world over and nowhere is there any indication that it has suffered a lapse from its rigid moral stamina and integrity of days gone by, is Dr. Poling's contention

ENDEAVOR is the carbureter of progress. It is a word that means much in human life, and Father Francis E. Clark had a real insight into the ideals of Christian progress when he used the word in christening a new organization of youth that is fulfilling the tenets of Christianity.

When Dr. Daniel A. Poling was elected president of the Christian Endeavor Society of the World, an organization famed and renowned in the religious history of our times, he was standing within one mile of the very spot where he was born. This occurred at Portland, Oregon, within whose limits is Clay Street in the East Side, marking the birthplace of an international leader. The father of Dr. Poling was an Evangelical minister who moved about from place to place. Like lusty Oregon lads, young Poling dreamed of the time when he could go to college and play football. Graduating from Dallas Oregon College, a denominational institution, he went over seas in the Y. M. C. A. work and was in the First Division.

Returning from overseas, he came to New York and was made Assistant Pastor at the Marble Collegiate Church on Fifth Avenue. With the memory of having joined one of the first junior Christian Endeavor Societies, organized west of the Rocky Mountains in his father's church, at the tender age of ten, he naturally took an active interest in Christian Endeavor.

As special preacher in Dr. Burrell's church, the old Marble Collegiate Dutch Reformed Church on Fifth Avenue, New York, attended by Theodore Roosevelt, his experience in Endeavor work makes it possible for him to get in touch with the young people of the city as he had the young people in Oregon, for youth is youth the world over. This church had one of the first societies in New York.

Presiding at the International Association meeting in Europe this year, Dr. Poling has become a world leader. The membership role of the Christian Endeavor Society includes many prominent men all over the world and in the United States, including Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, Secretary Wilbur of the Navy, two members of the President's Cabinet, David Lloyd George, Harlan Childs of New York, the late William Jennings Bryan and many others whose names are illustrious in the activities of their time.

Before the United States Judiciary Committee last April, Dr. Poling made a statement that has attracted widespread

attention. Representing five hundred thousand of the flower of young Christian manhood and womanhood, he protested against the inclination to slander the youth of today. Applying the moral test, he made a review of the situation which conclusively indicates that there is no reason for losing heart concerning the moral stamina and integrity of the youth of today, as compared with times past. A questionnaire was sent out to representatives of the Christian Endeavor Societies in every state. This reflected an



Dr. Daniel A. Poling, President of the Christian Endeavor Society of the World

overwhelming conviction that they believed light wines and beer should not be legalized; and they believed that prohibition had brought better conditions and that the majority of people in their community and state were emphatically against the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

This questionnaire was supplemented by one sent out to the seven hundred store managers, representing as many merchandizing districts of the J. C. Penney organization covering forty-eight states. These were, forsooth, the boys of Main Street. As partners in a business serving hundreds of thousands of people, these managers gathered a first-hand, face-to-face conclusion from all classes and creeds.

"Prohibition has been the greatest social adventure in the history of a free people, and none can gainsay the fact that the saloons with all their promiscuous influence are gone. None can gainsay the fact that there is less liquor working

ravages among the working people," declared Dr. Poling.

Inherently a leader and speaker of commanding eloquence, Dr. Poling has traveled over a million miles in Europe and America, and delivered more than six thousand addresses, speaking in every state in the Union and almost all the countries of Europe. As president of the National Temperance Council of America, he has had another angle of the fight against liquor. During the war he did effective work as chairman of the United Committee on War Temperance Activities in the Army and Navy under the direction of the War Department, and was sent on a confidential mission to investigate physical and moral conditions among the Overseas Force.

Dr. Poling enjoys the distinction of being the youngest man ever a candidate for Governor of Ohio. The canvas was made when he was twenty-eight and the vigor of his personality counted for much in that campaign. During the summer of 1926, after attending the international meeting, while occupying the pulpit of the historic old church in London, he gave to England the advantage of his vigorous American mentality.

As Dr. Francis E. Clark, father and founder of the Christian Endeavor has stated: "Dr. Poling is not only a man of fine abilities and most pleasing presence and sterling christian character, but his addresses are full of information and inspiration."

A letter of personal commendation from Dr. John R. Mott, head of the Y. M. C. A., called him to London to help with the great work there during the war. In the uniform of the Y. M. C. A. he passed through the ordeal of the first gas attack made on American troops, and was repeatedly under fire and came through a heavy barrage uninjured, but was later severely gassed.

Summarizing Dr. Poling's optimistic view of the future is reflected in the following excerpt from a recent address:

If we are to believe much of our current literature, youth is almost unbelievably irresponsible and sophisticated, and, by all formerly-held standards, morally unrestrained. Current fiction is full of youthful heroes who talk like continental physiologists, and radiant heroines who are competent to give post-graduate courses to their nurses and mothers. A brilliant novelist, in a frank interview, declares that, "the average middle-class young folks are doing the things that used to be confined to millionaires." And one may add that what was formerly

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Affairs and Folks

A few pages of gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world, and some brief comment, pictorial and otherwise, regarding places and events

IN the lobby of the Ritz Hotel in Barcelona, Spain, I heard a ripple of song that echoed the gay spirit of a boy off for a frolic. It was the golden voice of Miguel Fleta, the tenor, who was passing through on his way for an "evening of his own" in sunny Spain. Barcelona with its subways and whirl of New York City, Fleta could not resist stopping to give a hearty greeting to any one from the New York that has provided the crowning capsheaf of his brilliant musical career, dating back to his debut in "Manon" in Rome in 1920. In grand opera rolls ranging from "Rigoletto" to "Tosca," he proved that a new world-famed tenor had arrived. After a tour of South America, the freshness, warmth and volume of his voice established him as a favorite in South America.

Then came his debut at the Metropolitan in New York in "Tosca." The ovation given him might have been the envy of Caruso. This young tenor, small in stature, possesses a truly pleasing personality, while the witching tones of his vibrant tenor voice, perfectly equalize in scale. He does not aspire to be a Caruso, but a Fleta, and a review of his repertoire and a record of the places where he has sung and conquered, reads like a gazeteer of Who's Who. He has already encompassed much in his busy life, but counts success in the U. S. A., as the coveted goal for a rounded career.

One enthusiastic critic in New York has recorded in cold type, "Miguel Fleta, the first and latest monarch in the succession of song kings." The reserved Deems Taylor said that "a new Cavardossi had arrived in the person of Miguel Fleta." This ovation in New York was a fitting sequel to his success in his own native Spain. His success in Italy he counted as the most gratifying moment of his triumphs. In Mexico and South America his name is associated with the superlative in opera.

In Saragossa, the town in Spain which gave the name to the famous Saragossa Sea that guided Columbus on and on to the discovery of a new continent, Miguel Fleta was born. Here, as a boy, he played Tora in the childhood bull fight before he started to Barcelona to study music with his little bundle of earthly belongings and a mother's blessing.

When he returned that night to the hotel there was still gayety, which Mine Host had provided because the host of the hotel had spent his early days in the Martinez and the Plaza in New York. It was a fitting overture.

Walking along Fifth Avenue and down Broadway in New York with Miguel Fleta, he remarked: "It seems as if all the cathedrals of Europe have been assembled and placed in New York and dedicated to business. Then we dove into the subway, which reminded him of the

wear the same sort of collars and clothes, drink the same tea and coffee, eat the same sort of foods—and there you are. It is advertising that unifies America. Exploitive advertising brings the golden dollar and makes the whole world kin."

Fleta nodded significantly as he



Miguel Fleta, the Spanish Tenor

new "Metro" of his own native Barcelona. He called attention to seven foreigners in a row, reading newspapers in different languages; one Italian, one German, one Polish, one Spanish and three Yiddish. Happily the rest of the passengers were reading English newspapers, or the foreigners would not have known it was America.

This indicates how impossible it is for America to unify and amalgamate with the races of people reading newspapers in many tongues without a suggestion of the Tower of Babel.

"The explanation is easy," piped in a friend in the advertising business standing by, "I heard it said the other day that all the fifty-seven races and creeds get along well together here in America because they wash themselves with the same soap, use the same tooth-paste and

thought of the first duro he ever earned, driving a donkey over the mountains to Barcelona, little dreaming that he was even then on the high road to fame as a world artist.

* * *

MY earliest memory of musical aspirations was to see and hear a real harp. The one instrument that brought to mind pictures and dreams of heaven was nowhere to be found in this part of the midwest. It stood out in history, books and in the story of the winds of the Aegian Sea that played upon the Aeolian harp. When I first heard a harp, it seemed to come close to me as a music fundamental. What more beautiful subject for painting than that of a young girl, with flowing hair and dainty fingers, thrumming the magic strings that

express the language of loving hearts. It is something in these days of jazzy cymbals, drums and percussion, to be a harpist.

Among the well-known musicians who has won her laurels on the harp, is Lucia



Lucia Forest Eastman

Forest Eastman of New York. Her recitals on the harp are the quintessence of music. At the Hotel Nautilus and the Biltmore in Miami, her concerts were among the outstanding attractions of a musical season. Her presence in Miami launched the idea of a philharmonic orchestra to meet the musical rivalry of the older cities. While Mrs. Eastman was in Florida in search of health and recreation, rather than for continuing the work of her profession, she was early discovered and engaged to meet the demand of music lovers who had heard the music of her harp in New York, Boston, Los Angeles, and other cities where she has appeared on concert tours.

Playing the large pedal harp and the small Irish harp enables her to give a vivid and graphic picture of the history of harp music. Having made a study of the instrument she loves, her chats concerning the harp make her concerts a veritable symposium of music. Added to this is the charm of her personality and her adaptation of costumes to harmonize with the number on her program, for she has been able to provide a touch of the Sixteenth Century music from English and Italian score and also fragments of the ancient Greek. Her own compositions for the harp include the "Irish Romance" and "Reverie," which she is forced to repeat many times as encores at every concert.

Lucia Forest studied the harp for many years in Europe and has a repertoire that includes the best music of the two continents. Her adaptation to the harp of ancient and American music, has served to popularize her programs. The radiant smile of a music lover overspread the face of Charles M. Schwab as he sat with his

wife, listening to the music of the concert in Florida, for was it not young Charles Schwab, understanding the subtle and deep power of music, who won the heart of Andrew Carnegie by playing the piano at night in the gathering twilight after a hard day's work in the steel mill.

Her little Irish harp is a musical reminder associated with St. Patrick. The lyre and the harp are the age-old symbols of music. The lyre preceded the harp and from it is derived the word lyric, which applies either to poetic rhapsody, or the melody of musical masterpieces. The music of the lyre and harp is associated with the ballads which lovers sang in the long ago; with folk songs which mothers sung as lullabies to crooning babes. Music vibrating from the harp seems to come very close to the deep and subtle emotions of the heart.

* * *

FOR many years, Lemuel C. Hall of Wareham, Massachusetts, has been recognized as the representative journalist of Cape Cod. He was born at Harwich and his ancestry dates back to early colonial days. He took up newspaper work early in life as editor of the Wareham Courier and in season and out of season, he has always insisted upon heralding the glories of Cape Cod. He was the founder of the Cape Cod Magazine and has perhaps written as much concerning Cape Cod as any other man on the cape, not excepting the distinguished Joe Lincoln.

In the Cape Cod Magazine he contrib-



Lemuel C. Hall of Cape Cod

uted many articles descriptive and historical, covering the history of Cape Cod from every angle, past, present and future. He was President of the Massachusetts Press Association and his editorial column in the *Courier* is often quoted from, by many Massachusetts

papers. In every movement for the advancement and betterment of Wareham and Cape Cod, he plays a prominent part. He has never been tempted to leave his home town and his beloved Cape Cod, except for brief periods of travel, al-



Arthur Yeager Milam

though a career with a metropolitan newspaper was open to him many times. He is a member of the executive committee of the National Editorial Association, and is always one of the host to entertain newspaper men and other distinguished people when they visit that historic point of land where the Pilgrim fathers first landed.

* * *

WHEN the tall form of a man with pompadour hair and glasses comes energetically sweeping along to a public gathering or small group in Florida, admiring friends point out a native son, Arthur Yeager Milam, born at Leesburg, as one of the coming men of greater Florida.

In recent years he has been actively identified as one of the builders of the New Tampa, which followed his prominent official participation in state affairs. A graduate of John B. Stetson University in DeLand, he began his career practicing law with his brother in Jacksonville. Young Milam was soon recognized as one of the most successful of the younger practitioners at law. Called to public office he made rapid strides and fought fair and hard to win his case.

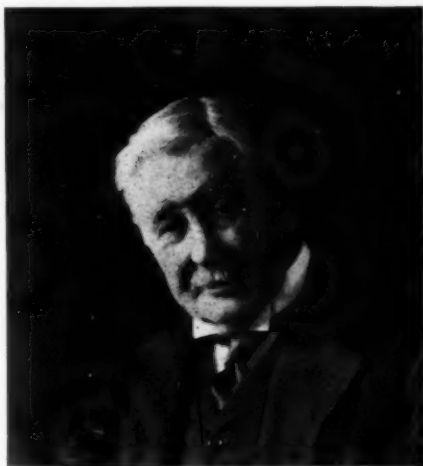
Elected as Speaker of the House in the Florida Legislature in 1925, he was one of the youngest and ablest men who ever held the office. He left Jacksonville to join Mr. Davis in his enterprises in Tampa, becoming Vice President and Treasurer of the Davis Island Properties. This gigantic enterprise indicated the ability of the young Floridian, whose entire life has been identified with the state, and who early caught the vision of

what constructive work would do for the state.

In every county in the state there are friends of Arthur Milam, who insist he has a public career before him that will reflect even greater honor to himself and the State of Florida than has ever been his lot. His energy and ability as a clear-headed thinker reveals the essentials of leadership inborn and inherent, for he has the natural faculty of making, keeping and deserving friends. A prominent member of the Masonic Order and various civic organizations, he has always kept public service to the forefront in his schedule of his public activities, extending from Tampa to Jacksonville on to Tallahassee, in fact, touching almost every part of the state. Florida is proving the state for youth to make careers, as it develops into an empire state of the south.

* * *

ON the terrace of the House of Parliament overlooking the Thames, I had tea with Thomas Power O'Connor, known as "Tay Pay." Since 1923 he has had the honor of being known as the "Father of the House of Commons." His visits to the U. S. A. as a young journalist, enabled him to understand "American as she is spoken," and to appreciate what a Yankee would like to see when he visited Westminster. Pointing out the brass markers in the pavement of the grand corridor, indicating the spot where William Pitt made his defense of the American colonies, he was saluted by distinguished colleagues as they passed into the historic legislative hall like a patriarch of Parliament. After entering the business precincts of the House of Commons, the members don their hats in good old Quaker fashion, and "listen in" while the parliamentary discussion flows freely across the



Hon. T. P. (Tay Pay) O'Connor, father of the House of Commons

bench below. While T. P. O'Connor has the reputation of knowing more celebrities than any other man in England, the same might be said of him concerning the renowned of the world. He has met them face to face, while his facile and busy pen has guided the editorial destinies of several publications at one and the same time, and his fame rests on his ability as a writer. And now passed three score and ten, he has begun work on his Memoirs that will present a vivid picture of events for an eventful half century past.

Thomas P. O'Connor was born at Athlone, Ireland, in the stirring year of revolutions, 1848. Educated at the College of the Immaculate Conception, Athlone, and Queen's College, Galway, he took his degree of Master of Arts in Queen's

pool as a Nationalist, he earned the distinction of "Daddy of the Commons." A member of the old Garrick and Beefsteak Club, also a familiar figure at the National Liberal, he has become an institution in London town.



Courtesy of Christian Science Monitor

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President and Mrs. Coolidge and the two white collies, "Rob Roy" and "Prudence Prim", the White House pets, who are Mrs. Coolidge's inseparable companions. New York state licenses were required for these dogs when they reached the Paul Smith Camp in the Adirondacks

University. From the viewpoint of an eye witness he wrote the "History of The Parnell Movement." "Lord Beaconsfield: A Biography," and a "Biography of Napoleon" are among other standard works produced, as well as indulging in fiction. "Some Old Love Stories," another of his writings, in the parlance of the day, tingle with Celtic wit and fervor of romance.

Few people can recall the time when T. P. O'Connor was not an editor. He first guided the destinies of the London *Star*, and later won international fame with his own newspaper, called "M. A. P." (Mainly About People). As President of the United Irish League, he witnessed lively days. At the head of the Trade Board of Film Censors in 1916, he proved an expert, managing subjects portrayed by the cinema. Elected to Parliament for the Scotland Division of Liver-

Seated before his fireside at Morpeth Mansions in London, there was the same old twinkle in his eye as in the years ago, when he was in the thick of the fight for Ireland. About to leave for the south of France to warm the chill in his blood and do some extra work, he could not resist commenting upon our Florida as a mecca for winter days. Never a week passes that London, and England, does not find available some new printed word from his vigorous pen at the bookstalls. Mention "Tay Pay"—that is enough. As editor of "T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly," nothing important in the way of current affairs, whether political, literary, dramatic or otherwise, seems to escape the vigilance of the eager editorial eye with which T. P. O'Connor has ever surveyed the horizon of the passing show during an eventful half century.

There's always a time to have a picture "look"

"Photo by Bachrach" a Familiar Sound

This internationally famous family of photographers have during more than a half century made history in the art of portraiture. Louis Fabian Bachrach now directs large chain of studios

FORTY-EIGHT photograph studios, one for every State in the Union, are at the present time operating in the largest cities of the United States under the well-known name of Bachrach. Back of this stabilized development of portrait photography as an art is a history that reaches back almost to the very beginning of photography in America. During the Civil War, when David Bachrach, the original of the family whose name is now internationally famous in the realm of artistic portrait photographers, was assisting the photographer Chase in taking pictures of the crowd at Gettysburg while Lincoln pronounced the words that shall ever go ringing down the halls of time, the elder Bachrach probably never dreamed that a son of his would one day in the not-so-distant future become the director of the largest chain of studios in the country.

At that time David Bachrach had been working on the mirror-like daguerrotype. As the photographic art developed, he developed with it, and, possessed of the pioneering instinct which has meant so much to American development, he early became interested in the foundation of photographic studios. Prior to this he had taken numerous portraits at Annapolis, in 1865, many of which are still in the possession of the Bachrach. It is an oddly impressive fact that these early photographs are still in a fine state of preservation.

In 1868 the elder Bachrach established a studio in Baltimore and went seriously about the business of introducing the new art to the people. His sons spent every spare moment in their father's "gallery," helping him develop his plates and print his pictures. Louis Fabian Bachrach, the head of the present Bachrach organization, took an especially keen interest in the business and soon developed a marvelous photographic technique. So proficient did he become that, while still a lad, he was sent out to take a group picture in a private home. To take pictures without the aid of the usual studio accessories, the skylights, the headrests, the curtains, reflectors, screens, and other appurtenances, in those days was considered little less than miraculous, and yet Louis, just a boy, completed the job and scored a much-deserved success. The picture still hangs in Mr. Bachrach's office, reflecting in its proper proportioning of light and shadow, its subtle contrasts developed under the magic touch of the sun's rays, the modern ideal in photography, as well as the spirit of the Bachrach system.

David Bachrach's fame grew until, with his exhibition of a portrait of Joseph Jefferson, then in the early days of his career, the artist-photographer was accepted into the society of the American immortals; henceforth his fame was internationally established. He became an unofficial "official" photographer for the eminent men and women of his day, and the Bachrach studios today cherish as one of their most valuable pos-

sessions a collection of portraits of the celebrities of David Bachrach's time.

As photography developed and extended its sphere, the younger Bachrach extended the influence of the studios. In 1904 he established a studio at Worcester, Massachusetts; in 1911 at Boston, and in 1912 at New York. Today there are nearly as many studios in the chain as there are stars in the flag, and under the management of Louis Fabian Bachrach, who succeeded his



Louis Bachrach, the noted photographer

father upon the latter's death in 1921, at the age of seventy-six, they are constantly growing and extending their spheres.

Louis Fabian Bachrach has a penchant not only for taking portraits of the living, correct even to the minutest detail of the attire, but he dearly loves to work over the old treasure photographs that have been found tucked away in seldom-visited corners of old attics.

During a day spent with Edward Bok, the former editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Bachrach proved himself a master of photography not only by means of the group pictures he took of the happy gathering, but by his production of incomparable personal portraits from these group pictures.

In the early days of the photographic art camera men were assumed to be very temperamental. Their attention was not equally divided among all their subjects; their artistic temperaments waxed enthusiastic over a pretty face, or a handsome form, but the average person (and it is the average people who make up the large majority of customers) were much neglected. Louis Bachrach changed this system entirely. In all the thirty-six city studios there is a rule requiring that every customer who enters receives the regular "Bachrach" service. In order

that this system of careful attention to every order may be followed out to the best advantage, all the "finishing" work of all the studios is sent on to the executive headquarters in Boston.

"My idea is that every photograph is beautiful to some one," declares Mr. Bachrach, explaining the meaning of the term "Bachrach service." "In our studios our officers are constantly trying to get that spirit into our employees. We have educated them to the point where they now understand that it is up to them to get the best out of every portrait, and that the picture, as an interpretation of life—which is always beautiful, whether or not we always see its beauty—must be beautiful, whether the subject is or not."

On one of his trips to Europe, Louis Bachrach met the late John Singer Sargent, the world-famous artist. Together they discussed the merits of artistic photography. The greatest of modern portrait painters was diffident, but insisted that a photographer must have the passion of an artist in order to get at the character of the person rather than to accentuate the homely and forbidding lines that are apparent in the faces of all.

"Mr. Sargent had very little to do with other passengers," Mr. Bachrach said, describing his trip overseas, "but when a little girl climbed on his knee one day and asked for his autograph, the master hand that painted pictures that will hang in the galleries for centuries to come, the hand that created the great mural decorations of the Boston Art Gallery, took pencil in hand and wrote the name of John Sargent on a leaf of the little girl's book. The old bachelor artist always had a great warm spot in his heart for children, though few people knew it."

"If I had a camera with me at the time, I could have taken a picture that would be worth preserving for posterity—a picture that would have given generations to come an insight into another side of the master artist's complex being—one that is not readily understood from a mere study of even his most famous portraits."

On the walls there may be an enlargement of a tiny photograph taken years ago. There the smile, aged though it may be, remains unaffected and sincere. It may be that little scene taken at the old home with mother, or with dad. There, in successive frames, is the story of babyhood, youth and maturity—a story that interests everyone.

What a wonderful thing the rays of the sun has given to humanity in perpetuating the memories of things worth while. The primary purpose of a portrait, or of a photographic studio, is to bring out the best in every one who may enter and come within the focus of the camera.

There is not a family budget that does not include at one time or other an appropriation for pictures that in time become invaluable, perpetuating the memories of those "loved long since and lost awhile."

A chief official by prophecy

The Mayor of Coral Gables

From selling eyeglasses in New England, Dr. Dammers drifted into selling real estate from the tailboard of a wagon, in Florida, and when Coral Gables became a city, Dr. Dammers became its first mayor

RANKING high among those who have gained an illustrious niche in the unofficial, but nevertheless, permanent Hall of Fame for the builders of latter-day America, is Dr. Edward E. Dammers, Mayor of Coral Gables. He is chief executive of one of the most wonderful five-year-old cities the world has ever known—a transplanted social structure that has every whit the permanence of any New-World city of half a century.

Whether in his official glory at Coral Gables, where much of his time is taken up with the presentation of the much-worn "key to the city" to distinguished visitors, or in the familiar habitments of the summer visitor in New England, it matters not, Doctor Dammers is always impressive. One learns almost as soon as he has had the pleasure of meeting the Mayor, that Coral Gables is the very nucleus of Dr. Dammers' most fervent thoughts and ambitions, and whether at home in Florida or "abroad" in New England, he is ever busy spreading the "Gospel of Coral Gables," Florida's favored city-beautiful.

Born on Fulton Street, New York City, in the old United States Hotel, at the age of five months he moved to Boston with his parents, where the Dammers (this is not intended as a pun) took up their residence in the old Pavilion Hotel, on the site now occupied by the Houghton & Dutton Department store, for many years one of Boston's busiest corners. Here the family resided until the present Dr. Dammers reached the mature age of five. Then he moved again with his parents and became a real resident of Chelsea, whose fabled somnolent spirit seemingly did not affect the lad, for at the age when most youths are still clinging tightly to their mother's apron strings, he was making never-to-be-forgotten expeditions to Powder Horn Hill and planning a breath-taking career of adventure.

His father, General James Dammers, a veteran of the Mexican and the Civil Wars, who was engaged in paying off the Mexican war claim at the time Edward E. Dammers was born, was the young man's pattern for inspiration. And well he might be, for, besides the illustrious career on which he was privileged to look back, General Dammers was a distinguished man of his time. A picture of a Biblical patriarch, with his flowing white side whiskers, he lived to the mature age of ninety-three, honored and respected by all, and died the oldest graduate of Phillips Academy at Exeter.

The first thing that Dr. Dammers re-

members vividly is the Boston fire of 1871. He remembers being lifted upon his father's shoulders to look upon a scene of dire destruction such as, he declares, he hopes never to see again. Nor has he forgotten the gala opening of the Boston & Providence Park Square Railroad Station on the site now occupied by the new, palatial Statler Hotel in Boston. From the facts related it will be seen that Doctor Dammers was identified with Boston when Boston was still the center of culture and literary distinction. While



Dr. Edward E. Dammers, Mayor of Coral Gables

still a lad, he ran away to join the then famous Murray's Circus, and travelled far and wide over the country with this road wagon show. Among his companions in those carnival days was Edward F. Albee, now head of the B. F. Keith-Albee Vaudeville Circuit. When he had his fill of careening over the country in a circus wagon, young Dammers next became an optician and sold eye-glasses and spectacles all over New England, remaining in each town for a month and helping the community improve its vision at prices that disturbed the local dealers, who sold a pair of glasses where Doctor Dammers sold pairs by the gross. The reason for his success in this enterprise

is easily discovered. His quick wit, his ready smile, and genial disposition are worth a million dollars to any business man.

Later he followed Horace Greeley's classic bit of advice to young men and drifted to the west, where he began selling real estate. Here, it seemed, he found himself and devoted whatever time he could spare to the study of real estate activities. His associates in his first venture—the selling of lots in Pasadena and Los Angeles, California—soon discovered that he had an uncanny sense of differentiation between the practical and impractical. He became the most successful land auctioneer in the world, and today has the reputation of having sold more real estate than any other man who ever chorused "Going! Going! Gone!"

When Florida first became popular he visited Palm Beach and there, year after year, whatever betide, sold more land than any of his competitors. But, doing as well as he was, Miami's radiating magnetism soon began to draw him southward, where, for twenty-three years to date, he has been talking, dreaming and building Florida. It was he who first visualized the possibilities of Miami Beach at an auction sale and with the courage of his convictions, not only took upon himself the task of waking the public to its opportunities, but invested himself. Tireless in his efforts, in his own inimitable way he depicted a future that has more than once come to pass, and sold thousands of lots at public auction. Later he told the people of the "Causeway" that would some day be built, and urged them to buy land on Flagler Street, Miami, which he insisted was moving westward and must become more valuable. Sure enough, lots he sold there at \$500 have risen to present values as high as \$500,000.

When George E. Merrick first began struggling with the problem of developing his father's orange grove—which was given the name of "Coral Gables"—Dr. Dammers joined him as General Sales Manager, and sold lots from the rear of a wagon. His knowledge and experience in "moving" real estate gave him an enviable reputation as an appraiser, and his earnings from that business alone would make a comfortable salary.

Withal, he had not reached the zenith of his career until he became Mayor of Coral Gables. His election came about in this way. While he was selling lots in Coral Gables, then a suburb of Miami, he insisted:

"George, there is going to be a city built here some day."

"If there is a city built here," replied Mr. Merrick, "you will be the first mayor."

In less than three years from that time he was serving as mayor under a commission form of government, and under his administration Coral Gables has risen in 1926 to twenty-first place in the list of American cities in respect to building improvements, and this list includes such metropolises as New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. Mayor Dammers has seen the investment of one hundred million dollars in homes, schools, a university, churches and plazas in Coral Gables. Today there are seventeen plazas, fountains and beauty spots in Coral Gables, more than in all New York and Boston combined. With Mr. Merrick he has absorbed the ideal of combining beauty and utility, and held to it steadfastly.

He was enthused to a high pitch, he admits, when he saw the Miami Biltmore, the prize Biltmore Hotel, completed on time, but the thrill was as nothing compared to that he experienced when he looked upon the great throng that had gathered to celebrate the laying of the corner-stone of Miami University, which is in reality the keystone to the ambitious undertakings of George E. Merrick. Himself a student of human nature in all its phases, he was quick to realize what this meant to the community. The children sang, and the bands played as, with tears in his eyes, the Mayor visioned the opportunities that were now unfolded to the hundreds of thousands of youths from every state in the union, who would here enjoy the advantages of the education which circumstances had denied him.

"The development of Coral Gables has only begun," Dr. Dammers insists. "The completion of the Rapid Transit, bringing the metropolis of Miami within fifteen minutes of what was a remote section a few years ago, is but an indication of the speed at which the city is developing."

At present he is greatly interested in the development of Central Miami, adjoining Coral Gables, which is reached by the Rapid Transit. Coral Gables, now practically surrounded by a growing and ever-expanding Miami will soon have the handsomest railroad stations in the South. To this terminal the Seaboard, the Florida East Coast and the Atlantic Coast Lines will bring the people from all parts of the country to Douglas and Flagler Streets, the very center of up-town ever radiating Miami.

Expecting big things—as is customary with him—when Dr. Dammers heard it announced that the Phipps Estate had invested one hundred and fifty millions in Miami, he was not surprised. The people have come so to depend upon the word of their Mayor, that they will pass up motion picture theatres and other entertainments to hear one of Dr. Dammers' real estate lectures. He talks heart to heart and man to man and to his tremendous following in words that have in many instances proven their worth in

gold. Although he is one of the busiest men in Miami, he finds time somehow to favor even the least of his acquaintances, and educates a legion of real estate salesmen.

As a member of nearly every fraternal organization of any importance, he has served as Exalted Ruler of the Elks in Providence, Rhode Island, and is a member of the Light Infantry Guards and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. A member of Mahi Shrine Temple in Miami and King Solomon Lodge of Masons of Somerville, Massachusetts, and a director in scores of other organizations, he has a daily schedule that looks like a railroad time table.

While he was heading a great civic parade in Providence, in which Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, appeared, Dr. Dammers, always up to date, had an automobile when there were only six of the species in New England. To ignite the gas in this antediluvian progenitor of the modern Ford, it was necessary to get under the machine. Just as the parade was to start, Mayor Dammers climbed under the machine to illuminate it. In a moment there was a miniature volcanic upheaval, following which Dr. Dammers, begrimed from the explosion and saddened in consequence, rose awkwardly and in a rueful voice offered his automobile, together with his right and title thereto, for one good, old-fashioned equine of a kind and loving disposition. The horse was brought eventually, though he that brought it would not accept the decrepit gas-burner as a gift in exchange, but the procession started off only a few minutes late.

* * *

In summer time Dr. Dammers spends a few weeks at his home in Cohituate, Mass. The house in which he resides during these weeks is the birthplace of Mrs. Dammers, formerly Lillian Moncrieff. Mrs. Dammers is a painter of rare ability and has won grand prizes for decorating china at the St. Louis and Columbia Expositions. She has given the old home a real Floridian touch with flowers, hedges and vines, a restful retreat, painted in orange. When I inquired for the place, the neighbors regaled me with stories about Doc Dammers and his Florida house in old New England.

"It is just like the necktie he wears," the policeman who guided me to the gate declared. "Doc Dammers loves the dashing in attire as well as in action. Even the ribbon on his straw hat has all the colorfulness of the tropics. And sociable!—say, if I was asked to name the champion cheerful greeter of the world I'd say Dr. Edward F. Dammers."

Dr. Dammers knows human nature, and his philosophy is bedrocked upon it.

"After all," he asserts, "we are just folks, just people, all about the same. Human nature is not a matter of veneer, of education or of so-called culture. Such are but disguises for real individual. We all have the same emotions and impulses, and it would be a glorious, merry old world if we could realize that the

other fellow's intentions are often as good as our own."

As he voiced these sentiments, the strains of "When the Moon Shines in Coral Gables" rang out from the piano and Dr. Dammers brought to them that full-throated tenor voice that has charmed hundreds of thousands of people in the portrayal of the value of real estate from the auctioneer's theme.

His home is a treasure trove of mementos, touching the activities of the life of one who has seen more and accomplished more for his fellow men than many whose names are high on the roll of fame. Intense in his friendships, broad in his sympathies and with a mind quick and decisive in action, Edward E. Dammers is reaping a well-merited reward in this world's goods. He could retire if he wanted, but, as he laughingly remarks, "I am not of a retiring disposition. As long as I live in Florida I expect to reach the ripe maturity of my beloved father and be able to sing 'Coral Gables' as lustily at the age of ninety-three as I sing it at fifty-nine." He has some forty years yet in which to reach his father's age, and who dares to predict what will come to pass in Coral Gables in forty years when that span of time is measured by what has been accomplished there in the last four?

At the present time, the head of the Edward E. Dammers Realty Corporation, Dr. Dammers still delivers a series of most interesting lectures night after night at his place on Flagler Street. Tireless in his work of bringing the big investors to Florida, he has been nicknamed "the iron man" by his friends and associates. The latter relate the story of his taking his first customers to Miami Beach in a scow, and of telling them about the Causeway he would some day build, though he scarcely knew what a Causeway represented in architectural terms. He calls Florida "the great sugar bowl of the United States" and predicts for Miami a million inhabitants in the not far distant future, as well as becoming the fifth largest port on the Atlantic.

In the very prime of life, Dr. Dammers enjoys life in Coral Gables where, in his home by the plaza and fountain, he sits and smokes his pipe of an evening, surrounded by his pets—the cat and dogs, his birds and chickens.

He carries about him the latch strings of Coral Gables, the City Beautiful. Whenever he presents a key to a visitor he makes sure that the presentation is more than a mere matter of ceremony. Mayor Walker of New York, Mayor Kendrick of Philadelphia, and Governor Brewster of Maine are among those whom he has honored with this distinction, but no one, irrespective of power or position, ever feels that he has really "seen" Florida until he has met Mayor Edward E. Dammers of Coral Gables, whose enthusiasm and perseverance in the development of what was once the waste lands of the Seminoles, makes him one of the outstanding personalities of "Florida in the making."

Do We Live *on the Inside of the Earth*

A few pages from the life of a Country Editor who has been identified with the Koreshan system Community at Estero, Florida

THERE is an old saying to the effect that "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." I can truthfully plead innocent to all three counts, and I do not know why I was urged by Joe Mitchell Chapple, whom I

By A. H. ANDREWS

lection for the printing and publishing business through having come in contact with a schoolmate who owned a small printing outfit and was getting out a weekly school paper.

The journalistic bug had taken possession of me and from then on nothing would do but that I should learn the printing business, working successively for a weekly prohibition sheet and for the local republican newspaper, being initiated into the mysteries of the "left-handed shooting-stick," "type lice," and the setting and distribution of "pi" type.

Shortly thereafter my father decided to close out his practice and move to Chicago. Having lived all my brief life in the Susquehanna Valley, hemmed in by hills, I had developed a feeling of repression. I had often wondered what lay beyond the restricted horizon of those high hills, and when the opportunity came to view at close range the teeming life of a great city, I naturally welcomed the change.

It was in Chicago that an event occurred which altered the future course of my life, for here my father met and joined forces with an old friend and fellow-practitioner, Dr. Cyrus R. Teed, who had preceded him by some months, having gone there originally to attend a mental science convention. Dr. Teed was made president of the convention, and, due partly to this and the fact that he had achieved a number of remarkable cures, had attained considerable prominence in that city, where he had opened extensive downtown offices and was also operating a small publishing plant for the publication of a monthly magazine. I naturally gravitated to this department, with which I have been closely connected almost ever since.

In the fall of that same year (1888) Dr. Teed decided to establish a home wherein the common ownership of property should prevail, in similar manner as was practiced by the early Christians, as he maintained that the living of real Chris-

tianity was impossible under the competitive system with every man striving against his neighbor. Thus it was that, with my parents and the other members of our family, I became a member of one of the few organizations actually owning wealth in common that has ever existed in this so-called "commonwealth" of America, and with this organization—known as the Koreshan Unity—the subsequent years of my life have been spent.

Many supposedly intelligent people are shocked at the mention of communism, ignorantly imagining that it is synonymous with anarchy, bloodshed and revolution, when in reality it signifies nothing more terrible than the common or collective ownership of property, as opposed to individual competitive effort, and as before stated, was instituted by the early Christians. It is a peculiar experience indeed to be identified with a real commonwealth, in which each works for all and all for each, right in the midst of overwhelming competitive activity, and small wonder is it that for many years this unusual organization endured much privation and persecution, notwithstanding which it has gradually grown and prospered.

While I had known Dr. Teed from my earliest recollection, it was not until I became a member of his organization that I realized he had a new and complete system of religion, sociology and physics entirely at variance with the accepted theories of the modern theologians and scientists, and, stranger than all, he claimed the new cult to be invulnerable, being based upon a demonstrated premise. He argued that if you start with an hypothesis, or guess, you may reason ever so logically and your conclusion will be no more certain than the premise from which you started. This he claimed to be the case with modern astronomy, which assumes the earth to be a convex surface or globe rotating rapidly through space with the people *in-habiting the out-side*.

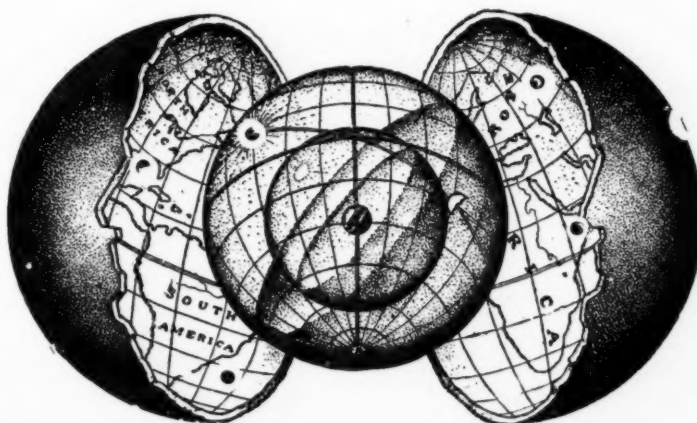
The founder of the Koreshan System reasoned from analogy that all life—whether in the



DR. CYRUS R. TEED
Founder of the Koreshan System

met while on his recent trip to Florida, to write something concerning my life and experience for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. It is probably for the reason that my life has been one of unusual experience, rather than of achievement, experience being the sequence of events which largely shapes life's course, over which we have little conscious control and for which we can, therefore, claim no personal credit.

Of my personal history there is little to be said, other than the fact that I was born in Binghamton, New York, in the year 1873, of both northern and southern parentage, my father being a leading physician and surgeon of many years residence in that city. I recall that my earliest ambition was to be either a street car driver or a policeman—an ambition that I have since learned is common to many juvenile Americans—and I am not sure which of these two high callings was the more preferred. However, at the age of fourteen I developed a predi-



A pictorial conception of the world we live in as seen by the believers in the Koreshan System

mineral, vegetable, animal or human kingdom—originates in cellular conditions, and therefore the universe in its entirety, conforming to this natural law, must be cellular a (hollow sphere) in form, with the people *in*-habiting or living in it. Naturally he recognized that there are many minds to whom analogical reasoning makes no appeal, so he later organized a geodetic staff to demonstrate by physical survey and other tests whether the earth's surface is actually convex as ordinarily believed, or curves upward, or concavely, as he contended.

Let me state that when I first heard this proposition about living on the inside of a concave sphere I was at that age when most youngsters think they know it all, and naturally it seemed most unreasonable and absurd. For had I not attended the Binghamton public schools where the teachers had illustrated the Copernican theory with little globes, one held by a pupil to

by long diagonal tension rods. These double-T squares were mounted horizontally on upright standards, pinned firmly to the ground, and with thumbscrews for adjusting the sections to the desired position.

After subjecting the apparatus to crucial preliminary tests as to its accuracy, a start was made on the gulf beach, the first section or double-T square being carefully leveled with its axis, or median line, exactly ten feet and eight inches above the water level. Thereafter no level was employed, each subsequent section being adjusted to the one before it until the brass facings on the cross-arms exactly met and were then bolted together. The rear section was then carried ahead and adjusted to the foremost section of the rectilineator, and thus the survey advanced, section by section, the median line of the double-T squares being projected as a straight line by the simple mechanical adjustment of

something I have personally witnessed, and these arguments are unanswerable.

The gradual disappearance from view of distant objects, as the ship's hull, erroneously accounted for by modern astronomers on the assumption of their having passed around the convex curve of the earth, is easily explained on the basis of a very simple principle which every draughtsman or artist employs in drawing or painting a picture. This is perspective foreshortening. It is perspective foreshortening which causes the rails of the railroad track to apparently run together and the telegraph poles seemingly to shorten to a mere speck in the far distance. You know positively that they do not so run together or shorten in fact, but the eye conveys this deceptive impression.

Take the well known illustration of the ship, for instance. Stand beside a large ship at the dock while she is unloading. Her hull is so large

Away down on the standards—
At Gordon's Pass, two and one-half miles south of Naples; four feet nearer the water than at beginning of survey; straight edges sighted against horizon



represent the sun, while another was carried around it to represent the earth circling in its orbit? Most surely those good teachers had taught me the truth, for certainly they would not have been hired to teach anything else! At least so I thought, and I swallowed their statements as authoritative—without question. I had the opportunity in later years, as a member of the geodetic staff of the Koreshan Unity, to participate in an actual physical survey which absolutely disproved the accepted theory of the earth's convexity.

The premise of the Koreshan System may be stated briefly as follows: A straight line extended at right angles in either direction from a perpendicular post will strike the earth or water surface at a distance proportionate to the height of the perpendicular from whence the experiment is made, proving conclusively that the earth's surface curves upward and not down, as generally accepted.

The geodetic survey alluded to was conducted on the gulf beach at Naples, Fla., in the winter of 1896-'97. For the purpose a surprisingly simple instrument, termed a rectilineator, had been devised, consisting of several double-T squares made of seasoned mahogany, twelve feet long and with four-foot cross-arms which were tipped with brass facings and held exactly square

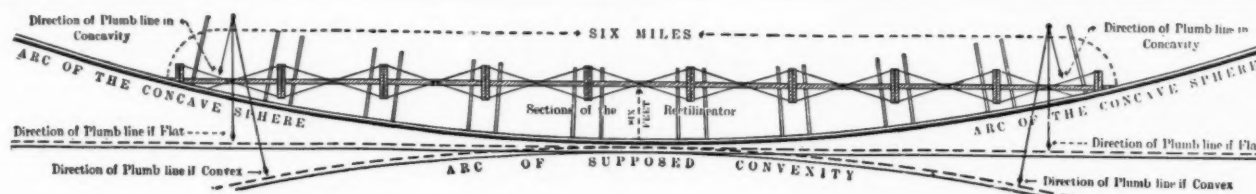
right angles. Each section of the rectilineator was reversed (end for end) at every adjustment to neutralize any possible inaccuracies, and all measurements were taken from water level, which conforms to whatever may be the form of the earth's surface. At the end of the first mile the survey line was 8.02 inches nearer the water than at the start, showing the water surface to have curved upward that amount in this distance, and at the distance of four miles the line ran into the water.

Numerous other experiments were conducted, such as restoring ships to full view with the telescope after they had passed out of sight to the unaided vision and were supposed to have disappeared around the convex curve of the water's surface. A large, white target was also viewed on Naples Bay at a distance of three miles with the object glass of the telescope placed right down to the water's surface. According to calculations of mathematicians and astronomers the earth curves eight inches in the first mile, and in subsequent miles the square of the distance multiplied by eight. Hence, if the earth were convex, that target at three miles would have been six feet around the curve, and below any possibility of observation! Mind you, I am not talking of things I have read or heard, but

that at close range the eye cannot take in her full lines from upper deck to water's surface. Why? Simply because there is not room on the minute retina of the human eye for the emplacement of so large a picture. The same holds true in taking a snap-shot or photo of the vessel. One must stand back a ways to visualize the entire ship at a glance. Whether you step back from the ship or the ship sails from you, the effect is the same, so far as the eye is concerned. At a quarter mile the angle of vision is more acute, hence a smaller picture is implanted on the retina of the eye. At a half mile distance the vessel appears still smaller, until at a distance of four or five miles it vanishes entirely from view, depending upon the normal or abnormal view of the spectator.

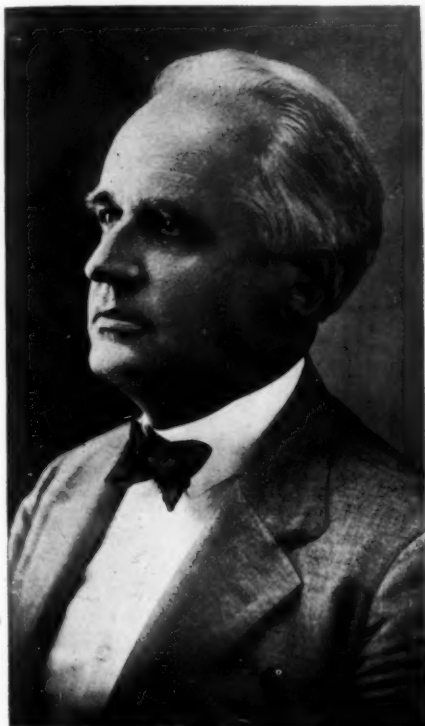
That the curve of the earth has nothing whatever to do with the disappearance of objects may be demonstrated in witnessing a balloon ascension. The balloon rises clear from the earth and immediately appears to pucker down or diminish rapidly in size until it becomes a mere speck in the heavens above. The same is true of the rear car of a railroad train in leaving the station. These are facts that anyone can easily verify for himself.

But enough of this. My purpose has been simply to drive home the premise of the Kore-



The Koreshan Premise—A straight line extended at right angles from a perpendicular post, over land or water surface, will meet the land or surface at a distance proportionate to the height of the perpendicular

shan System, upon which the entire cult either stands or falls. Suffice it to say that we contend that the universe is the great book of Nature, which, if rightly interpreted, furnishes the key to all knowledge, whether in religion, sociology,



A. H. ANDREWS

Whose editorial experience spans eventful years

or physics. Hence the necessity for a correct understanding of the form and function of the physical universe, on which we stand, and without which we are "off our base."

Having previously spent a period of nearly five years roughing it in Lee County, South Florida, where I regained my health, I came again in 1903 from Chicago—this time with the remainder of the colony—to establish permanent location in Estero, where I have since resided, seeing it develop from most primitive and isolated conditions to a thriving little settlement with electric lights, telephone, daily mail, and railroad. Another railroad and a permanent hard surfaced highway—the Tamiami Trail—are in process of building.

Though a printer by trade for years, my precipitation into the editorial field came as the result of a local political crisis, and thereby hangs a tale which is too lengthy for incorporation in this narrative. Suffice it to say that the colony members vote as a unit, and some years ago, with the sparse population, they frequently constituted the balance of power in the county, which resulted in a conspiracy to throw out the colony vote in the democratic primary of 1906, which in Florida with only one dominant political party meant practical disfranchisement in local affairs.

The vote of Estero Precinct was thrown out in the official count, as planned, with the result that an independent ticket was placed in the field and *The American Eagle* was established as an independent paper with the writer's name at the masthead, where it has been for the past twenty years. I was plunged precipitately into a hot political battle and forced to overcome a natural diffidence to controversy, but soon recognized the truth of Shakespeare's immortal

lines: "Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just; and he but naked, though locked up in steel, whose conscience with injustice is corrupted." From thenceforth my endeavor has been to know first that I was right, and then to cast aside all fear of the outcome. Another thing that I have learned is the importance of good nature in the newspaper game; that the pessimistic editor is soon discredited as a sore-head, while the one who takes neither himself nor the world too seriously can say most anything within reason and get away with it.

Just one incident and this narrative is finished. In April, 1923, I had the good fortune to be associated with twenty-two other white men and two Seminole Indian guides in blazing the approximate route of the Tamiami Trail across the lower Florida peninsula from Fort Myers to Miami, bringing the first motor cars through these almost unknown wilds. The trip involved three weeks of privation and hardship, and notwithstanding that we were repeatedly reported lost in the Big Cypress, we eventually went through with seven out of ten cars. It has been estimated that this episode brought over twenty-five thousand columns of front-page publicity to the Tamiami Trail, the most talked of highway in the United States, and from that epoch-making event seems to have dated the unprecedented and nation-wide awakening of interest in Florida.

"When will the bubble burst?" feverishly inquire many of the northern journals. It might be pointed out for their information that all the greatest civilizations of the past have been developed in the semi-tropical zone. We believe that history will repeat itself and that the present rush to Florida presages a new center of civilization and culture that will equal, if not exceed, any within the annals of history.

Pierre Mille, the French Kipling—Continued from page 484

houses in Paris, with a wide winding stairway, so wide that in those old, old days the lovely ladies coming to call were carried up in their sedan chairs. On the second floor of this house of famous other days, in a narrow room overlooking a faded, ill-kept garden, at ten o'clock each morning this celebrated, prolific writer is to be found at his work; generally, I have been told, dressed in a quaint hunter's costume, with little pointed boots furred with wolf's skin, though when I had the honor of interviewing him he wore a conventional brown suit; yet his smile was just as quizzical, his little eyes as keen behind the thick glasses, his glance kindly and attentive.

Pierre Mille, nobody, not even his wife calls him simply Pierre, has lived for many years in this old house with its wonderful frescoed ceilings. His dining-room is such as one finds in the ancient

palaces, but unfortunately do not exist in modern houses, other than as copies.

"How in such typically French surroundings are you able to get away from the conventional French novel?" I asked M. Mille.

"When I write I am not here on the Quai de Bourbon," he answered quite simply. *Le Diable au Sahara*, my latest book (fortunately for me I had just read it), took me back to eventful days long passed. Each book is the same."

Then I understood that only for his articles did he feel himself a Frenchman with a Parisian home, he Pierre Mille, the sovereign critic of France, the man who interprets the nation to itself. And he is very loyal to the patriotic conception of France. "When one is of the camp it is necessary to remain in the camp," he says, "otherwise one is only a dilettante, and what does one sow?" But he tilts at his people incessantly. "The French are

very intellectual," he adds, "and intellect leads to aridity."

Pierre Mille pushes irony over to irreverence, but he re-establishes equilibrium at his will. He even re-seizes you when you are off your guard. . . . He hides his truths in paradoxes, gives a universal application to things which of themselves would be only amusing or simple statements, has the air of saying profound things as if they were nothing, hides a moving phrase between two smiles. He mocks and mystifies the reader. Thoughts abound in all his works. It is true he has written twenty-three books, and does forty-two articles each month, yet his work is never complete; for he renews himself incessantly.

Pierre Mille is of the pre-war writers, but he remains the most prolific and worthwhile of his day, and of nothing is he so proud as the British appellation: The French Kipling.

"Once a teacher—always a teacher"

The Irrepressible *and* Able "Pop" Freeman

Story of the famous New York advertising man who discovered Florida years ago. A strong force in advertising long before the big rush to Florida

SOME few years ago, William C. Freeman of advertising fame decided to transfer his working headquarters to St. Petersburg, Florida, and his friends raised their eyebrows. For twenty-five years "Pop" Freeman had occupied a position of significance in the busy whirl of the advertising world centering in the city of the seven millions. Anyone in any way connected with newspaper or advertising work in Gotham—or any other large city—can tell you an interesting story of his career as an expert in exploitation.

Sterling to the core, it was Mr. Freeman who initiated the campaign for the "Truth in Advertising" methods which have since become a vital and component part of the ideals of every reputable advertising man in the country. For years before the advertising profession had reached its present dignified status, Mr. Freeman was a relentless crusader for the general adoption of the 100% truthful methods which he had himself so constantly and zealously employed. That these methods are largely prevalent today is a tribute to the impeccability, the dauntless courage, and the whole-hearted sincerity of the man. These, however, are all facts of common acceptance.

The story of William C. Freeman's career as an advertising man is one of extraordinary interest, with a foreword which may be unknown to the majority of his friends and associates. Few of the advertising men of the country know of the time when, at the age of 16, young Bill Freeman began his life work as a teacher in a little country school in Phillipsburg, New Jersey. Those were days before the correspondence schools and modern methods in teaching had been dreamed of. The laws in regard to the age and the numerous other qualifications of the teacher, were somewhat lax at that time. As a result, it fell to Pop's lot, in a number of cases, to teach pupils who were much his senior in age. But you may be sure young Freeman "knew his lines" and his classes were well schooled in consequence.

It is not at all strange that Pop began his career as a teacher, for he has remained a teacher ever since—a teacher of ethics in advertising. Having grown up in a family where father and grandfather before him were educators, what was more natural than that "Bill" should follow closely in the paternal footsteps? What more natural than that he should begin teaching as soon as the law allowed—and the law allowed at a rather tender

age in those days, considering the work and the responsibility which were involved. He made good at this, his first job—just as he has continued to make good in everything to which he has set his hand and heart ever since.



William C. Freeman

Having met the lady of his dreams, and considering himself a full-fledged man, "Pop" took unto himself a wife at an age which today we would consider a very tender one for a young man to assume such an enormous responsibility, but he felt he was quite equal to the task—and, in the light of later events, he really was. He had decided that in order to support a wife he must, of necessity, have some more remunerative occupation. It was not long before he had decided to throw up his position as a pedagogue, and to seek his fortune—or at least, his **pater-familian** sustenance in other and more expansive fields. As a result, the newly established Freeman family journeyed to

Philadelphia, where he secured employment as "purveyor by appointment" of white space to his majesty the merchant. More prosaically, Pop became an advertising solicitor for the Philadelphia Press.

About this time, Mr. Freeman began writing the advertisements which have since brought him world fame as a copy-writer. They were all done in the same inimitable style—a style which soon became distinctive and was recognized as the work of Pop Freeman. At first he gave his services freely to any of the local merchants who gave him orders for space in the newspapers. Later, realizing that he had established something of a reputation as a writer of "copy" that built up good will and increased sales, young Freeman began to do a little copy-writing on his own hook and for a consideration apart from the mere purchase of space in the newspaper he represented. Before long, he had a good-sized clientele that grew as the efficacy of Pop's work became more widely noised about, which firmly established the name of "Freeman" in the advertising world.

Soon recognized as one of the outstanding characters in the Gotham advertising fraternity, his services were retained by some of the largest advertisers in the country. Then, almost at the pinnacle of his profession, came the news that he was transferring his business to St. Petersburg, Florida. Do you wonder his friends were astonished; fellow advertising men thought he was losing his head, but Pop knew exactly what he was doing, as was proven by subsequent events.

A matter of history is the part Mr. Freeman has taken in bringing the state and its possibilities to the attention of newspaper readers all over the country. Disinterested people have more than once told me that with the type of advertisements he has written about Florida, Mr. Freeman was the first man to direct the attention of the public some years ago to the real Florida, the land of orange groves and stately palms and productivity, which has been known before only as a winter playground for the wealthy. He played in what was really a continuation of his work in New York—the urging (in many a case, we may be sure, it was more than mere urging) of the business interests of the state to represent Florida, in its advertising and exploitation literature, exactly as it stands; to describe conditions as they are, in order to protect investors and build the state upon a firm and honest foundation. "Firm" and "honest" in this case, Mr. Freeman main-

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"— And a little child shall lead them"

Lulu Thorley Lyons Home

Fair Day at this institution at Claverack, Columbia County, New York, where the crippled children of the Walter Scott Industrial School of New York City are nurtured and developed into sturdy, self-reliant men and women

FAIR day at the Lulu Thorley Lyons Home at Claverack is an event of surpassing importance in Columbia County, New York. Thousands of people from many miles around lend their presence and manifest a great interest in the work of the Society, whose efforts on behalf of the crippled children of New York are one of the finest examples of human altruism that one could hope to discover in this day of rush and bustle, when Mammon seems to rule the world.

In the twenty-five years that this work has been going on, much has been accomplished. And from a rude, but praiseworthy beginning, this institution has evolved into its present large proportions.

The Free Industrial School for Crippled Children was the nucleus of this work. Established by Mrs. Arthur Elliot Fish in 1900, in memory of her son, Gilbert Austin, it was for many years under her able supervision. Mrs. Fish's aim was to make useful men and women of the crippled children of the poor of New York City, whose physical condition prevents their attendance at public schools, by training them for some particular occupation and placing them in positions where they can earn a living.

The first meeting of the Society was held at the home of Dr. Egbert Guernsey, whose daughter, Miss Florence Guernsey, had become associated with Mrs. Fish in the work. For two years, the summer sessions of the school were held at Long Beach, where the children gloried in the great outdoors. A variety of social functions furnished the means of support.

The work of the school was carried on at 434 West 57th Street until Mrs. William S. Hawk became deeply interested, and donated the building at 471 West 57th Street in memory of her father, William H. Davis. In 1903 the Society was incorporated under the State Board of Charities, under the title, "The William H. Davis Memorial Free Industrial School for Crippled Children." For several years, the work was successfully carried on without a bit of either city or state aid. The summers were spent in a large farm house in Warren, Mass., a beautiful spot overlooking the surrounding country.

In 1905, the officers and members were presented with the present summer home at Claverack, a palatial mansion, once the residence of Dr. Alonzo Flack, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thorley in memory of their daughter, Lulu Thorley Lyons. Here the children spend four months every summer, gaining health and

strength in the fresh air. The home has been furnished through the generosity of friends of the Society who have practically rebuilt the interior. Much of the furniture was made by the children themselves. A gardener is maintained, whose

affair the name of Colonel Walter Scott has been associated for many years.

In 1908, a bequest of about \$75,000, followed by several smaller gifts, brought the permanent fund up to \$90,000. But a short while after this, the Society lost



"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."—Matt. 25:40

efforts furnish the children with fresh vegetables all the year round. Several years after she had contributed the home, Mrs. Thorley added an orchard and meadow adjoining, thus providing ample playground for the children.

About this time, to add to the resources of the Society, the annual fair, which has come to be the biggest thing in the lives of the children, was instituted. With this

the services of Mrs. Fish, whose sudden death at Claverack was deeply mourned by the crippled children, as well as by everyone else who had known her. Col. Walter Scott then placed in charge, Mrs. Eleanor Bullard, who had been superintendent under Mrs. Fish for fourteen years.

When the semi-annual meeting was held thereafter, Col. Scott, a man of unusual



Lulu Thorley Lyons Home, Claverack, New York—the country home of the Walter Scott Free Industrial School for Crippled Children

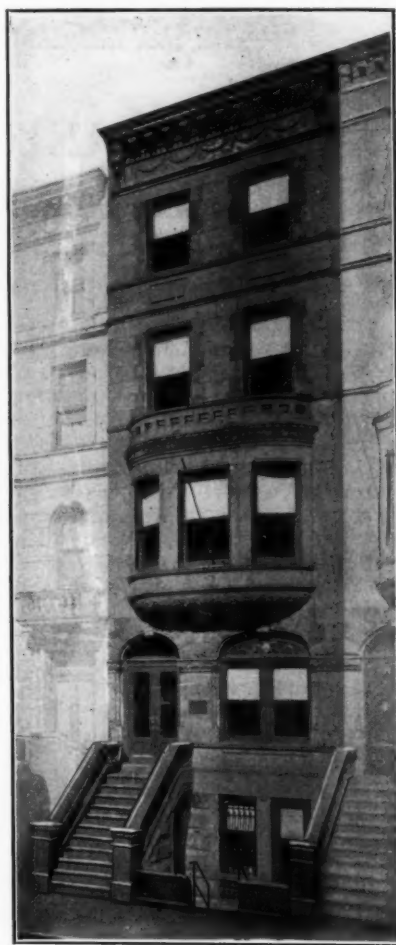
executive ability, who has been associated with the Society since its inception, was induced to accept the presidency and subsequently was unanimously elected President in perpetuity. His efforts have been highly successful. The permanent fund is now well on its way toward the \$250,000 mark, the great aim of all those connected.

* * *

Since the time described, a Rainier auto bus to convey the children to and from school, has been added to the equipment, and the "Crippled Children's Messenger," established for the purpose of advertising the work of the organization. Furthermore, the school, having outgrown the building it occupied, and having taken temporary quarters in the Church of the Strangers, through the courtesy of Rev-

erend Paul Mansfield Spencer, is now situated in their new building, 55 West 68th Street, the building at 471 West 57th Street having been disposed of.

In Claverack, a strip of land adjoining the Country Home, was purchased and presented to the Society by Mr. Scott, in whose honor, in 1924, the name of the city school was changed to the Walter Scott School and reincorporated. Several other members of the Society have likewise been especially indefatigable in their work for the Crippled Children. Mrs. Robert Fisher has served valiantly as the Chairman of several successful entertainments. Mrs. Alton B. Parker, Chairman of the Membership Committee, and her assistants, Mrs. Frank Jefferson Blodgett and Miss Isabel Hill, have shown great efficiency in securing new members,



Walter Scott Free Industrial School for Crippled Children, 55 West 68th Street, New York City

in which work they have been assisted by other officers, members and friends. A contribution of \$10,000 towards the Building Fund was made recently by Mr. Edwin Gould.

The Irrepressible and Able "Pop" Freeman

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tained, are synonyms, for a state cannot be built upon a firm foundation unless the foundation is also an honest one.

An inkling of the care which Mr. Freeman exercises in his exploitation, of the pains he takes to carry out his policy may be gleaned from the story told of him. It is a well-known fact that no one knows a man as well as his secretary—of Mr. Freeman's first trip to Florida in May, 1921. Said the narrator:

"The purpose of Mr. Freeman's trip, was to conduct an investigation prior to his writing a series of advertisements for a New York real estate concern which desired to advertise its developments in Miami. I know—because my job was to take notes on the trip—how careful Mr. Freeman was to interview bankers, newspaper men, and representative business men well qualified to give him the information he was seeking, before he attempted to write a line concerning the

proposition he was to advertise. Those who remember that series of "Miami and Montray" advertisements will recall that the copy was written around the State of Florida and its remarkable possibilities, rather than about the specific developments exclusively."

Mr. Freeman is a firm believer in the State of Florida, and is convinced that its future will be more and more promising. Secure in his faith, he is doing everything in his power to help bring about the conduct of a large and increasing amount of the nation's business within the state, and to see that the conduct of what businesses and industries are already established there are beyond reproach.

Mr. Freeman's personality is of such nature as to need little description. There is always evidence of his genuineness and humanity, as well as his sincerity in everything he has undertaken. He has

gained a wide circle of friends who were nearly as happy as the couple concerned when, on October 4th of last year, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Freeman had the pleasure of celebrating the forty-fourth anniversary of their marriage.

Mr. Freeman is very frank with regard to the pride he finds to this day in his choice of 44 years ago. As for the lady in the case, "She has admitted to me, and I know she would not hesitate to 'tell the world,' that there's not another man in the world like 'Will'—if for no other reason than the fact that he has never willingly caused her a moment's unhappiness, through lack of consideration or thoughtlessness of the many attentions so dear to every woman's heart."

All of which goes to prove that Pop Freeman is a man of integrity and extreme humanity, an employer among employers, an advertising man of supreme ability, and a kind and loving husband.

The Master Mind of Modern Italia

How Mussolini Learned from the Devil

The essay at college delivered by young Mussolini reflected in the policies of Mussolini the Premier—He believes in Force first and last

MODESTY has never been one of Benito Mussolini's most impressing characteristics. Inferiority complexes he is stranger to entirely. Rather frankly he prides himself on his embodying a great number of all the virtues, capabilities, qualifications of the outstanding statesmen, genial and gentle, triumphant and tyrannical of old. An interesting commentary to the recent charges and countercharges of the methods of dictatorship practiced by the little Fascist, is the information, hot from the cables, that Mussolini rather fancies himself as the modern Machiavelli—a sort of twentieth century "Prince."

"His latest act of homage to his master," says the editor of a leading publication, "was to write a thesis, in which the Fascist leader proudly disclaims having done any collateral reading, as he wished to put as few intermediaries as possible between himself and his subject."

Following the trend of his master's thought, he reaches the conclusion—and takes great pleasure in announcing it to us—that we are all fools, incapable, practically, of governing ourselves. For that reason, he insists, the less liberty we are allowed, the better off we shall be.

The author of "The Prince," which Mussolini terms the "statesman's supreme guide," has directed interest to the work of Machiavelli and resulted in an outcrop of commentaries on the Florentine lawyer's son, who nearly half a thousand years ago, gave to the world a treatise on the science of governing from the standpoint of the tyrant.

The work was originally a thesis submitted by the Italian leader—the man of iron—to the faculty of the University of Bologna in satisfaction of the requirements for the doctor's degree. It was first published in the *Gerachia*, Mussolini's monthly magazine. It is interesting as a commentary on the Fascist appraisal of human nature.

"It chanced," begins the prelude, "that one day I was notified from Imola—by the Black legions of Imola—of the gift of a sword engraved with Machiavelli's saying: 'It is not with words that one maintains governments.'"

"That ended my hesitation and decided the choice of the thesis I submit today to your judgment. I might call it 'A commentary in the Year 1924 upon the "Prince" of Machiavelli'—upon a book that I am inclined to call 'The Statesman's Vade Mecum.' I must hasten to add in justice to academic candor, that this thesis is supported by a very limited

bibliography. I have reread thoughtfully the 'Prince' and the other works of the Great Secretary, but I have had neither the time nor the desire to read all that has been written in Italy and elsewhere about Machiavelli. I have wished to put as few intermediaries as possible between Machiavelli and myself, so that I might not lose direct contact between his teachings and my life experience, between his observation and my observation of men and things, between his art of government and my own."



Benito Mussolini, the Fascist Leader

"If politics is the art of governing men—that is, of guiding, utilizing, and evoking their passions," he says further on, "to serve general ends that almost always transcend the life of the individual because they project themselves into the future—if politics is that, there is no doubt that the fundamental element of this art is man himself. It is from man that we must set out. What are men in the political system of Machiavelli? What does Machiavelli think of men? Is he an optimist or a pessimist? In saying 'men' should we restrict the definition to the Italians, whom Machiavelli knew and studied as his contemporaries, or should we embrace in that term all men, irrespective of time and place—in other words, 'under the aspect of eternity'?"

"Now even a superficial reading of the 'Prince' at once makes evident Machiavelli's bitter pessimism in respect to human nature. Like all those who have had broad and constant relations with their kind, Machiavelli despises men, and loves to present them under their most negative and deceitful aspects.

"For we may say here in general, that men are ungrateful, inconstant, deceiv-

ing, cowardly in the face of danger, greedy for gain: and as long as you do them favors, they are loyal to you and ready to pledge you their blood, their property, their lives, their children—until, as I have said above, they no longer need you; but when that time arrives they are quick to desert you. And the Prince who trusts to their promises, finding himself abandoned, is lost. Men are more ready to offend a person whom they have learned to love than a person whom they have learned to fear; for love is dominated by a tie of obligation, which, assuming that men are evil, may cease to be of any selfish profit to them. But fear is dominated by dread of punishment, which persists as long as that fear endures."

How far does Mussolini go in his agreement with Machiavelli that "Men never guide their conduct by ideal motives, but by necessity. Wherever liberty abounds and license is possible, a country is at once filled with confusion and disorder." Most readers will not doubt the Fascist leader is in almost entire agreement with his master regarding the idea that "a man who founds a republic and drafts the laws that govern it, must assume that all men are evil and prone to indulge their evil impulses whenever they are free to do so."

From this point, Maestro Mussolini goes on to justify the expression of Machiavelli's opinion. Not only does he agree whole-heartedly with the latter's low appraisal of humanity—for he attempts to prove that the word "Men," as Machiavelli uses it, refers not alone to the Italians, either of today, or of his own time, but to all men, everywhere—but he attempts to make the censure even more strict and serious.

"Time has passed," declares the Italian Premier, now on the threshold of his probable decadence, "but if I may express an opinion of my contemporaries, I cannot extenuate in any respect Machiavelli's judgment. I might perhaps even increase its severity. Machiavelli did not delude himself, and did not delude the Prince. The antithesis between the Prince and the people, between the State and the individual, is vital in Machiavelli's political thinking."

Here Mussolini expresses his own appraisal of his people. "The individual," he asserts, seeks continually to evade restraint. His impulse is to disobey laws, not to pay taxes, not to fight for his country. Rare are the men—the heroes and the saints—who are willing to sacrifice

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America's Authority on Export Advertising

Beginning under the name of G. Allen Reeder, Inc., in 1921, with a capital of only \$500 and no accounts, the agency now places about a million dollars worth of foreign advertising, leading all others in the field

By DIRK P. DEYOUNG

LIKE Abou Ben Adhem, his name is inscribed in a book of gold for leading all the rest in an achievement, G. Allen Reeder, twenty-seven year old president of G. Allen Reeder, Inc., largest export advertising agency in the world, merits a medal or some other badge of distinction.

In the greatest city on earth, New York City, evidence of progress is plentiful; but there is something about G. Allen Reeder that makes him an unusual success. First, he is a born New Yorker, and I find very few of them on the Island of Manhattan leading in anything. The successes of Gotham usually come from New England, Dixie, or the Corn-Belt, while the native sons of New York are succeeding somewhere else, and further, substantial successes are usually not attained in this world, in the twenties, of the average man.

Beginning with a capital of only \$500 in 1921, at a time when export advertising was a relatively new profession, the G. Allen Reeder agency now places about a million dollars' worth of foreign advertising annually, while the head of this vast organization is everywhere recognized as the leading American authority on overseas advertising and publicity work. This success did not come as easily as it was told in the foregoing sentence.

"That \$500 and a good many more hundred with it, dwindled down to \$50 in the course of a few months," said Mr. Reeder, reminiscently, as his lank body straightened up to recount some of the struggles of the fight for success. He is of Nordic type, of old New York Dutch stock, with blue eyes, and that frankness in his speech that is so refreshing.

"In fact, I was so short of money that I was wearing card-board in the soles of my shoes, which I could not afford to have repaired, as I plugged away trying to get an account," he went on. I have known Mr. Reeder for a long time, but this was the first time that he unbosomed so much of his struggle.

"I was down to the last \$50 of my capital and still I had not one client. It was a case of giving up or getting something quick. There was no more money in the treasury of the G. Allen Reeder, Inc., and my own reserves were depleted.

"Facing that situation, I took that \$50, bought a railroad trip to Massachusetts, and with the remaining cash in hand, decided to track a rather forlorn lead given me a day or two before.

"With the alternative of that contract,

or failure in my business, penniless, with a wife dependent on me, I was primed for a fight. I was only twenty-two then. I had had no extended experience in export advertising. But I had ideas on the practical way in which it should be done, based on some experience in another export agency and on my training in domestic advertising and editorial work. From



G. Allen Reeder

the age of 14, when not in school, I was employed in publication or advertising offices. I knew that I had something that was good to offer. My youth stared me in the face, and the methods of my agency were novel.

"However, I secured the account—a very large one, a name that is known in every household of the civilized world. And I still have that account, and added to it, many others of the most widely known firms in the United States. And from that time on, our business has expanded until we now place a larger volume of export advertising than any other exclusively export agency."

I have known Mr. Reeder for a long time, and I also know many export executives who employ his agency. I have

written articles for export journals and other trade publications on the subject of export advertising, and invariably go to him for my information and for examples of expert foreign copy. I look up to him as an authority on the subject and he is so recognized by others, being called on frequently by bodies for talks on the professional angles of his work, while in the book called "Advertising and Selling Digest," he has contributed the chapter devoted to "Export Advertising."

Though only twenty-seven—I repeat the age of the man constantly—because it is so unusual for one of those years to stand at the head of a profession—the organization he directs has eleven executives, with a large staff of others, artists, copy-writers, translators, and clerks, and large, well-equipped offices on the 18th floor of the tall building at 224 West 42nd street, New York City. His own large private office, handsomely-appointed reception room, and several others needed in the pursuit of their business, represents space that has been added to, room by room, as the agency's business grew, from the one small room in the northeast corner of the eighteenth floor of this mighty skyscraper, in which small space the first \$500 invested in the enterprise almost petered out. There was something very touching about the incident, as Mr. Reeder laid his hand on my shoulder and narrated, room by room, the history of the struggle—from card-board in the soles of his shoes, to the opulence of the present quarters of the G. Allen Reeder Inc.

Taking me back into his private office, facing Forty-second street, with its street cars, motors, and pedestrians, looking like so many ants eighteen stories below us, Mr. Reeder confided more of his background to me, speaking with that earnestness and clear-headed manner which characterizes his advertising work.

His first job was in the advertising department of the New York Times, at the age of fourteen, for \$6 weekly—a night job which called for hours from 5:30 P. M. to 3:30 A. M. The day boys only received \$4 for the same sort of time and work. He chose the night position because he needed the additional money. This job, and many others, for several years, were vacation jobs, for he continued in school all through the grades, high school, and took two years of work in New York University.

From the Times he went to D. O. Haynes, noted publisher of trade magazines. Then he drifted to the N. Y. Jour-

nal of Commerce, later joining the Educational Advertising Company, where he wrote copy for children to read in school text books.

At about this time, Mr. Reeder enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps of Canada. He was then too young to get into the U. S. Army. He served there for one year, and was made an instructor. At 21, he married Miss Irene Porter, whose family has been connected with American Naval History since the revolution, a young lady who put her faith in him a little before the time he was wearing card-soles in his shoes, at a time indeed when they had nothing but love to live on.

With more or less of a background of advertising and publishing behind him, and with no highly organized export advertising profession in existence, he looked about the other crowded careers, and decided, after a short period in another advertising agency, to undertake foreign advertising, a profession quite distinct from similar domestic work. And, instead of trying to copy the methods of foreign advertising concerns existant, he originated the idea of employing American methods adapted to foreign psychology.

Mr. Reeder, though only twenty-one then, conceived the idea that an export advertising agency, operating under that policy was bound to succeed, provided intelligent effort went with it. Formerly, domestic agencies were placing copy for American houses abroad, with little effort to do these things. They either used unadapted American copy or they used foreign art work and foreign copy writers, which has not the appeal of the American

product. The other idea, that of giving his customers the benefit of all the foreign publisher's discounts and accepting only fifteen percent gross for his work, was only a matter of dealing openly and squarely with his clients.

It was in the matter of adapting American advertising copy and methods to foreign publications, that the Reeder idea was most revolutionary. The oldest export managers said it could not be done. When he asked them if they had ever tried it, they all said "No. It just simply can't be done."

The Reeder organization has done it. The Reeder idea of preparing copy for export merchandising campaigns is now universally copied by the export advertising profession—that is, using American art and copy methods in foreign publications, with such alterations only as changed foreign psychology or racial groups require. And in selling that idea to his clients—the pick of American export concerns—he has forced it on the entire profession and placed himself at the head of it. G. Allen Reeder—only 27 years of age, I say it again, in Export Advertising, like Abou Ben Adhem, leads all the rest.

Internally, too, the Reeder organization, is unique. Mr. Reeder is the president of the company, and the majority owner of the stock, but he does mighty little bossing. The eleven executives of the company go and come as they please, with as little supervision as possible of their work. It is one of the fundamental rules of the enterprise that each executive in his own department, gets the glory or the blame for results. Each one of

them, accordingly, is really in business for himself, sharing in the profits, and carrying the responsibility where he is concerned. And Mr. Reeder tells me that these men are as much responsible for the success of the agency as he is.

Men are placed in charge of a foreign racial group. They travel abroad, studying the psychology and market conditions of such territory. And they come home with a knowledge of how to adapt American copy to appeal to them. In addition to that, they have all the technical data regarding media at their disposal. Mr. Reeder himself, still writes a great deal of copy and insists that he would rather write copy than do anything else.

Five feet eleven, weighing only one hundred and thirty-five pounds, Mr. Reeder is all energy, with a most convincing and pleasant personality. He plays a little golf, but his hobby is the study of anthropology, a subject which broadens his knowledge of the profession he leads. Although on my former visits to his office—when he was struggling to hold that \$500 he started with, in the one-room office—I did not notice the card-board soles in his shoes, I looked his dress over this time from head to foot and found him as well-clothed and groomed as the Prince of Wales.

As a native New Yorker, succeeding so well in New York, as the head of the leading export advertising agency in the world, as the recognized authority in the profession—and only twenty-seven—G. Allen Reeder can now wear good clothes with good grace, but he has already established a reputation of enduring, wearing qualities.

How Mussolini Learned from the Devil

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their ego on the altar of the common weal. All others are, *in posse*, in constant rebellion against the State."

Representative government, the republic and the democracy come in for their share of the rating. Farcical, he considers many of the fundamental ideas with regard to "government of the people, by the people, for the people." "First of all," he states, "'the people' has never been defined. As a political entity it is a pure abstraction." The epithet "sovereign," as well, he thinks tragically laughable. Either "the people" have not the intelligence to practice its use, he evidently thinks, or they have not and never had it to use. "At the most," he asserts, "the people may delegate sovereignty—they can never exercise it."

"Representative systems of government are mechanical rather than moral contrivances. Even in countries where this mechanism has been generally employed for several centuries there come solemn hours when the people are no longer consulted, because it is felt that their answer would be fatally wrong. The paper crown of sovereignty, pretty enough in ordinary times, is snatched from their brow, and they are ordered preemptorily to accept a

revolution or a peace, or to march into the unknown of war. They are given no choice but to utter the monosyllable 'Yes,' and obey."

Sovereignty, at least so far as the people of a nation are concerned with it, is a toy which is given into their hands to while away the idle moments, and then is brusquely snatched from between their fingers the moment when its use might be efficacious. Sovereignty in the hands of the people, Mussolini intimates, is a sword with its point and edges blunted. They may hold it, but they cannot use it.

"The sovereignty granted to the people is taken from them the very moment when it might prove of practical importance. The people are allowed to play with sovereignty only so long as it is harmless or thought to be so—that is, during periods of normal administration.

"Can you imagine a war declared by referendum? A referendum serves very well for choosing the best site for a village fountain, but when the supreme interests of a nation are at stake, even the most democratic governments take good care not to leave them to the decision of the masses.

"Even regimes patterned after the

recipe of the 'Encyclopedie'—that visionary school which sinned through Rousseau by an inexcusable excess of optimism—still perpetuate the inescapable conflict between the organized force of the State and the incurable separatism of individuals and groups. No such thing as a government by contract ever existed, exists today, or will probably ever exist in the future. Long before I wrote an article which later became famous, 'Force and Consent,' Machiavelli said in the 'Prince':—

"From this it results that all armed prophets have been victorious and all unarmed prophets have been vanquished, because the mind of the people is fickle. It is easy to persuade them that a thing is right, but exceedingly difficult to keep them steadfast in that conviction. This is why it is necessary to be constantly prepared so that when they no longer assent they may be compelled to assent by force. Moses, Cyrus, Theseus, Romulus, would not have been able to enforce their constitutions for any length of time if they had been disarmed."

These are Benito Mussolini's conclusions as expressed in the prelude to his thesis.

A century of Florida history celebrated

A Daughter of the Far South

Memories of old Tallahassee Home where lived a Rifleman who served under Andrew Jackson the first Provisional Governor of the Peninsular State

THE exploitation of Florida, its climate and opportunities, has brought that State to such wide notice as to cause a somewhat general if superficial delving into its history, and the figures who were foremost in its foundation as a unit of the Union are receiving belated, but well deserved recognition for the monumental works that some of them accomplished. No one of the early characters stands out more strongly as a man of extraordinary ability, foresight and energy, than Richard Keith Call, who was among the militiamen who served under Andrew Jackson when he took the territory from the wavering hands of the Spaniards. Call was but a youth at that time, but after the turbulent Jackson had departed and the militia were disbanded, he determined to remain in Florida and cast his lot there. Twice he was Governor of the territory, he served as territorial delegate in the Congress, and was responsible for instituting some of the most constructive measures that were written into the Florida statutes. He constructed the first railroad in Florida that from Tallahassee to St. Marks, which was the third rail line built in the United States, and he had visions of a ship canal across the State, a project which has never been put through, but which, even now, is engaging the active interest and attention of army engineers. He built the first Governor's mansion in Tallahassee, which stands hard by the more modern mansion which was erected some twenty years ago, but the territorial mansion remains in all the original dignity and integrity of its first structure, and is the chief point of interest sought by visitors to Florida's beautiful capital city. It is situated in a grove of oaks and other sturdy, "man-bodied" trees on the crest of a hill from which a boulevard leads on a bee-line to the capitol. So appropriate was the situation, that the commissioners who had the selection of a site for the new mansion, could do no better than recommend that the Governor's home be located as near the territorial mansion as possible, and this is how it comes about that the two imposing residences are neighbors.

The history of those early territorial days seems to cluster about the Call mansion, and the traditions which surround it are kept vibrant by his great granddaughter, Mrs. Reinette Gamble Long Hunt, who has lived there all of her life, with the exception of sundry years at college and those spent in New York, where she pursued her art studies and

later conducted a studio. Though many efforts have been made to purchase the property by the socially ambitious and the nouveau riche, Mrs. Hunt has steadfastly refused to part with it. Here she pursues her art work and literary endeavors, and declares that she could



Mrs. Reinette Gamble Long Hunt

never take them up so successfully in any other atmosphere. The large drawing-room, which witnessed many brilliant "court" functions in the early days is her workshop in winter, while the ample back veranda is her summer studio. Here, this courageous and talented woman has turned out at odd and uninterrupted moments, a product which has been marketed for enough to maintain the valuable holdings and to make her sufficiently independent to withhold the historic landmark from the mercenary clutches of real estate promoters.

Mrs. Hunt is descended from old stock, and it is not to be wondered that she places unusual value upon her ancestral abode, nor that she has been able to market the products of her pen and brush to material advantage. Governor Call's daughter, Ellen Call Long, was the author of several books that gained wide circulation and still are regarded among Florida classics. Her "Florida Breezes" was an intimate picture of the social customs and political activities of the day. Among the vividly entertaining sketches in this

book is a description of a visit to the home of the Prince and Princess Achille Murat. The particularity of this piece of work and the rare skill with which it was handled, mark the author as having been a person of superior intellectual and literary attainments. Furthermore, it places forever in the discard, some of the stories concerning the Prince which reflected no particular credit upon that scion of French royalty. He was a man of unusual if erratic ability, and his home in Florida was the scene of the most gracious hospitality. It will be recalled that he married a daughter of Bird Willis, a Virginian who had moved to Florida, and this same Kate Willis was a grand-niece of George Washington. After the death of her husband, the Prince, she was a favored visitor at the court of Louis Napoleon, and a beneficiary of his bounty, so that she was permitted to live in ease and dispense charity with a generous hand to her former slaves and others who were in need about her.

It is against such a luminous background that Mrs. Hunt lives and works. She received her early education from private tutors and her collegiate training at Edge Hill, near Charlottesville, Va. There she studied under a Cooper graduate of art, and when she went to New York to begin her professional career, she soon was made a director of the Artist-Artisan School which later was merged into the New York School of Art and later became the Chase School. After that, she set up her own studio and specialized in flowers and landscapes. She is well-known in New York art circles and Philadelphia for her roses, and it is little wonder, for roses bloom luxuriantly on every hillside in Tallahassee. After ten years in New York, she returned to the ancestral mansion and established her own school of art, but still she finds time to fill the orders for her work that come from the metropolitan centers. She has been writing verse since the age of fourteen years, and this and her stories of Florida life, have appeared in many magazines. In November, 1924, Tallahassee celebrated its centennial anniversary as the capital of Florida, and Mrs. Hunt wrote the episodes upon which the pageant was staged. Her most pretentious works are "Welaunee" a novel, and "Osola," an epic poem both being woven from the legends of the Seminole Indians, with which she has been familiar since early childhood. Mrs. Hunt writes and paints under the name of Reinette Gamble Long.

More Foreign Trade for Uncle Sam

Victor M. Cutter, president of the United Fruit Company, analyzes the present status of the foreign trade situation

THE initiative of expanding foreign trade for the United States began in clipper ship days in New England. When two hundred and fifty hard-headed New England manufacturers gathered in Boston in June to discuss foreign trade problems, there was something in the atmosphere of the occasion that indicated the "go and get it" spirit of the skipper who first made the new nation known on the high seas. In the eyes of the delegates there was reflected an awakening of interest on this time-honored question that has ever been of such vital consequence to the present as well as the old New England of colonial days. The discussions were frank and free and the maps on the wall chartered the possibilities before them in a glance. Victor M. Cutter, president of the United Fruit Company, was elected president for the ensuing year and his address was a veritable keynote of the occasion. Having spent many years of his life in foreign countries in a face to face contact with the problems of foreign trade he was qualified to speak authoritatively. Earnestly urging a stronger American personnel in foreign countries, who could understand both the conditions at home and abroad, he insisted that there was a need and a demand for more internationally-minded men among the manufacturers of America. He described as qualified men who could visualize from the mass of information that is accumulating at the Foreign Trade Bureau at Washington and from other sources, the wasted and lost opportunities and think constructively along the lines of utilizing advantages that are obviously an open door to opportunity.

A simple but thorough digest of these facts applied to individual industries and local conditions have already worked wonders. There was an enthusiasm in the proceedings quite unusual for a New England gathering. Every man present was ready to take upon himself the responsibility of adding something to the sum total of thought and deliberations of the conference out of his own reflections and experiences. Held under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce under the direction of Secretary D. J. Wilbur, the conference was productive of starting a co-ordinated movement for adding a blade to industrial revenues where only one blade existed.

In his address President Cutter discussed the direct question, "Does New England Desire Export Trade?" When he had completed, the applause indicated a

most decisive affirmative answer to the question propounded:

"New England has today all the necessary fundamentals for a successful export trade. Our Government, and the State Department in particular, is giving greater aid than ever before, our foreign service is greatly improved, Government representatives



Victor M. Cutter, President of the United Fruit Company

are more active than ever before, our commercial policy is more clearly defined. American banking connections in foreign lands have vastly increased and are becoming adequate to support properly our own exporters. The transportation is greatly improved; more steamship lines to our potential markets are in operation than ever before. Trade information through the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, and other agencies, is adequate. In short, the necessary fundamentals for export trade are available.

The essentials in addition to the mechanical details which are being discussed in this conference are:

1. Adaptability to our markets. We must scrap, if necessary, all of

our former ideas as to the modes and manners of exporting.

2. Study our potential customers and give them our splendid quality goods in the shape and form they desire.

3. Continuity of effort in our export business and we must protect our customers and markets through thick and thin, and not, as heretofore consider the world markets as a dumping ground in times of industrial and financial depression in our home markets.

4. Above everything else, we must develop a personnel familiar with the foreign end of the export trade. This is utterly lacking today, and it goes without saying that all discussion of development of export trade without a proper sales force of trained Americans who know world markets intimately, is nothing but pure bunk.

Our markets are waiting for us. Our European trade is well developed, fairly well understood, and should remain constant without much hope for large increase. The undeveloped countries of the world present, in my belief, a great opportunity. The market in the Orient is vast, and only partially developed. I believe that our greatest natural market lies in Latin America. Its potentialities are tremendous. It produces the products and raw materials which we cannot furnish ourselves and which we must have in increasing quantities—tropical fruits, sugar, tobacco, nitrates, timber and hides, to mention only a few. In return it will need for years to come, all of our varied New England manufactured products.

All we need is ability to visualize our opportunities in the world markets, adaptability in our handling of exports, development of personnel, and the guts to stick to export trade until our efforts meet with success. Granting these points, there is not the least question that New England can maintain her rightful position in the industrial and commercial world.

These conclusions are from one who began his inspection and exploration work in Costa Rica over twenty years ago, and later as manager of the Guatemala Division of the United Fruit Company.

In developing new plantations operating railroads, he made a record that led to his becoming general manager of the Tropical Banana Divisions of the United

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Affairs at Washington—Continued from page 476

sturdy men and noble women who have come and gone in eventful years that have passed. We feel that we are indeed in the land of heart's desire, where high ideals never ebb, where decay never floods, where friendliness makes life a never ending song."

THE receptions given Commander Byrd on his return from his flight to the North Pole and the greeting accorded him in Washington indicated that the age-old thrill of exploration is not dead. In a plane carrying the stars and stripes, he flew over the North Pole. It was indeed a voyage of discovery, but not an expedition planned to acquire more territory as in the days of the Spanish Conquistadores. With modesty befitting a navy man, Commander Byrd has added laurels to the dauntless courage of the American sailor, in aviation, as Paul Jones won distinction on the sea. In fighting the elements and overcoming the obstacles sailing through the steely blue and icy winds of farthest north, the intrepid spirit of the U. S. navy has participated in the crowning achievements of the times associated with the complete discoveries and explorations of that magic, magnetic point known as the North Pole—which became a real fact after Commander Perry completed that historic cruise among the ice-burys and won distinction as the discoverer of the North Pole.

IN the classic shades of Hamilton College, and near the place where he was born, Elihu H. Root spends happy summers. His active and masterful mind is still surveying current events, as when he was active in public service. At his home on 5th Avenue, he is surrounded by his library and a wonderful collection of old prints, and he still lives in that highly intensified, intellectual atmosphere that has always characterized his environment.

In precise diction and words that can always be under-

stood, delivered in a high falsetto, somewhat deliberate, Elihu Root does not waste a word. It was said of him by William C. Whitney that most lawyers, when he called upon them for advice, told him what not to do, but Elihu Root told him what to do and how to do it. There have been few more constructive men in American public life than Elihu Root. He, unaided, virtually wrote the Constitution of Cuba and the Philippines. He was the eminent man in national and international life at the turning point of the country from an insular nation into a world power, for much of the machinery of government involved in our insular possessions was the work of his master mind.

Straight as an arrow, with his dark eyes twinkling, Elihu Root belies the years that have crept on apace, since the time he was called by William McKinley to abandon the most lucrative law practice in the metropolis and take a cabinet position at \$8,000 per year. His public life extends from the days of the Spanish-American War to those of the epoch-making World War, and he had much to do with the successful outcome of the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armament.

There is a glorious twinkle in his eye when he comments on some event that has passed, but he chooses to speak more of the present. He has an affirmative mind, which is ever looking forward. When at Hamilton College, the son of a college professor, he gained the distinction of being called "square Root."

In all the complexities of modern life Elihu Root continues an affirmative and constructive genius. When intricate problems appear to the authorities in Washington, his advice is sought even in his well earned retirement and rest days. No one can gainsay the fact that Elihu Root knows what he knows and has always an idea what to do and how to do it in emergencies.

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Continued from page 491

radios, but they still cling to the old relics of their forefathers.

Early in his life Henry Palm discovered that they have the same emotions and the same impulses as other humans. Sombre childhood succeeding the swaddling papoose days when carried on the backs of their mother on to the days of love, courtship, marriage and death when old Chieftains evoke the blessing of sun and moon and stars, is the old drama of life. In the stirring, red-blooded metaphors used in the orations of the Indian is a sweeping imagery that makes the white man's perorations pale into a delicate pink hue. Lo! the poor Indian remains a true child of nature, but in forty years my boyhood friend has taught him the way and wiles that go with getting real values for antiques—and who dare say that Hank and I are antiques.

Dr. Daniel A. Poling—"C. E." Leader

Continued from page 494

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More Foreign Trade for Uncle Sam

Continued from page 511

Fruit Company with headquarters in Jamaica.

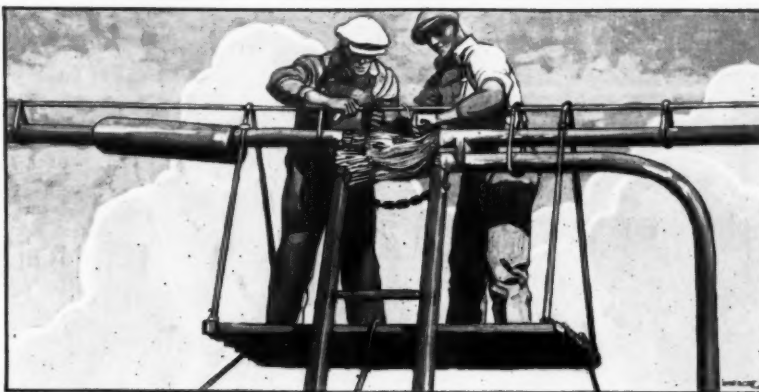
As director of several railroad companies, the Tropical Radio Telegraph Company, Wireless Specialty Apparatus Company, Revere Sugar Refinery, New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, his capable and vigorous executive achievements have encompassed activities that reflect a thoroughly international mind, that yields nothing in its purpose of service to all concerned and never overlooking the paramount purpose of interests at home. Long ago he adopted the simple business precept of making an income cover the out-go, following the old rule of golf: "Keep your eye on the ball and follow through."

Foreign trade is a phase of our American industry that appeals to the vision and imagination of young men starting business careers. It has absorbed the time-told impulse of the youth to "run away and go to sea." Instead of going before the mast, sleeping in the forecabin of old schooners, the adventurous lad of today seeks to obtain a position with companies who are in the foreign field. He has the old vision of carving out a career abroad to return home fortified with a competence and a background of experience in countries abroad that will

make him feel that he has "seen the world." Victor M. Cutter is a graduate of Dartmouth, and started his career as a timekeeper on a plantation in Costa Rica. Then and there he learned the value of time, which properly utilized, is the real fundamental of success. Despite his many duties and responsibilities as chief executive of the United Fruit Company, he always finds time for taking his full part in civic responsibilities and the many organizations who have a collateral interest in public affairs. The payrolls must not only be kept going, but some provision made for the one million young men and women in America who are added every year to the vast army of wage-earners and business builders who contribute the bone and sinew of the Nation's progress from year to year.

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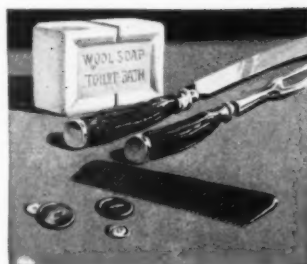
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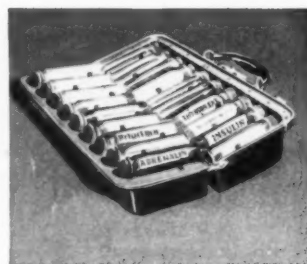
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